# July Harpers MAGAZINE

## THE NEMESIS OF AMERICAN BUSINESS
By STUART CHASE


Squirt-Gun Politics . . . . . *Charles A. Beard*

The Crisis in Nursing . . . . . *Dorothy Dunbar Bromley*
*What It Means to Nurse, Doctor, and Patient*

Must We Scrap the Family? . . . . . *Floyd H. Allport*

Concerning Trains . . . . . *James Norman Hall*

The Realities of Zionism . . . . . *John Gunther*

Man Out of Work . . . . . *His Wife*
*It Might Have Happened to Any of Us*

The Canadian Oasis . . . . . *Leslie Roberts*

The Twilight of Empire . . . . . *Nathaniel Peffer*
*Reflections on the News from India*

Nikolai Lenin. *A Portrait* . . . . . *Gamaliel Bradford*

Stories by *H. R. Wakefield, Gordon Arthur Smith, and M. C. Blackman*

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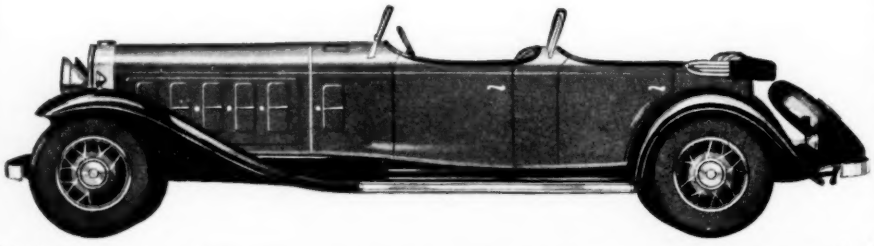

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# *Harper's Magazine*

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# AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

By HARRY HANSEN

*Literary Editor of the New York World*

THE season for vacation reading is with us again. It has always seemed to me that some concessions in weight and size of books should be made by publishers for this time of year, especially for those who mean to travel. Baedeker had the right idea when he made his useful little book pocket size. But judging by the books that are crowding my shelves, many of those available for summer reading are as bulky as ever. It would be difficult to say that one book is better suited than another for this purpose, but if quantity is a consideration, what about "The Week-End Library," issue of 1930, which, by the use of thin paper, puts about a dozen novels and short stories between its covers? Here are *Of Human Bondage*, *Where the Blue Begins*, *Youth*, *The Time Machine*, *Old Man Minick*, *Contact*, *How Love Came to General Grant*, *Speaking of Operations*—all of them famous titles, not to mention excerpts from numerous famous stories. Then there is *Great Sea Stories of All Nations*, another compilation, edited by H. M. Tomlinson. Both collections are published by Doubleday, Doran & Co. For those who demand excitement and tranquil scenes there is *Best English Detective Stories of 1929*, one of those compilations which does not contain all the great English writers of mystery fiction, but enough to make the book interesting—including G. K. Chesterton, Agatha Christie, J. S. Fletcher, and a dozen more. And if, perchance, your reading of War fiction show innumerable omissions, there has just been published a compilation called *Armageddon*, by Eugene Lohrke, which professes to reflect the World War in literature and contains extracts from writings by Edith Wharton, Joseph Conrad, H. G. Wells, Romain Rolland, Ibañez, Andreas Latzko, Barbusse, Galsworthy, Arnold Bennett, Rupert Brooke, John Masefield, Ernest Hemingway, John Dos Passos, Thomas Boyd, Laurence Stallings—to mention merely a few of those who have written about the War. (Cape & Smith.)

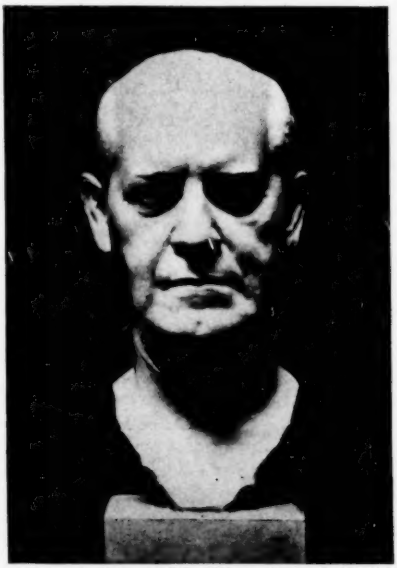
"THE ADAMS FAMILY"

The remarkable association of members of the Adams family with the history of the United States lends importance to *The Adams Family*, by James Truslow Adams, the historian, who happens to be in no way connected with it. "American history is all cluttered up with Adamses," somebody once said; and certainly ever since John Adams devoted himself to the cause of the Colonies some member of his line has served in a distinguished capacity. Mr. Adams has here told the story of the careers of four generations, beginning with John Adams, who married Abigail Smith and who became president of the United States. Four generations had already preceded him, but they had not entered public life. The second generation is that of John Quincy Adams; the third that of Charles Francis Adams; the fourth that of John Quincy, Charles Francis, Henry, and Brooks Adams. And in the epilogue the author suggests that the record may be longer—for now Charles Francis Adams, son of John Quincy Adams who was the greatgrandson of the original John Adams, is Secretary of the Navy in the cabinet of the United States, the Navy founded by John.

## *Take along a Book on your Vacation*

The author has told his story in straightforward fashion, giving no place to patriotic panegyrics; estimating each member of the family for his acts and ideas; pointing out that they combine character and intellect far above those of the common run of their contemporaries. He has not attempted to psychoanalyze these men, after the method now so much in fashion, nor tried to explain why the Adams family achieved this great record. This must be left to later students; even they, it is feared, will be unable to devise a recipe which can be applied to other groups.

The author is superlative in his admiration of their abilities. He writes: "In America there is one family, and only one, that generation after generation has consistently and without interruption made contributions of the highest order to our history and civilization." This family, because of its position in political affairs, became a bridge between Europe and the United States, and one of its members, Henry Adams, became an American intellectual whose contribution was distinctive enough to cause him to be cited to-day as a keen dissector of his country's culture. But affecting its development was the growth of the United States and the changes wrought as it became industrial, fought the Civil War, and then turned its hordes loose into the pioneer West.



A new portrait bust of John Galsworthy by the English sculptor, David Evans

The readjustments of the fourth generation of Adamses to American conditions, their choice of careers, and their accomplishments make this book not only a study of personalities but of the influence exerted by the American background on sensitive and talented men. Business, politics, diplomacy, literature—all these have been followed by members of this notable family.

This is an Atlantic Monthly Press Book, published by Little, Brown & Co.

PULITZER PRIZE AWARDS

The Pulitzer prizes of 1929–30 direct attention anew to a group of books which should provide much pleasure to those who have not read them. *Laughing Boy* by Oliver La Farge received the prize for the best novel, the committee of award honoring a young man who still has his writing career before him. His theme is distinctly American, dealing with the Navajo Indians, whom La Farge has observed in their reservations in the Southwest. This simply told story of the emotional adventure of Laughing Boy and an Indian girl who had been trained in a white man's school and detested it treats the Indian theme in a manner that wins respect. For La Farge does not sentimentalize over the Indian, neither does he picture him as rapacious and contrary. The bewildered young Indian who loves a girl in his own fashion without being very articulate about it is set against a girl who knows exactly what she is about and who wishes to live after the manner of her race despite the injury already done to her through association with white men. The struggle is a real one, and the story is distinguished. La Farge is a grandson of John La Farge and is interested in scientific research in ethnology and archæology. The book was published during the year by the Houghton Mifflin Company. The award for poetry is based on *Selected Poems* by Conrad Aiken, published by Scribner, but one gets the impression that here the committee is basing its prize on the career of this poet. Aiken is a representative of the new poetry which endeavors to express subconscious factors in our lives. To many his psychology is too dark and brooding to be admired, but his craftsmanship and his sincerity have long been recognized by fellow-poets as exceptional, and

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# LIBERTY

BY EVERETT DEAN MARTIN

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many of his verses are highly esteemed. Dealing always with disillusion, Aiken explores the realm of love, accounting for every emotion intellectually and recognizing death and despair beneath the trappings and gestures of desire. The prize for the play went to Marc Connelly, for "Green Pastures." This is a dramatization based on Roark Bradford's *Ol' Man Adam an' His Chillun*. The play, which has been published by Farrar & Rinehart, makes fascinating reading. It is one of the high spots of the year's production in the theater, but the book may also be read with much pleasure. Here and there critics declare that this is not the real negro, but this should not interfere with an appreciation of Connelly's work. *The Raven* by Marquis James won the Pulitzer prize for biography. This contains the life story of Sam Houston. Houston was a strange character, one of the remarkable men who helped make history. He was governor of Tennessee and thirty-five years old when he married a belle of the Cumberland Valley. Although highly influential politically, he left her eleven weeks later, resigned his office, and became a vagabond among the Indians known as "Big Drunk." Later he organized the republic of Texas and again became an important leader in American politics. This bare outline should indicate the appeal of Houston's career to a biographer. James has used much unpublished material in developing his biography. (Bobbs-Merrill.) Claude H. Van Tyne, who wrote *The War of Independence*, which received the Pulitzer prize in history, died before the year was out. His work has been highly commended by historians and may be had from the Houghton Mifflin Company.

A NEW BOOK ABOUT ROOSEVELT

Owen Wister's new book, *Roosevelt, The Story of a Friendship, 1880–1919*, differs a great deal from those memorials that have come from members of his family. It seems to carry with it the air of companionship, the flavor of a friendship between two men who knew each other well. Wister is not engaged in writing another eulogy. Although he was an intimate friend of Roosevelt for forty years, he met him on the same basis and discussed the affairs of the day and personal matters without any reservation. Hence he is able to give us sidelights on their relationship which renew our interest in the Roosevelt legend. Tragic, indeed, is the tale of those declining years when Roosevelt was

unable to use his talents effectively for the nation because the opposition was in power—largely through his own efforts. Although Wister deprecated the split in the Republican party, he knew that Roosevelt could not have done otherwise than oppose Taft after his own policies had been shelved so disastrously. But through all this time he kept in touch with Roosevelt, who was intensely interested in Wister's writings. In this book we get light on the difficulty of a statesman's career. Wister discusses many of Roosevelt's lapses and makes the reason plain. Hence this book is not eulogy, but much nearer truth, and much warmer in friendship. Of some historical importance is the section devoted to Woodrow Wilson and the comment of Roosevelt on that president's career in the War. Wister is aware that if the League of Nations succeeds Wilson will be the great figure of our century. But he finds in him much that is awry and regards his public acts as difficult to explain in face of his personal professions. The informality of these reminiscences makes them easy reading. (Macmil'an.)

"OFF THE ARM"

Don Marquis's *Off the Arm* deals in lighter vein with the serious marital problem of the artist and his wife. This is the story of an egotist who had married a waitress, whose slangy expressions both amused and enraged him. As Sally said of Hugo, "He's got such a swell line, and I'm so damned common at times." The book is not a closely knit novel but rather a series of sketches of the literary life, done with much good-humored irony by an author who doesn't take things too seriously. As a result the book contains half a dozen episodes that make excellent reading: the story of Hugo's visit to the Gramercy Club, the incident of Sally's nap at the base of the statue of Henry IV in Paris, the visit to the queer restaurants in Greenwich Village, and finally the strange picture of the author in Hollywood, living in the deserted house of a motion picture actor and using his Rolls Royce for his studio. Few Americans are writing books in this lighter vein used by Don Marquis, although this type of writing is fairly well represented in magazines. Is it because readers of books do not look for this between covers? *Off the Arm* should be a good excuse for lifting the hoodoo, if there is any. It would make an excellent gift for a voyage—its episodic character is appropriate to steamer-chair reading. (Doubleday, Doran & Co.)

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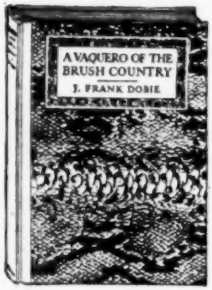


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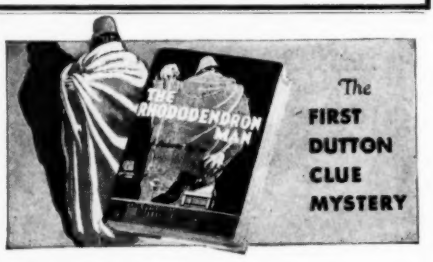


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H. M. Tomlinson has edited *Great Sea Stories of All Nations* for Doubleday, Doran & Co., as before mentioned. This is a fat book of 1100 pages, containing stories and extracts of stories about the sea gathered from the books of many nationalities. Even Homer and Beowulf are represented; Virgil, Plutarch, Rabelais, no less than Richard Henry Dana, Jr., John Masefield, and Captain Dingle spin these yarns.

For those who believe that our lives are affected by the stars, *Astrology, Your Place Among the Stars* by Evangeline Adams will provide plenty of entertainment. (Dodd, Mead.) I am not one of those who believe that the stars have nothing better to do than to pose in horoscopes, but the system which man has evolved out of this doctrine is quite harmless and may even be helpful. Miss Adams gives innumerable horoscopes and tells how the lives of great men were affected by the stars.

The latest book by Alfred Adler, whose psychological theories have become very popular in the United States, is *The Education of Children* and is a work of great usefulness. (Greenberg.) *Understanding Human Nature* by Adler has been widely read in this country. (Greenberg.) Two other books, published by Cosmopolitan, are also available: *The Pattern of Life* and *Problems of Neurosis.*

A most useful book in its field is *Hartrampf's Vocabularies*, a work dealing with synonyms, antonyms, and relatives, by Gustavus A. Hartrampf, published by the author in Atlanta, Ga. The chief advantage in this book seems to be its simplicity. Many books of synonyms are difficult to handle, requiring much study. The author explains his method in the first few pages, and the rest is clear sailing.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES

Mrs. E. Spencer of Brooklyn asks for books, not too technical, on New Zealand. For travel and description we suggest that she may find interesting the two following titles: *Australia and New Zealand* by W. D. Boyce, published by Rand and McNally, 270 Madison Ave., New York City, priced $3.75, in 1922; also *New Zealand* by R. E. Horsley, $2.00, published by Nelson Publishers, 381 Fourth Ave., New York City. *Colonization of New Zealand* by J. S. Marais, $5.00, published by the Oxford University Press, 114 Fifth Ave., New York

## *Take along a Book on your Vacation*

City, in 1927, is just what its title implies in relationship to the country. Another Brooklyn correspondent, S. Nichtberger, is advised to try the new book, *Gentleman in the Parlour* and also *The Moon and Sixpence* both by Somerset Maugham and both published by Doubleday, Doran, Garden City, New York. The first-named sells for $3.00, and the second for $2.50. There are also the novels of the South Seas by Jack London, published by The Macmillan Co., 60 Fifth Ave., New York City, and the novels by Louis Becke, the originator of the stories of these islands. Only one remains in print, *Edward Barry*, $1.75, L. C. Page Co., 53 Beacon St., Boston, Mass. Perhaps our reader can obtain the others through a second-hand book store. . . . We think, but are not sure, that the book referred to by Dr. James A. Nydegger, Baltimore, Md., is *The Flame of Courage*, an old book by George Gibbs, Appleton Co., 35 West 32nd St., New York City, $2.00. . . . A letter to George H. Putnam, Publishers, 2 West 45th St., New York City, is the only way in which Mrs. O. D. Sewall, Dedham, Mass., can get an accurate answer to her question about the book *Escape* by Nitti, a Putnam publication, $2.50. . . . The *Atlantic Bookshelf*, published in Boston, Mass., each month, a magazine about books and book people, will give Ruth Moore, Forest City, N. C., the information required by her on critics and criticism. . . . This column being devoted to book information and not to criticism, we can only suggest that *The O'Brien Best Short Stories*, published each year by Dodd, Mead Co., Fourth Ave., New York City, $2.50 a volume, and the *O. Henry Prize Memorial Stories*, also a yearly publication by Doubleday, Doran Co., Garden City, N. Y., at $2.50 each, will help Leota Doman, Triadelphia, W. Va., in her search for short-story information. . . . All of the books requested by Ralph A. Reddick, Blanchester, Ohio, are out of print. The titles are: *River and Forest* by Edgar Ellis, *Hunting the Grizzly* and *Hunting Trips on the Prairie* by Theodore Roosevelt, *A Narrative of Military Service* by Gen. William B. Hazen. Any reader who knows where copies of these books can be obtained will please write to HARPER'S MAGAZINE and the information will be forwarded to Mr. Reddick. We also suggest that he get in touch with Schulte's Bookstore, 80 Fourth Ave., New York City, and Leary's Bookstore, South Pine St., Philadelphia, Pa.


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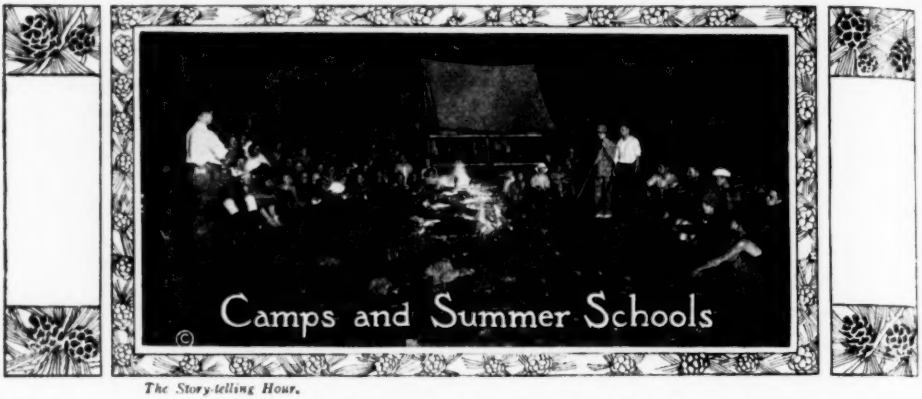


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*Courtesy of the Keppel Galleries*

VOLUME 161 JULY 1930

Harpers Magazine

# THE NEMESIS OF AMERICAN BUSINESS

BY STUART CHASE

I RETURNED from Mexico the first week in April. The taxi from the Pennsylvania Station landed us, about seven o'clock in the morning, in front of an apartment house in the east thirties in New York. We rubbed our eyes. How were we to get into the apartment? For the whole length of the block a solid phalanx of men, six abreast, filled the sidewalk from house wall to gutter. Like a great python, the line curved around the corner of Madison Avenue and, like an act of creation under the microscope of a biologist, cells of humanity from every direction were coagulating into its tail as it twisted and swelled towards Fifth Avenue. A policeman, gently enough, tore a breach through the line and, with suit cases bulging with the serapes of Taxco and the pottery of Puebla, we made our astonished way between the files of stolid, battered men, and up the stairs.

We had come from one of the poorest of lands to the richest under the sun. But among the Aztec villages we found no unemployment and no visible economic suffering, while here on the sidewalk of the Queen City of the Republic, where, it is alleged, thirty mechanical slaves are equipped to serve the needs of every man, woman, and child, were fifteen hundred men without work and without food. For hours they will stand here (one has just swayed and collapsed) until to a thousand of them are given tickets, entitling the holder to tramp some miles to the south, and there hours later receive twenty cents' worth of food.

We have the mechanical slaves truly enough, and this bread line is part of the price that we pay for them. A bitter paradox. To hold, as some do, that any worthy man can secure a job if he only applies himself diligently enough is to be guilty of a total, and almost criminal, misconception of the course of the industrial revolution. Let me sketch for you if I can a rough parallel.

In the outlying villages of the central plateau of Mexico I found an almost pure pre-machine culture. Nor was it by any means a neolithic one. Behind it lay the tradition of a very great and noble civilization—that of the Aztecs and the

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Toltecs who reared their incredible white cities and stupendous pyramids and temples a thousand years ago. Much of that culture remains intact in the Indian of to-day, bent but not broken by the marchings of Spanish conquerors and of revolutionary armies. A group of these villages will comprise an almost completely self-sustaining unit. Houses are built of local materials, clothing is largely home grown and spun, food comes from the neighboring fields and groves, recreation is a local product in which all participate, while over the whole economic process broods a spirit of authentic craftsmanship giving rise to some of the loveliest pottery, glass-work, masonry, weaving which the world knows. Nobody has much; a bad harvest may cause real suffering; you and I would be profoundly uncomfortable adjusting our bathroom-steam-heat-butter-plate complexes to actual living in one of these villages; but there is enough to go around, in the basic biological sense of the term, leisure to enjoy life, economic independence within the exigencies of climate and food supply, while unemployment is as rare as a Freudian neurosis. Indeed, unemployment is a meaningless term in a self-sustaining pre-machine community. In the fields, in the forests, about the house there is always work to be done.

Now let us perform a drastic—and mindful of these kindly Indians—a somewhat ghastly, surgical operation. Let us graft upon this community the technic which James Watt set in motion when he solved the problem of the steam engine a century and a half ago. Invested capital comes sweeping into the country and, with it, interest, profits, and wages. Corporations spring like mushrooms. A lumber company takes over the forest and fuel supply. Contractors undertake the building of houses. Mining concerns exploit the silver, copper, and gold of the surrounding mountains. Factories proceed to the manufacture of textiles, agricultural implements, boots and shoes. Serapes and sombreros go into mass production. Banks open their Doric doorways. High-pressure men make the round of the cabins, their portfolios bulging with installment contracts. Radios blare, motor horns grunt, saxophones croon, while down from the mountains two hundred miles away loops the slender wire—which one stroke of a machete might sever—which pumps the life blood of power and light. Self-sufficiency lies in ruins; the region is clamped into world machine economy, drawing its supplies of physical goods from the five continents, and supplies of credit from New York and London.

The Indians will have a higher standard of living: more things—and a perplexing amount of new kinds of trouble. They cease to direct their own economic destinies and go to work for a boss. Money wages supplant their sometime more direct means of subsistence. From diversification they turn to specialization; from cottage craftsmanship to work on the assembly line, or in the machine shop. To eat they must punch a time clock and buy at the Arctic and Antarctic store. Without a job they must fall back upon charity—or indeed upon the grave. And unless the transformation here described is directed by a co-ordinating intelligence hitherto unknown, morning after bitter morning they will awake to find themselves without a job. And for a great variety of reasons.

A badly managed silver mine fails, disgorging a thousand workers. Large profits have been made by a concern manufacturing serapes; almost immediately a dozen new mills have invaded the field, competition for weavers has been brisk, wages are good. Then suddenly the serape market is saturated; prices drop, the old mill and half the new ones shut their doors. Another thousand on the street. A panic seizes the stock market in New York, followed by a business depression. American buyers are marking time, imports decline; presently Mexican glass and pot-

tery factories must put their forces on two days a week. The world price of copper takes a slump. Three mines up on the hills give notice to all but the pump men. A new loom room is set up in a cotton factory. Four women can now produce as much as thirty did on the old machines. The twenty-six punch their clocks and march out. Five banks merge, and hundreds of clerks together with a number of high executives find their services no longer needed. An efficiency man is teaching women to fold clothes with ten motions rather than thirty, and the market will not absorb the two hundred per cent increase in output. Half the force is laid off. Meanwhile the systole and diastole of the seasons—the wet and the dry—fill and empty the fields and the canneries which surround them.

Good times come and good times go; men and women are broken in mind and body by the waiting, the uncertainty, the sheer physical deprivation, and join the ranks of the down-and-outers, the unemployables. No longer the rains, the soils, the personal effort on one's environment are the arbiters of the community destiny, but the job. For the reasons spread upon the record—and for a hundred others—the job is untrustworthy and incalculable.

Whether these Aztec Indians would be worse or better off if they submitted to the surgical operation here formulated lies quite outside the discussion. Perhaps they would and perhaps they would not. I should guess the latter, but your guess is as good as mine. The only point I wish to make is that, granting a mechanized environment, normally administered, *they could not escape unemployment*. Where none are unemployed in the pre-machine environment of to-day, it is safe to assume that after the operation, at least one man out of ten would always be unemployed; and in the troughs of the business cycle the ratio might run as high as two or three out of ten. Under the hit-and-miss methods of free competition and the unlimited pursuit of profit the process implacably takes its toll. Not only does the worker suffer but, by virtue of a ten to thirty per cent decrease in the community's purchasing power, the profit suffers too. Unemployment is the nemesis of modern industry.

## II

With the rise of the industrial revolution and the incalculability of the job, at least four kinds of unemployment became chronic phenomena in all nations addicted to the machine:

1. Seasonal unemployment—as experienced by canning factory workers in the winter.

2. Technological unemployment—as experienced by stokers in a liner when one or two white-garbed oil tenders displace them.

3. Cyclical unemployment—as experienced by some two million persons in the United States this winter following the stock market crash. The last great cyclical depression was in 1921.

4. Residual unemployment. The creation through the above misfortunes of a permanent class of unemployables incapable of any disciplined effort.

In recent years, particularly in America, two further subdivisions of technological unemployment have been in evidence:

5. Stop-watch unemployment—as when, through time-study methods, one bricklayer takes the place of two.

6. Consolidation unemployment—as when, by virtue of a merger, half a dozen vice presidents and a hundred times as many clerks and salesmen find their function as overhead charges irrelevant, incompetent, and immaterial.

The bread line which coiled about my apartment house was an immediate and shattering revelation that these various classes of unemployment were functioning at their best—or worst; that a real business depression had gripped the country; and that the cheerio paragraphs with a Washington date line which I

had read in the Mexican papers, were, like the workers caught in a merger, irrelevant, incompetent, and immaterial. It would appear that the administration and the industrial captains had sought by wish fulfillment and holding the right thought to prove the nonexistence of an unpleasant fact. Their efforts were productive of enormous publicity, but something was obviously the matter with the effectiveness of the mental concentration. Here was this bread line. Turning to the back pages of the newspapers, where the optimistic rhetoric gave way to tangible figures, were a number of other unpleasant facts. Let us glance at them.

The United States Department of Labor has for years calculated an index of factory employment, using the year 1926 as 100. What does the index show since the stock market crash?

| | |
|---|---|
| September 1929 | 99.3 |
| October 1929 | 98.3 |
| November 1929 | 94.8 |
| December 1929 | 91.9 |
| January 1930 | 90.2 |
| February 1930 | 90.3 |
| March 1930 | 89.8 |

Down, down, down. For every hundred men working in factories in September only ninety were working in March; ten were on the street. Now compare these figures with some earlier ones. The index figure for March 1929 was 98.6; for March 1923—also a very busy spring—it was 110.8. The drop between these two prosperous periods of 1923 and 1929—from 110.8 to 98.6—illustrates beautifully, and tragically, the inroads of technological unemployment in six years' time. With eleven per cent fewer men, factories were producing more goods in 1929. But the drop from March 1929 to March 1930 was due almost entirely to cyclical unemployment, which in a few months took almost as much toll as six years' growth in technological unemployment. The latter is in the long run the more serious, but the former is the more dramatic. I had read of "corners being turned" week by week in January, in February, in the early spring, but the harsh facts for factory employment showed March the dreariest exhibit of all.

The American Federation of Labor gives us the percentage of unemployment among its membership month by month. This is primarily an accounting for skilled men. The unskilled do not often join trade unions, while experience has repeatedly shown that the unskilled are more subject to unemployment than the skilled. The percentage of unemployed union members runs:

| | |
|---|---|
| March 1929 | 14% |
| September | 10 |
| October | 11 |
| November | 12 |
| December | 16 |
| January 1930 | 20 |
| February | 22 |
| March | 21 |

Up, up, up—even as the employment indices went down, down, down. These figures show two appalling things. First, that even in the best of times one skilled man in ten is without a job. Second, that the number of unemployed more than doubled from September to March.

The back-page reports come soberly in. . . . Chambers of Commerce in 200 New York State communities in March show ratios of unemployment ranging from 5 to 70 per cent. . . . The National Urban League reports 330,000 negroes unemployed. . . . In November 1929 Willys Overland had 4,000 on its payroll as against 28,000 in the peak of 1929. . . . One-third of the hosiery workers of Philadelphia are out of work. . . . Fourteen woolen mills shut down in the Albany district, discharging 1,600, and putting 600 on part time. . . . 150,000 automobile workers jobless in Detroit, the total employed falling from 450,000 to 300,000, with many of the latter on part time. . . . A special study in Buffalo, based on personal interviews and reported by the *Monthly Labor Review*, shows 11 per cent completely idle, and 18 per cent either idle or on part time. . . . A 40 per cent reduction

in automobile workers is reported by the *Monthly Labor Review* from April to December 1929. . . . The National Cash Register Company has 6,500 on its payroll on March 7, 1930, as against 8,000 "a few weeks ago." . . . Residential construction shows an alarming shrinkage. . . . The Whitin Machine Works in Massachusetts normally carries a force of 3,500 men; in January 1930 there were 2,000 at work. . . . And I have hardly made a dent in the clippings and reports before me.

What the grand total of unemployed for the nation was in the early spring of 1930 no man knows. Months from now the computing machines of the Census Bureau may give us a reliable indication. Various estimates have been made, however. Senator Brookhart believes the figure lies between 3,000,000 and 6,000,000. He is probably right. Mr. Darwin J. Meserole of the National Unemployment League hazards 6,600,000—which is undoubtedly high. The crash of 1921 probably did not account for more than 5,000,000, and the present slump is, as yet, no worse than 1921; possibly not quite so severe. William Green of the American Federation of Labor estimated 3,700,000 in February. Senator Couzens reports that a high government official told him that within a few weeks after the stock market débâcle unemployment jumped from 700,000 to 3,100,000. . . . Take your choice. My guess would be at least 4,000,000 in March. The figures cited earlier indicate that unemployment had doubled over its normal rate. If, in the best of times, seven per cent of the 30,000,000 "gainfully employed" are idle—a very conservative figure—this gives us some 2,000,000 in the army of the chronically jobless—the number seeking work in a "good" month like September 1929. Double this, and we reach 4,000,000 for a sinister month like March 1930. This is a reasonably crude guess, but leaning, I think, to the conservative side.

The reasons for the bread line around my house are rapidly coming into focus. In a sense it is a bread line four million strong, that, in single file, three feet apart, would reach from New York to Denver, with 300 miles to spare.

For a bread line there must be bread, and somebody to provide it. Public and private charities say last winter was the worst since 1921, if not since 1914. My particular bread line, organized by The Little Church Around the Corner, had made no such effort since the panic of 1907. It was feeding 1,000 men daily, only 150 of whom were genuine down-and-outers; "the great majority were honest men who would work if they could." Every trade was represented, including musicians and engineers. There were other bread lines in New York, and three in Brooklyn. The 611 rooms of the Salvation Army's flop house on the Bowery were filled every night, with sometimes as many as 400 men sleeping on the floor. "Things are worse than they have been for a good many years. One fact is very noticeable—the majority of homeless and jobless are native-born Americans."

The Russell Sage Foundation, tabulating relief budgets in 77 cities, finds: "Acute demands for outdoor relief, which, beginning in October, have severely taxed the resources of public and private agencies, were unabated in February. During the month $4,676,000 was distributed to 164,000 families." The Charity Organization Society of New York reports more applications for aid from destitute families than at any time since 1921—100 per cent greater than in 1929. The Bowery Branch of the Y. M. C. A. distributed as many as 12,000 meal tickets in one day. Five per cent of these applicants held college degrees, and a few were Phi Beta Kappa men. They were largely American born, and their average age was 30. The Welfare Council of New York had to charter an old barge in the East River as an overflow flop house. Twenty-five hundred men were fed daily in Pittsburgh bread lines. The Family Welfare Association

of America, tabulating reports from 60 cities, finds a 100 per cent increase in relief administered in January 1930 over January 1929, and a 200 per cent increase in families in distress due to lack of work.

Hospital beds are also an index of unemployment. Bellevue notes an increase of 12 per cent. "Many of these patients are from lodging houses. Out of work and destitute, their resistance has become lowered and has induced an *acute* condition in what are ordinarily chronic complaints that do not require hospitalization."

It has been a bitter winter on the Bowery and a bitter spring. Yet above the flop houses and the bread lines has glared a signboard: "Business is good—Keep it good."

## III

As men lose their wages their purchasing power declines. The bulk of purchasing power in the United States consists of wages. This reduces sales in other industries until they too begin to reduce their working force. The vicious spiral begins to whirl. The *Annalist's* index of factory payrolls fell from 109 in September 1929 to 95.6 in January 1930—the lowest since December 1924. According to the *Annalist*, wages have fallen even faster than employment—indicating a certain lack of sympathy with Mr. Hoover's recommendation that wage levels be sustained. A further lack of sympathy is reported from Dayton. Personnel managers were interviewed in respect to their handling of lay-offs. Said one, "All they got was ten minutes' notice. That's not fair, but that's all I got from the New York office." The tabulations of the Labor Bureau, Inc., show a heavy increase in wage cuts in recent months. Farm wages are the lowest since 1923, with supply far in excess of demand. Incidentally, demand is considerably below normal. Mr. William Green, testifying before the Senate, estimates a loss of purchasing power in the domestic market of one billion dollars in the first three months of 1930. In the same hearings Senator Wagner introduced figures to show payroll shrinkages of $200,000,000 a month in factory employment alone. The repercussion is well documented by a drop of $86,000,000 in outlays for building materials in January 1930 as compared with 1929. This seems to show a certain lack of sympathy with the great construction program which was to guarantee prosperity.

## IV

So much for the tangible evidence as to the economic state of the nation in the spring of 1930. If you want more, I am in a position to supply a carload of documents, more or less. The figures prove that prosperity cannot be sold like a tooth paste: by making people want it. And they prove conclusively, I think, that the fifth great era of American commercial prosperity, which began in 1922, ran its course in eight short years (rather below the average span) and died on a certain sixteen-million-share day in October, 1929. Many of us at the time saw no logical reason why a stock-market collapse should necessarily undermine business, and indeed there is none; but what most of us did not see was the extent of the black cloud over Detroit which had been gathering all summer. Along about July the nation found itself unable to purchase motor cars as fast as they were being built. Demand began to slacken, and in due time production had to follow suit. The automotive industry was the backbone of the whole prosperity era, and as, faster and faster, it began to slip, it dragged the whole business structure down with it. Thus undoubtedly a depression was in order, though without any stock-market collapse the curve would not have dipped so deep.

It is alleged that factories are now equipped to produce more than 7,000,000 motor cars a year. With safety valves tied down, and selling pressure at the bursting point, not more than 5,000,000

can be absorbed; and in 1930, it is safe to say, sales will be far below that figure. Senator Couzens tells us that radio factories can turn out 15,000,000 units a year, while only 3,000,000 can be marketed. In industry after industry potential output is vastly greater than demand—a condition which grows steadily worse. Sometimes I wonder if the whole mass production, low-unit cost, high-pressure selling formula has not gone almost as far as it can under the present limits of income distribution, and is not destined, if not to collapse, at least to be profoundly modified. The automobile was the keystone of the arch, and the stone has slipped. Nor is there any article on the horizon to take its mighty place. A fool-proof airplane might do it, but where is the fool-proof airplane?

## V

Americans want things—lots of them. The raw material is available—as yet—to provide them, together with a willing labor force, a beautiful technic of management, and an abundance of capital. So, whatever happens to the mass-production formula and to the motor car, business will go on. It may stagger for a time, but it is inconceivable that it is permanently crippled. The current depression will pass, and the emergency bread lines fade away. Cyclical unemployment will mark time until the next depression. What threatens to continue unabated, in good times and bad, is technological unemployment with its three faces—the machine, the merger, the stop watch. In four years oil refineries increased output 84 per cent, and laid off 5 per cent of their men while doing it. Tobacco manufacturing output climbed 53 per cent in the same period, with 13 per cent fewer men at the end. This is the trend throughout industry.

It can mean only one thing. An equivalent tonnage of goods can be produced by a declining number of workers, and men must lose their jobs by the thousands—presently by the millions. Heretofore, after a dreary period of searching, they have found other jobs. But how near to saturation are the filling-station industry, bond selling, insurance, hot-dog stands, spear carrying in Hollywood, and the other "blotting paper" trades? How near are we to a genuine attack on the staggering wastes of distribution, with its inevitable result of a reduction in man power? Nobody absolutely knows, but many are guessing—your author included—that the blotting paper is becoming soggy. The automobile industry alone soaked up 4,000,000 new jobs since 1900, but its curve of employment is now definitely downward.

Says the *Iron Age:* "If the productivity of industry through mechanization continues to increase in the next 25 years in the same way and at the same rate as during the last 25, only 45 men will be needed for the work which to-day requires 70, and that formerly required 100. In the automobile industry 30 workers were doing in 1925 as much work as 100 workers in 1914." What are we going to do with the 25 men out of 70 that are to be displaced in the next 25 years? And there may be far more than 25 displaced, as the curve of technology is an accelerating one. Dr. Wesley C. Mitchell estimates that no less than 650,000 men were added to the ranks of the reserve army of the unemployed from 1920 to 1927. We remember too the drop in the index numbers of employment from March 1923 to March 1929, already quoted.

Here is a new ensilage harvesting machine that cuts cornstalks in the field and delivers them to the silo without a human hand touching a single stalk. Here is a new tabulating machine capable of doing the work of 100 skilled actuaries. Here is an automatic mechanism producing 73,000 electric light bulbs every 24 hours, displacing 2,000 hand operators for each machine installed. Here is Section E of the St. Louis concrete sewer project. Thirty-three machine operators, aided by 37

laborers, are doing the work of 7,000 pick and shovel men. Seventy men and machines displace 7,000! The United States Department of Commerce estimates that combines in the harvesting of wheat in one area have cut the force of farm laborers from 50,000 to 20,000. Here are automatic cigar makers, dial telephones, the "iron chink" which has revolutionized the canning of fish, automatic stokers, mechanical glass blowers, automatic power stations, automatic knitting machines, bookkeeping machines, paint sprayers, mechanical cotton pickers, the telephonic typewriter, automatic check writers—and a hundred more, all taking their toll of direct labor. It must not be forgotten that, in the final balance, the direct labor which is displaced may find a job in building or servicing the machine—but the margin of jobs permanently lost is reasonably wide, otherwise there would be no point in introducing the mechanism.

Turning to the allies of the iron bouncer, we note a recent statement in *Forbes Magazine:* "Never before were so many salaried men looking for positions. Men formerly receiving $10,000 to $30,000 are now anxious to start at half salary. Thus many bargains in human material are available." Under every merger we shall find a bargain basement.

And here are the indefatigable time-study men. Stop watch in hand, they eliminate enough unnecessary movements in the customary method of dipping chocolate to increase production 88 per cent. Moving on to the next shop, they cut the time of assembling carburetors from 450 minutes to 45. Few markets can absorb such staggering increases in output per man. So the unabsorbed fraction must punch the clock for the last time. In swinging a pick in the coal mines, in sorting potatoes, in picking fruit, in scores of occupations, the time-study brigade is eliminating motions, and with them men. Not only in motions, but in shop arrangement, routing, lighting, ventilating, management generally, is the process rampant. Better conditions—true; fewer men—almost always.

If a machine does not get you, a stop watch will; and if you dodge both there is a merger waiting around the corner—such must be the thought which lies none too lightly in millions of American minds to-day. If you are alert enough to keep ahead of all three, God knows when you may trip and plunge into the crevasse of a cyclical depression—like that whose somber figures covering the winter of 1930 we have just recorded.

## VI

This is no way for a civilized society to behave. Unabated, it will bring most of us to wish that the industrial revolution had never been born. For all our bath tubs, washing machines, and canned asparagus, we may grow more and more envious of the Aztec, who if he has not so many dandy little jiggers, has at least a steady and rewarding job. And quite possibly some of us may start to smash things up. Such a dependable gentleman as Mr. William Green told the Senate that he had no hopes of keeping his hitherto orderly cohorts in line if the conditions which created unemployment were allowed to follow a masterless drift.

If we care enough about it, we can very greatly diminish, if not altogether liquidate unemployment. It will cost something—but consider what it now costs us in charity, in taxes which flow from public charity, in high labor turnover, in broken shop morale, in the quality of work done by men who have no feeling of economic security, in accumulating overhead on closed and partly closed factories and, above all, in reduced markets due to loss of purchasing power. I wonder if the total cost of seizing the situation by the throat would equal the total losses now engendered? I am speaking in strict financial terms for the moment, waiving the whole human cost in suffering, hopelessness, and degradation.

Conceivably, we might start with

an intelligent and honest publicity campaign to replace the winter's dishonorable record of prosperity billboards in the Bowery—a campaign which flatly recognizes facts, however harsh, and tries to swing public opinion towards constructive remedies. We have the precedent in the Safety First and the Cancer Control drives. We might even go so far as to hope that some of the advertising fraternity might give a moment or two from their sterner duties and originate some effective slogans:

Six Hours' Work and Work for Everybody.

Give a Job and Get a Customer.

A Steady Job. Ivory Soap Gives It—Why Not Your Boss?

If Mexicans Can Eat, Why Can't We?

(These are the ravings of a rank amateur. I appeal to those who know the technic to improve them.)

We need to mobilize public opinion as in the Liberty Bond drives—with posters, page spreads, four-minute speakers, radio talks, news reels, editorials, the whole colorful phenomenon which we Americans do so well, and which is our equivalent of the poor Mexican's fiesta.

In such an atmosphere concrete measures might have a chance of success. They may be launched on many fronts.

The logical, sensible, and only final answer to technological unemployment is to shorten working hours. Under present practice, as the machine advances, fewer men work equally long (or approximately so). Why not keep the entire force on the payroll but work them less? Thus the whole nation would share in technological advances: the worker in a steady job with fewer hours, the owner in steadier markets and profits, due to undiminished purchasing power. This is the final goal. I do not deny that its achievement will take a long time, and more brains and more co-ordinated planning than have ever as yet blessed the Republic. It would be something, however, to get it into the national consciousness.

The regularization of industry lies somewhat short of the final goal, but concrete beginnings have already been made. The Procter and Gamble Company, for instance, estimates its annual production in advance (the variation does not exceed 3 per cent), divides the total by 48, plans to produce that much soap in every week of the year, and guarantees 48 weeks' steady employment to every man who has been in the factory for a term of at least 6 months. Regularization may be approached through four channels: the Business Survey Conference of Mr. Hoover, the trade associations, the industrial manufacturer or contractor, the labor union. For some concerns where seasonal and storage problems have not been solved the program is impossible. For others it may have only partial application. But for thousands it could be put into tangible effect if only their managers could be brought to think about it, and their working force to demand it. Regularization can be only an intermediate goal, because while it provides steady work for those employed, it takes no cognizance of those displaced by machines, time studies, or mergers. It helps the ins enormously, but the outs not at all. What it does in effect is to kill seasonal unemployment and perhaps cripple cyclical; technological it leaves untouched.

Third, there are the long-swing construction programs, optimistically and exhaustively discussed these past few months. In respect to them we need more action and less talk. A construction engineer told me recently that business in his field for the first three months of 1930 had been the worst in his fifteen years' experience. I inquired about the front-page stories, and the figures with the quantities of zeros. "Bosh," he said, "it was stuff they were going to build anyway, except that a lot of it they didn't build!" Carefully prepared, with something of the intelligence with which an army conserves its supplies, construction work both public and private could be nursed in the good years and brought

forward when a cyclical depression threatened. It was not so done this winter—but the job was new and the time was short. It could be done, and Senator Wagner has a bill before Congress to expedite it. Beyond the immediate construction programs, consider the vast amount of useful and necessary labor required in a sound national afforestation project, in slum clearance, in regional planning and beautification work. Some day we must tackle such projects. Why not now?

Fourth, we must have better statistics on unemployment, preferably collected through a nation-wide system of public labor exchanges. No engineer can build a dam until he knows how much dirt he has to move. Meanwhile the exchanges themselves would be enormously valuable in protecting displaced workers from the villainous brigandage of most private exchanges and in informing applicants honorably and specifically of where jobs are to be obtained, if any. This would mitigate the practice of telling a hundred men in Chicago that there is a job in Milwaukee and collecting $5 from each—with either a single position or a purely fictitious one available when the whole hundred spend their last nickel in reaching Milwaukee.

Fifth, we can raise the age limit at which children are permitted to enter industry, thus salvaging jobs for their elders. If the minimum were placed at 16 years rather than the prevailing 14 years (in most states) some hundreds of thousands of jobs would be conserved. The benefit to the children themselves is too obvious to need argument. At the same time studies should be undertaken to find out the type of job that the older worker is especially qualified to fill, and thus halt the vicious and stupid practice of firing, or refusing to hire, men or women because they are 35 or 40 or 45 years old. As industry becomes increasingly automatic, the steadiness and dependability of the older worker should be increasingly valuable. Flighty youngsters may have more muscle, but the automatic function needs no muscle; it needs careful inspection, dial watching, checking, and repairing. I am convinced that competent analysis would reveal thousands upon thousands of jobs in the modern world which the older worker is better fitted to perform than the man under 40.

The above programs, if put into energetic effect, will go far towards liquidating unemployment, but a certain amount of lost time there is bound to be, even under the best of conditions. The industrial machine is not frictionless and never can be. For those who have lost their jobs through no fault of their own, particularly during the transition period, two systems of aid are in order—the dismissal wage and unemployment compensation. The former is a lump sum paid by the company to an employee when forced to give his position to a machine (or for other causes), preferably on a sliding scale based on length of service. The latter is such a system as that set up by the Dennison Manufacturing Company or the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, where reserves are accumulated from profits and payrolls to meet the just debts of industry when the machine or hard times come. State unemployment insurance is another aspect of the same general remedy, and most certainly should be applied if management and labor are themselves unable to provide the necessary funds.

As a certified public accountant, I have been examining corporation balance sheets for many years. Seldom do I find one without a "surplus" account on the credit side, and frequently an appropriated surplus, variously entitled "reserve for dividends," "reserve for depreciation," "reserve for bad debts," "reserve for expansion." But a "reserve for unemployment" I have never seen. The dividends and equities of stockholders have been protected by many ingenious devices. It is time, and more than time, that the flesh and blood which provide them receive at least equal consideration.

# MR. BELLOWS, THE MONKEY, AND THE TURTLE

A STORY

BY H. R. WAKEFIELD

WHEN Ethelbert Bellows was aged sixteen years and twenty days his father possessed just two shillings; one of these he was about to insert in the gas meter and then pin a warning to his bedroom door—he had always been too considerate of others to be a "Financial Force"—the other he presented to his son and only child, Ethelbert, to enable him to enlist in that rabble corps which battles for board and lodging without much expectation of anything worth calling victory. Till then Ethelbert had been entirely occupied in learning a fresh language a week and had amassed no worldly wisdom. In consequence he stared at the shilling uncertainly, not knowing how best to employ it. He went out into the street in a perplexed and absent-minded state and immediately had a great piece of luck, for he was knocked down by a vast motor car driven by a very fat, rich man. He was bruised and shaken, and at once began to apologize in fluent Albanian, but the fat man drove him to his even richer and fatter house and there questioned him, with the result that he discovered that Ethelbert knew almost every language of the world, though practically nothing else. However, the fat man gave him a job in his Ethertone Corporation Limited, and he was set to study valves and grids, the versatile eccentricity of electrons, and the farcical and provisional facts of radiation. He did this for seven years.

He was a curious and paradoxical young man, for while he had qualified himself to converse fluently in almost every foreign tongue, he could hardly ever bring himself to use his own. There was something about human beings which paralyzed the speech lobe of his brain, and people soon gave up trying to extract conversation from him. Animals, however, invariably wagged their tails at him—if they had any—even Manx cats oscillated their stumps in his presence. He couldn't make this out, as he felt so very well disposed towards everybody, and would have liked to have been quite different, but he just wasn't. However, the fact that he lived in an absolute social vacuum, that he was accustomed to think in one hundred and forty-four languages and speak in none gave him unlimited time to perfect himself in the theory and practice of wireless, so that on his twenty-fourth birthday the fat, rich man sent for him, and with podgy impressiveness informed him he had been chosen to travel the world over to demonstrate and collect orders for that Straight One Cosmic Ethertone which his firm had just perfected.

Now Mr. Bellows had the greatest fear of, yet, in a sense, contempt for the sea. It was so crafty and deceitful and strong. Look at it in a harbor, pretending to be so good-natured and gentle, raising such tiny waves that a paper boat could ride them. But outside! How it

smoothed away the crests of its great combers against the stars, after they'd towered up and up and made the Great Bear wriggle the drench from his pelt, and how it shouted to the wind to burst its lungs, and how it loved to feel great ships tickle its ribs as they tilted headlong through and down it. So Mr. Bellows quivered a little and felt he'd like a big, stiff drink when he was told he'd got to travel the world over and cross all those wicked oceans, one of which he'd watched every August at Bognor (Regis), and seen how treacherous and sly it was. He'd seen it drown six swimmers and break a great ship on its harshly rustling beach, and then it dozed the next day, just purring in its sleep, but ready to spin its web again. All the same he had to go, because he was overdrawn at the bank to the tune of fourteen shillings and ninepence, and the directors of the bank were nervous about it.

So though the ship he embarked upon was A1 at Lloyds—and everywhere else—he didn't really believe in it, even though it weighed ten thousand tons and had two raked black-and-green funnels and two lithe masts, strung like knitting needles, and thrusting, tireless propellers, which churned the sea and made it fizz angrily and spit creamy curses and hurry venomously after it. And off they went. Mr. Bellows found a Life on the Ocean Wave consistently monotonous, for once again he failed lamentably to be a "good mixer." He was asked to make a fourth at quoits and deck-tennis and shuffleboard, but he always said he'd rather not, and socially he was a hopeless, conspicuous dud, and he knew it, as he'd always known it, and he failed as he had always failed, though the ship's mascot, a pure white and sprightly goat, always seemed quite glad to see him and slowly drooped his head when Mr. Bellows scratched him between his tough and tiny horns. And they sailed along for many days, and the sea was deliberately but, oh, so deceitfully, sluggish and light.

But one evening the captain took a look at the glass in his cabin, and the needle was dropping like a plummet and the ship's bows were beginning nervously to nudge a rising sea. And how steadily and remorselessly it rose, and how the taut steel cables, which kept the masts in their places, hummed every rhythm which one cared to borrow from them; and presently a big wave struck and pressed the bows and thumped hardly on the well-deck, fizzed and scampered around it, and poured away through the scuppers like Follies ladies after the opening chorus. And then the battle was joined; that fierce, all-over-the-place, implacable tourney between the terrible and inevitable wave-lift of the sea and the ships, tiny and huge, which challenge it. On the fourth day the Sea determined to kill the *Paternoster*, and at 11.45 P.M. it hurled up a sixty-foot straight wall which plunged green on the crow's nest, and hurled the fellow in it head on to the rim of his barrel, so that he crashed streaming to its floor; and the captain, who had been on the bridge for three days without rest, closed his salt-rimmed eyelids, and the quartermaster, his icy fingers stiff and insensate, nodded and let the wheel slip and spin. And then the Derelict got her chance.

Now the sea keeps derelicts as popes once kept bravos to whisper and crouch and hide and kill—stealthy, suborned fellows. And this soused, lumbering, dagger-mouthed menace had once been the fine ten-masted clipper, the *Hammerswinger*, which had been driven to death by a spinning, shouting hurricane which had fought her for twelve days, finally beam-ended her, and flicked her ten high trees and her hundred sails overboard and all her crew with them in a screaming triumph. And since then she had wallowed in the great oceans, just keeping her nose and one eye above the crests, waiting for a chance to slip across some fine ship's bows. And when she saw the *Paternoster's* riding lights yawing

towards her, she edged in towards her prow wickedly but not really hopefully. But as the *Paternoster*, unhelmed, came on, and pitched from swell to swell, each of which topped her mastheads, the Derelict, the vampire—the *Hammer-swinger*—hurled herself in and ripped the *Paternoster* from a point one inch from her prow to the blades of her port propeller; and she was already dying and heeling over when Mr. Bellows staggered to the deck, lugging the Straight One with him. He had been vigorously instructed that he must consider himself the slave of this mechanism, and, if necessary, sacrifice his life in its service. A moment later he was fighting for that life in the sea, but still clutching with bagman conscientiousness his master ("first instalment, five shillings, makes it yours"), and some moments later he was contemptuously tossed far up a sandy beach by a gigantic comber and lost consciousness.

Presently he came to himself and stared and stared around him. Not a cloud in the sky, the sea yawning into a purple doze, though still spouting high on the outer fringe of the coral reef. He looked behind him and discovered he was on a little circular atoll, for whichever way he looked he could see, through the long, dark grove of coconut trees, the iridescent sky-leaps of foam as the sleepy ocean punched the coral. He lay down again, covering his head with the stiffened strips of his "lounge coat" and went to sleep in a profound, animal way. When he woke up, many hours after, the rising tide was sluicing his ankles; so he lugged the Ethertone up the beach some distance and sat down. He was very thirsty and would have been very hungry if he hadn't been so thirsty.

Now, almost all Gentlemen of England who are cast away on desert islands are adaptable and ingenious fellows far above the average (especially of other races). First and foremost they possess the Romantic Touch, in so far as always they make a habit of rescuing the young women for whom they have developed a not unreciprocated fancy. And these adaptable gents are quickly at work salving flotsam and jetsam cast ashore from the match making wreck. And in a trice—or a couple of trices—they have built a roomy, well-equipped hut—huts rather, for they are always men who have a very high and chivalrous view of woman, which is partly due to temperamental and national mistrust of sexual enterprise, and partly to a religious and conservative upbringing. And the extra virtuous labor in constructing two huts is its own virtuous reward. The young woman somewhat unenthusiastically regards this laborious morality, but as she gazes out over the lonely billows and rubs the sand from between her toes remembers there is always plenty of time on a desert island. (These are the thousand feet of celluloid which the censor most assiduously scans; and afterwards he probably suggests that the huts are rather close, the hero's shorts rather short, the heroine's kisses rather long, some of the lines rather broad.) And then these adaptable and essentially decent castaways have, in no time, apparently, jerked from the air like a Hindu juggler a stout line, and out of most nebulous metal bent a hook, and soon a fat fish is broiling over a sufficient fire, set blazing by some unexplained instrument of ignition. Then some rows of dots are indicated—the twain have scampered apart a perch or two—and, heads averted from each other, are swimming along their separate sunbeams. And presently much modest stitching of leaves by miraculously discovered needles and manna-thread, against the day when the inevitable wear and tear of desert island life will have compelled a brace of clean-minded castaways to realize that decency must be at all costs preserved, and the eyes of their eventual rescuers by no means afflicted by a sartorial economy offensive to the squeamish mariner. Not till they are back in the Old Country does Her Man clear his throat, claim his bride, and present her with a complete

set of the works of R. Kipling as a wedding present.

But poor Mr. Bellows knew he wasn't a bit like that. And he was already in a fair way to nudity and starvation, but not to thirst, for he found a small spring of fresh water perking up just below the coconut grove, and from this he drank deeply. And then, having nothing else to do, he pulled the Ethertone out of its tin box and vaguely twiddled its dial. He found himself listening to some syncopated numbers played by the Teheran State Orchestra. Presently his eye was caught by something moving towards him up from the margin of the sea, a turtle he decided, a fine and fat one. It approached with deliberation. When it reached Mr. Bellows it went up to the Ethertone, appeared to examine it closely, then took a long look at Mr. Bellows before settling itself down beside him. Presently it blinked some blinks and closed its eyes. Mr. Bellows gingerly put out his hand and stroked its crusty, ferrulled neck, at which it seemed to be fairly pleased.

A moment later Mr. Bellows heard a light "thump" behind him, and on looking round he saw a medium-sized monkey lying on its back with a look of exasperation and anguish on its face; in its eagerness and haste it had missed the bottom branch of the coconut tree in which it spent most of its time. After a while it got up, wriggled its arms and legs, brushed the sand from its person, and then stiffly approached. Like the turtle, it went first to the Ethertone, which it scrutinized from all sides with seemingly great interest, and then it examined Mr. Bellows, and, apparently reassured, put out its right paw, which Mr. Bellows grasped. Nothing had ever pleased him so much as that spontaneous tribute to his trustworthy appearance. It was a pleasant monkey, gray and black, with its hair parted in the middle right down to its tail and two snowy tufts over its chaps. It retained its grip on Mr. Bellows' hand and stared again at him, and then at the Ethertone, uttered some muted chattering and lightly pulled the tail of the turtle, who opened one eye for a moment and again slumbered and slept.

When the Ethertone faded and sounded no more there was absolute silence save for the murmuring flop of the drooping swell upon the coral and the tiniest flutter from the trees. Mr. Bellows got up and aimlessly twiddled the Ethertone's dial with the result that a sudden metallic monologue spurted out, a talk on Esperanto from the Balearic Islands. Mr. Bellows hastily switched off for, far removed as he was from any chance of exercising his peculiar talent, he instinctively knew his enemy, and had no wish to hearken to propaganda the success of which would reduce his earning capacity to zero. And then down came the dusk, and the monkey stiffly limped off to his tree; the turtle lumbered away to low-water mark, and Mr. Bellows lay back and slept.

When he awoke the sun was up, and he realized that he must soon eat or die. By right and precedent huge cases of food should have floated ashore—and other things. But Mr. Bellows could have faced a few corpses in the circumstances. There was a light "flop" behind him and there was the monkey, who made a perfect landing this time and held out his right paw. And presently the turtle lumbered up. And then Mr. Bellows had two horrible thoughts; he had a thought about turtle soup and he had a thought about monkey steak. He became conscious that the eyes of his companions were fixed upon him. In the turtle's expression he detected uncertainty; in the monkey's, trepidation. After some excited chattering, the latter jumped up, climbed his tree, and soon returned, carrying a fine nut which he cracked on a big stone and offered to Mr. Bellows. Oh, how delicious! He courteously offered a piece to the turtle, to find it had moved a little to one side to disclose a large white egg. Mr. Bellows nibbled gingerly at its contents. Most

palatable! And his immediate problem was solved. He switched on the Ethertone and found himself in the middle of a talk on the Danzig Corridor, broadcast from Warsaw. Mr. Bellows spoke Polish better than Marshal Pilsudski and it amused him to hear it again, but the monkey began to whimper, so he tried again and got the Peking Municipal Orchestra playing a selection from "San Toy." Mr. Bellows was preoccupied, for he knew there was something he ought to do and he couldn't think of it. At last he thought of it when they all went down to the reef to bathe, and he took off his shirt. Of course, he ought to tie that garment to a pole so that it might be spotted through his telescope by the captain of a passing ship. On the whole, he thought he'd go on wearing it, at least till his skin was fashionably bronzed. Anyhow, he couldn't see a pole anywhere. The sea was so warm and quiet and clear that they spent the whole morning in and out of it. And when they were dry the monkey fetched him another nut, and the turtle laid him another egg.

In the afternoon he explored the island. It was just the same all the way round—about three miles, and not a thing alive upon it except the trees and the turtle and the monkey, though a great sea serpent was sailing magnificently past the reef, head held high, waves foaming from his humped coils. When he saw Mr. Bellows he turned in, back-watered, and inspected him apparently with great interest. "End on," thought Mr. Bellows, "he looks like a Viking ship." And then the mighty snake went on his way. When Mr. Bellows got back to the spring he found the other two waiting for him, and they had Mr. Hoover's forty-third speech on law enforcement and a symphony concert from the People's Palace, Mile End Road. Then the monkey climbed his tree, the turtle humped off to the reef, and they all went to sleep.

And it was just like that for days and days and days. Nuts, eggs, bathing, wireless, sleep. Almost the same thing, although there were little changes. The monkey taught Mr. Bellows to climb trees with agility. After three weeks' practice he could swing himself up to the first big branch with his right arm, and then go up and up and up till his head popped through the topmost leaf and he could see all round the island and far out to sea. And he took to sleeping in the tree; somehow, he began to feel safer there. By then he hadn't any clothes left, but he was burnt as black as a Zulu and had never felt so well in his life. And he swam out for miles with the turtle, and when he got tired he took hold of her tail and she towed him home. The monkey didn't go out very far, for once a big fish had chased him for half a mile snapping its jaws, and he didn't want that to happen again; so he lay on his back just off the reef and stared up at the sky. Mr. Bellows always wondered what the monkey was thinking about, and one day he got a big surprise for, after a Syncopated Interlude from Bangkok, the monkey said, "Baby, be true," in a sort of singsong way. Mr. Bellows muttered his astonishment in a little-known Caucasian dialect and stared at the monkey. So did the turtle. Was it possible? Now, as a matter of fact, all three of them had somehow learned to know more or less what the others were thinking. If Mr. Bellows was hungry, he looked at the monkey and had hungry thoughts, and usually the monkey fetched him a nut, but sometimes he was cross, and Mr. Bellows knew that he was telling him to get one himself. Also the turtle knew when Mr. Bellows was tired of swimming, and Mr. Bellows knew when the turtle was fed up with dance music, and sometimes he almost felt he knew when the Ethertone was fed up with the lot of them. All the same, he couldn't help feeling rather excited when he heard the monkey ask his baby to be true. He beckoned with his finger and the monkey came and sat closer to him.

Mr. Bellows picked up a handful of

sand, held it out in his fist, looked hard at the monkey and said, "Sand." The monkey looked up uncertainly at him, scratched his head, and after opening and shutting his mouth several times made a sound very like "sand." Mr. Bellows picked up another handful and showed it to the monkey, who looked worried but said nothing. "Sand," said Mr. Bellows. "Sand," said the monkey. Rather less excited, Mr. Bellows repeated the performance, but the monkey looked unhappy and said nothing. "Well, what's it matter?" thought Mr. Bellows; "as it is we get on very well together and it might not have been any improvement." And, indeed, as time went on he didn't find it easy to say anything himself when he practiced talking out loud, for there came a rare jumble of words, sometimes in one sentence, just a comparatively simple one such as "The Ethertone Straight One is the finest receiving instrument ever put on the market." He found himself using fourteen languages to say it in, and even his voice began to sound strange and loud, and thinking became quite a strain.

He knew it was a fine day, for example, but he found it difficult to think so but easy to feel it so; in fact, it seemed to him that he began to know things as the monkey and the turtle knew them, but he couldn't really think all that, it was a vague impression. But he was perfectly happy, or rather, neither happy nor unhappy, but either too hot or just right or hungry or he had a nice full feeling. And he switched off talks at once and lazily listened to sounds, and lazily enjoyed the beat behind those sounds—not much bothering about them. So, presently, the idea of ever meeting human beings again—he'd almost forgotten what they were like—seemed more than he could bear—and how glad he was he hadn't put his shirt on a pole! What he wanted was to see the light, to feel the warmth, and sniff the spicy breezes and eat eggs and coconuts and watch the big, shining purple of the sea toss a fountain over the reef, and hear it sigh and scrunch and fizz on the sand and away again and back.

One morning on awaking he looked out over the sea at dawn and picked out a speck on the horizon. At first he thought it was the sea serpent; but presently a wisp of what he remembered was smoke, though he remembered it in an almost obsolete Ukrainian patois—drifted from this speck. A ship approaching the island! The monkey had seen it, too, chattered nervously and held Mr. Bellows' hand very tightly. The turtle saw it, also, and dug herself into the sand till just the top of her head showed like a small, ribbed stone. Mr. Bellows did his best to bury the Ethertone right in the middle of the grove, and he and the monkey swung themselves up near the top of their tree and peeped cautiously through the leaves. The ship came swiftly in, and Mr. Bellows recognized it to be a curious sort of ship, but he'd completely forgotten the word. In English it was an ugly word, which didn't sound a bit as it was spelled. What was it? It was something like "what"—yes, of course, "yacht." She was beautifully white and shiny with a small yellow funnel, but Mr. Bellows regarded her with urgent uneasiness. On she came till she reached a point about a mile from the reef when she swung and anchored; and presently a boat put off from her and chugged its way to the shore. Mr. Bellows and the monkey watched its approach nervously and with two distinct kinds of unease. The monkey had never seen a boat before—in fact, he'd never seen anything walking over the sea, except in a way, the sea serpent, and he'd got used to seeing that old snake shuffling the foam from his coils. But Mr. Bellows had memories; he knew that boats meant human beings, and human beings meant—if they saw and caught him—that he'd be dragged back to that Other World he'd lost and didn't want to find again, a world in which he'd die of its fuss, and having to talk and earn a living, and a

huge, frightening, desperately unwanted, noisy, unkind muddle.

When the boat reached the reef a sailor stuck a hook in the coral and jumped out in a nimble way and tugged the boat delicately in, so that its other occupants rather clumsily and with some giggling stepped ashore. Three ladies and three gentlemen, all properly garbed in white clothes—which almost at once they peeled off—but not until the sailor had set the boat's bows to the north and, reeling lightly to the small swell, had chugged back to the rich little ship. Mr. Bellows had never seen ladies without clothes on before, and in a vague, gusty way he remembered that ladies without clothes were—were—were—he simply couldn't remember what they were supposed to be, and he wished they were all very far away. He shut his eyes because they might not be there at all, and he heard a silly, staccato rattle; they were—were—yes, laughing, that was the word. He looked at the monkey, who was staring very intently at them. And presently as the sun sank hugely and a small sharp breeze arose, the six white bodies danced for a while, became white in a different way, and jumped from the coral into the boat which had rolled its way back across the shining swell—the sailor at its tiller whistling and glad he'd got such a good job, but feeling a spot of rheumatics in the three toes of his right foot which had been neatly nicked off in 1915 in the dressing station just behind the church at Bois Grenier.

And when the tips of its masts had disappeared, Mr. Bellows and the monkey dropped with extreme agility and relief from branch to branch till they reached the sand, and the turtle scratched itself up, and Mr. Bellows switched on the Ethertone, and they were regaled with a powerful discourse from the Fifteen-Thousandth Church of Christ Scientist, Boomville, Tex. And at once they all slept like tops.

Now, though one of the observations which Mr. Bellows had been instructed to repeat concerning the Ethertone was: "Its batteries last forever!" he knew enough about the mechanism to realize that this observation was not absolutely accurate; and leaving it on all night didn't help to prove it true. And when he woke up, and the preacher was bringing the service to an end with some improvised prayers preserved in midnight oil, the first stir of its death rattle was beginning. He hastily switched it off and never on again.

For how many months or years he and the monkey and the turtle lived like that, Mr. Bellows had no means of knowing and he didn't care, for he was perfectly content and had ceased to be able to think in the ordinary way. When he was too hot he had a bathe, when he had an empty feeling he ate something, when he was tired he went to sleep, just as the monkey and the turtle did; and then one day something happened. When he woke one morning he saw that on the far southern horizon there was creeping up a still thin but growing cloud bank. Above this dark quadrangle the sky was like beaten copper, and minatory. And Mr. Bellows saw there was an increasing swell on the reef, a heightening but still lazy and oily rumble and spout. There was not the slightest breeze, and there would have been a gigantic stillness but for the rhythmic splashing from the coral. Slowly the dark cloud rose steeply and covered the sky. The monkey was uneasy and chattered all the time and looked up questioningly at Mr. Bellows. The swell rose steadily, and presently a gust of spray splashed Mr. Bellows' face. Suddenly it happened. There came a whinny from the south across the face of the waters, and then a high moan, and the sea leaped to its stirrups. A flash of lightning ran from the eastern to the western horizon, and the thunder rolled to the world's end. The rain came with the wind, and a huge, terrible and splitting wave crashed over the reef, drove up the beach, and broke against the trees. Mr. Bellows staggered to

his feet, only to be flung down by the steady, unremitting and irresistible violence of the wind; he was almost blinded by the rain. As for the sea, it had become a driving, writhing, inchoate thrust. As each wave flung up its crest, its top was raked from it and lashed hissing clean across the island. Mr. Bellows and the monkey clung desperately to a tree which had been driven over and over till its topmost branch probed down into the sand, the sea to their necks. The turtle was killed instantly by a huge stone which bounded up the beach and dropped for a second on its head, before leaping on again. Mr. Bellows could hear the bodies of birds, broken and pulped against the trees, raining down beside him. In the sky was one incessant flash, and suddenly by the light of it Mr. Bellows saw a huge head rear itself above the reef, and then a wave took it and pitched the sea serpent sheer over the coral to the sand, and the sound of its fall could be heard even above the thunder and the wind, and it lay there broken and stranded and slowly died.

And it seemed after a great span of time that the wind ceased and the moon swung out amongst the stars and a myriad flying things streaked across its chill circle, and the huge roar of the sea was the only sound, and just for a moment Mr. Bellows and the monkey could breathe; and then it came again, and the flying things were whirled away, and every tree in turn snapped off and danced wildly to the north, and the sea sprang forward and flung Mr. Bellows and the monkey amongst the broken branches right down to the further shore of the atoll, from which the sea had been blown back a mile or more. And a branch came down on the monkey's back, and he gave a little cry and clung to Mr. Bellows who took him in his arms wherein at once he died. Half-unconscious, Mr. Bellows with that merciless power behind him, ran out and out till he found the broken beginnings of the sea and he plunged in and swam and swam till he could swim no more, and then he flung up his arms.

And the Straight One Cosmic Ethertone? Well, he was driven bounding like a gazelle right out to sea, and after three weeks he passed the Society Islands with a strong breeze on his starboard cheek. He was then caught by a big southerly set and sent rolling past the Low Archipelago, and after a voyage of one hundred and eight days—a record for a craft of his rig, he came to roost on the beach near Valparaiso. And the old chap was pretty briny and bothered by barnacles by the time he humped ashore.

The Ethertone representative in these parts, a fellow by the name of Jones, was a Welshman. So when the Straight One was found, retrieved, and brought to him, he thought to himself that it might put him in well with the Boss if he sent it to him with a letter respectfully describing the circumstances. So the sour old chap was sent to London, and his journey ended where it had begun. And the fat, rich man *was* pleased, raised Jones fifty dollars, and placed the crusty old wanderer in a prominent position in his study. And every time someone visited him for the first time he'd twiddle the cigar in his lips and say, "See that old bit of junk? Well, that was the first Straight One that ever came from the works, and I'll tell you the story of it." And he'd spin a bit of a yarn. But, goodness gracious, as if he knew anything about it! As if he knew about the monkey, the turtle, and about Mr. Bellows peeping through the top leaves of a coconut tree, or what sort of wind it had been which put an end to all of them!

# SQUIRT-GUN POLITICS

BY CHARLES A. BEARD

A CONNECTICUT pastoral scene.—The United States Geological Survey.—A bucket of paint.—An ambulatory, inquisitive cow, owned by one Angelo Cerri.

Action: after two unsuccessful assaults on the paint, the aforesaid cow makes a victorious attack, consumes the precious fluid, and dies. Grieved in spirit and injured in purse, the aforesaid Cerri appeals to the authorities in Washington for relief.

The grinding legislative mill begins to turn. A bill is introduced in the House of Representatives (H. R. 414): *Be it enacted, etc.*, That the Secretary of the Treasury be, and he is hereby, authorized and directed to pay to Angelo Cerri the sum of $160, out of any money in the United States Treasury not otherwise appropriated, for the loss of a cow, due to the negligence of employees of the United States Geological Survey while engaged in installing river gauges on the dam on the Connecticut River at Enfield, Conn.

In due course, the bill is reported to the House, and the four hundred and thirty-five members sit in solemn judgment upon its merits, at least presumptively. One of the assembled Solons wants to know whether the amount represents "the reasonable value of a good Guernsey cow?" His query falls upon unheeding ears. No one answers it. Silence. Then a solemn voice explains that the committee in charge has looked into the matter, and that the late Secretary of the Interior, Hon. Roy O. West, had also given attention to the issue and recommended the payment of the claim. This illuminating information is then supplemented by a statement from a Representative from New York to the effect that a district engineer has also reported on the vexatious question. According to this adjudication, "the cow had died from drinking paint," and "it was a very inquisitive cow and had been driven away from the house twice before." Still, the Honorable Secretary of the Interior has said that "there was carelessness on the part of the employees of the Government." To enliven the scene a funny member from New York suggests that "possibly" the cow "was guilty of contributory negligence." Thereupon a statesman from Wisconsin emphasizes the fact that the district engineer has reported in favor of paying the bill. Silence. The Speaker asks: "Is there objection to the present consideration of the bill?" There is no objection. The bill is read, ordered engrossed, and passed. A motion to reconsider is tabled. In due time it will appear on the floor of the Senate, demanding consideration, and later it will, if carried, find its way to the White House. If in his wisdom the President of the United States approves, Angelo Cerri will receive the $160 for the Guernsey cow that drank a bucket of paint negligently left within reach by the employees of the United States Geological Survey.

This will be an expensive method of paying a small bill. Let the mathematics of the operation be reviewed. The members of the august House of Representatives are paid $10,000 a year, $4,350,000 in all. Assuming that they

labor three hundred days in the year, which is generous, that means $14,500 a day. Add heat, light, power, overhead, underfoot, secretarial assistance, printing, and incidentals, and you have well over $15,000 a day. Allowing a five-hour day, that means at least $3,000 an hour, or fifty dollars a minute. On a conservative estimate, which would satisfy investors in Connecticut municipals yielding 3.78654329 per cent, it cost at least $500 to get Signor Cerri's claim for $160 through the House of Representatives. If to these production costs are added the outlays for the time of the Honorable Secretary of the Interior, the expert investigation conducted by the district engineer, the paint consumed, the labors of the Senate, and the deliberations of the President, it will be seen that $1,000 is a conservative estimate of the total bill for satisfying the plaintiff in this celebrated case, that is, about six times the market value of the cow in question.

II

This is not an isolated incident in Congressional history. On the same day that the House of Representatives acted promptly and efficiently on the allegations of Signor Angelo Cerri, it also surveyed many other claims in the same class:

A bill allowing a Crow Indian to sell outright certain land allotted to him under an act of June 4, 1920, "except as to the northwest quarter of section 32, township 7 south, range 38 east, Montana meridian, Montana."

A bill permitting a Flathead Indian to make a similar transaction in real estate.

A bill appropriating $150 to the heirs of a farmer whose watermelon patch had been ravaged by United States troops stationed at Tampa, Florida.

A bill for relief of an army major whose personal property had been damaged in a Texas storm while he was engrossed in his duties as a soldier of the Flag.

A bill to reimburse a military intelligence officer who, acting under orders of his superior, had gone to a dentist in Rome and had his teeth fixed at considerable expense to himself.

A bill for the relief of the heirs of a colored man who had rendered distinguished services to the Army of the United States during the Civil War.

A bill reimbursing some Methodists in South Carolina for a church seized in 1862 under the auspices of the United States Army and forcibly held for all these years by a colored congregation, to the great pain and damage of the aforesaid Methodists.

A bill to reimburse a Catholic Church in Missouri for damages done to property by federal soldiers "in the dark hours of the Civil War." In support of this petition it was alleged that "soldiers entered and destroyed the interior of this church, its benches, its altar, its communion rail, and they shot the walls and roof full of holes. They went outside and dug cisterns until the building became unsafe."

The list of the day is not complete, but it illustrates the kind of business that crowds the calendars of Congress, diverts attention from more important matters, and furnishes statistical grist for those who are clamoring about "too many laws."

III

All this is by way of preliminary to the proposition that the legislative procedure of Congress needs a thorough overhauling in the interest of intelligent functioning, to say nothing of economy. The problem was emphasized in a wearisome manner by the long-drawn-out debate on the tariff bill, from the spring of 1929 to the spring of 1930. According to one estimate, at least 10,000 products were drawn into consideration, involving almost every known physical substance and technological process. Practically every member who took part in the discussion wanted to do "justice." High protectionists, shedding tears over poor workingmen, wanted only enough

tariff to offset the lower costs of production abroad; low protectionists did not want to destroy prosperity by action too drastic. But what was there known about cost of production abroad and cost of efficient production at home?

A study of the debates on schedules shows that at best information on these fundamental considerations was frequently meager and generally clouded by doubts. Take for example the duty on meat choppers for the kitchens of American housewives. An attempt was made to raise the old rates. Objections were entered in the name of toiling millions. What countervailing testimony was introduced? Figures showing that there had been a material decline in the number of choppers produced in recent years. A statement to the effect that one manufacturer of these necessary tools had not been paying dividends on his stocks for three or four years. Was the decline in production due to the fact that people are eating less meat? Or had they enough choppers already? Or did they think the prices too high? Was the failure to pay dividends due to the tariff or inefficiency? Information on these points was strangely thin. In a fog of uncertainty the Senate debated and in a burst of confusion it decided. Time had been spent in discussing a matter on which controlling data were not brought to bear. Nobody knows how much the diversion cost the taxpayers of the United States in salaries, wages, and overhead.

Consider another matter of more significance than meat choppers, namely, lumber, a material vital to all home-builders and to nearly every constructive industry. When higher rates on that commodity were under discussion the following brief speech passed as argument in the august Senate: "I talked yesterday with a gentleman whom many of the Senators on this floor know. He says that either weekly or monthly vessels are coming into New York City with Russian lumber, taking the place of American lumber. One of his immediate family is engaged in the shipping business, and he gets his information authoritatively. He says, 'I can get my lumber cheaper, but that means idleness for American mills and lack of employment for American labor.' He is a great home-builder. He builds hundreds of houses a year. He says, 'I would rather pay a little bit more to encourage our people and employ our labor than to get the lumber a little bit cheaper from these other countries.'" But, of course, patriotism was not enough. It called for a supplement in the form of higher rates on imported lumber.

People must have umbrellas as well as houses, and that item does not escape the eagle eyes of protectionists. The duty on umbrellas must be raised—of course, in the interest of American labor; capital, as Daniel Webster remarked long ago, can take care of itself. But some Senators have doubts. Arguments are necessary to convince them. The weapons of fact and logic are wheeled into position. Here is one of the shots that goes home: "The importance of the umbrella," intones a Senator, "to the general welfare of the public is also entitled to consideration. The value of the umbrella in avoiding those forms of sickness brought on by exposure is recognized. In the protection of clothing it has a clear economic value. That is, the good umbrella possesses these qualities. The cheaper grades, to which American manufacturers are being driven by the increasing pressure of foreign competition at lower prices, are of little avail for these purposes. And to this fact may be attributed, at least in part, the decrease in the use of umbrellas and, as a possible consequence, the increase in respiratory diseases shown by health statistics." Who could resist eloquence like this, cogency almost overpowering? This is not an unfair sample of hundreds of columns of debates on the tariff bill which for months occupied the attention of the Senate, to the almost total exclusion of other business of great economic urgency.

## IV

The operations thus illustrated in detail may be generalized in totals. According to the estimates of Mr. Robert Luce, the committees of the House of Representatives reported 900 bills for consideration during the Sixty-fifth Congress. In the Seventieth Congress the number was 2,625—a threefold increase; this meant on the average about 1,300 bills for each session, five or more bills for each legislative day. Out of the bills introduced in the House and Senate during the Seventieth Congress, at least 1,722 bills and joint resolutions were passed—a total sufficiently large to give apoplexy to the critics who were already shouting, "Too many laws." Whether the grist ground out contained unnecessary measures or not, it certainly included hundreds of bills which never should have consumed the time of five hundred and thirty-one cultivated gentlemen at $10,000 a year, plus perquisites and overhead.

As a matter of fact, on close examination, most of these laws will be found to be highly defensible. If some gouge the Treasury, few interfere with the rights of person or property. The chief criticism warranted by the circumstances is that most of them are of no national importance and should not have taken the form of solemn acts of Congress. Hundreds of them grant claims, such as those listed above, authorize the construction of bridges over navigable rivers, promote army officers, regulate municipal affairs in the District of Columbia, allow Indians to sell their holdings, assign pensions to individuals, or pertain to other things of local or private concern. In every Congress there are usually not more than eight or ten measures of high significance, worthy of the attention of the House and Senate, worthy of talents as high as the nation can command. Within this class might come Muscle Shoals, the federal power bill, radio regulation, interstate busses, the federal farm loan system, branch banking, unemployment, and perhaps four or five other items dragging along in the present, or Seventy-first, Congress.

These are subjects which invite legislative and technical capacities of the highest order. Action on them runs deep into national economy, materially concerns public welfare, and has already been too long delayed. While Congress fiddles with meat choppers, umbrellas, buckets of paint, and watermelon patches, millions of horse power go to waste, private enterprises of vast capital interests muddle about in uncertainty, and large sections of the nation's economy are held in suspense. This is not all. It can scarcely be doubted that the quality of the men and women who stand for election to the House and Senate is lowered by the methods employed in Congress, by the character of the measures chosen for consideration. Who, with intelligence for grand undertakings, wants to waste his time and strength with the thousands of petty bills introduced and the hundreds of acts brought out for discussion? Since, numerically considered, most of the proceedings do not rise above the level of corner-grocery transactions, nothing but corner-grocery mentality and information are required.

## V

And judging by the character of the debates—not a fair test of course—there are only about twenty or twenty-five members out of the five hundred and thirty-one who can make a clear, logical, fact-supported argument on any proposition more complex than the sale of five quarts of beans at ten cents a quart. A careful study of every page of the *Congressional Record* from December, 1929, to April, 1930, reveals not more than eight or ten speeches worth rescuing from the wastebasket. And most of them were delivered by gentlemen who fall within or frightfully near that class characterized by the erudite Doctor Moses of New Hampshire as "sons of the wild jackass." The conservative

cause, once ably defended by men like Webster, John A. Bingham, Spooner, Aldrich, and Hoar, is now supported on the floors of both houses with such intellectual poverty that it seems to betray a strange mental bankruptcy where it might be least expected.

It is true, no doubt, that all legislative talents are not displayed in debate. High abilities are engaged in committee work, in negotiation, and in vote trading. What lies buried in the minds of the silent or less vocal members of Congress no one can say, and it would not be just to render a sweeping verdict on the whole body on the basis of speeches delivered. But surely it is no accident that so little talent emerges in the discussions of measures up for consideration. Nor is it good for the country that Congress should be deeply immersed in trivialities, that great issues should not be defined accurately, debated intelligently, and illuminated from every angle. Nor is it wholly correct to assume that thinking can be separated from debating. Clear thinking takes logical and fact-supported forms. No one can work his way through a subject without arriving at a definite formulation of process and conclusion. Good discussion without clear thinking is utterly impossible. Hence there is ground for a deep suspicion that the dearth of talent made painfully manifest in Congressional deliberations is associated with a dearth of talent for statesmanship among the Representatives and Senators. Congressional ability may not be less than in many preceding epochs—there has been no golden age—but it certainly does not seem to measure up to the complexities of this technological era.

## VI

Is there no balm in Gilead? It is not necessary to search in academic lore for the answer. It has been made more than once in Congress by experienced members, recently by Mr. F. M. Davenport and Mr. Robert Luce. The beginning of reformation is to remove utterly from Congress a vast mass of measures which have no business there—the thousands of petty measures which crowd the calendars, waste time, and clog all weighty transactions. If Congress relies mainly upon a report from the Secretary of the Interior, buttressed by engineering data, to the effect that Signor Angelo Cerri's cow died from drinking a bucket of United States Geological Survey paint, why on earth should it spend a thousand dollars' worth of time appropriating $160 to cover the damages? All such business should be entrusted to responsible administrative heads. Congress might be debating the proper rate to be charged by the Duck Creek Railroad Company for transporting wheat from Sauk Center to Chicago, but it has assigned that function to the Interstate Commerce Commission—and many other functions of unquestioned economic significance. Every year it vests in department heads and independent commissions the power to make decisions respecting matters a thousand times more important than most of those which it reserves for long-winded discussions on its own floors. Of course no exact line can be drawn, but it is safe to say that four-fifths of the Congressional business could be transferred to executive authorities and in the shift, if made on the basis of significant interests, some of the powers now vested in other agencies might go back to Congress.

At this point conscientious objectors will rise to cite the failure of the Tariff Commission which was to remove the tariff from politics and put it on a scientific foundation. This, it will be urged, is a good example of what happens when Congress surrenders its powers into other hands. The weight of the argument by illustration cannot be denied. When authority is passed from Congress to an administrative body all the pressures of private interests go with it, from the lobbies to the outer chambers or social

clubs of the individual officers. As the misadventures with Fall, Daugherty, Miller, and Forbes conclusively show, the Executive Department of the Federal Government is likely to be negligent, to say the least, in its housekeeping and to require a periodical overhauling by a Congressional investigating committee. That a big, one-man affair will be honest and efficient is among the childish assumptions of this corporate business age. To enlarge executive powers without corresponding Congressional checks is a fatal mistake, too often demonstrated by bitter experience. Although no standards of measure are available, the guess may be hazarded that American executive departments have been as corrupt and inefficient as American legislatures. Moreover, there are in Congress many members of long experience, trained in committee work and disciplined by study, who know more about executive business than the newly appointed, transitory heads of great administrative departments.

## VII

Since this is true, more or less at least, it follows that the transfer of business from Congress to executive authorities must be accompanied by legislative checks. And these controls should be more continuous and effective than mere Congressional investigations, which, though useful and indispensable in the present circumstances, often run off into political and snooping excursions. More than once the clamor and fog surrounding Congressional inquests have obscured the issues, disgusted the country, and defeated reasonable purposes. There is a way, however, to provide control while transferring business from Congress to the Executive Department. English experience furnishes guidance, as Mr. Luce eloquently informed the House of Representatives last winter.

The British Parliament passes fewer laws than Congress, not because there is less business available, but because it shifts a large part of the ordinary burdens to administrative shoulders. As a result, the few great measures which it does pass are formulated more explicitly than most acts of Congress and are debated with more thoroughness and illumination. When it is dealing with legislation of great national significance it draws the lines on administrative authorities with a precision often wanting in federal statutes; it has leisure to give to the matter and invites the best talents of both houses to take part in deliberations. At the same time Parliament allows administrative officers to pass on such trivialities as cows that commit suicide by drinking Geological Survey paint. It permits them to decide weighty questions, subject to report to Parliament and, if necessary, its approval.

If this system were adapted to our requirements something like the following readjustment would take place. Hundreds of minor matters that now come upon the floors of Congress would be entrusted entirely to administrative officers, subject to the provision that each transaction must be reported in proper form to Congress. If neglect of duty or inefficiency were too frequently disclosed, the attention of the President could be attracted by Congressional resolutions. Matters of a second class, rising above trivialities but not to the dignity of laws, would be transferred to administrative officers, with the proviso that in this case their decisions shall go into effect after they have been reported to Congress in due form if they are not countermanded by that body within a fixed period, say sixty or ninety days. In connection with these items, Congress would act only in specific cases, if at all. A third class of legislative functions, of a still higher order, would be assigned to administrative officers, on the understanding that their decisions in this relation must be laid before Congress and shall not take effect until duly sanctioned by joint resolution. A few legislative days would suffice to clear the calendar of such transactions,

for the very checks would themselves act as safeguards.

Supplementing this change in legislative methods, Congress might adopt the oft-suggested expedient of bringing cabinet officers and the chairmen of independent agencies before the Houses in open session, especially when matters described above are under consideration. This should have a wholesome influence on both Departments of the Government. Again and again, Congress enacts laws in vague and general terms, leaving interpretation and application to executive authorities. The Water Power Act of 1920 and the Boulder Dam Act of more recent fame are excellent examples. In such cases it frequently happens that the administrators depart, or seem to depart, widely from the intention of the legislature, assuming that it was ever clearly formulated. Then members of Congress attack the administrators on the floor, and the administrators fire volleys through the press at members of Congress. Not an edifying spectacle! Worse that that; it delays, confuses, and hampers the transaction of business. Every issue of this character should be defined on the floors of Congress with the parties in interest face to face, the press watching, and the country informed.

In all this there is nothing new. Members of Congress have frequently remarked upon the picayune business methods employed by both bodies. As mentioned above, Mr. Luce has vigorously protested against a system which forces 435 Representatives and 96 Senators to give weary days to deliberating upon transactions appropriate to a board of road supervisors or pound keepers. "Is there any man here," he said in the course of his address, "who has served more than one or two terms and does not lament the lack of opportunity to share in the consideration of the big questions? Our time is consumed with little things, the things fit for a state legislature, or, in the case of the District of Columbia, for a city council. We are so burdened with this multitude of trivialities, administrative detail, that we are for the most part deprived of the chance to bring to the great questions, the great politics of the nation, such powers as the Lord may have given us, whether they be large or small."

There is the lament, reasoned and well-founded, by an experienced member with no academic taint. And why does Congress continue to endure an absurd and intolerable state of affairs? The Constitution does not impose on it the burden so destructive to deliberative functions. Public interest does not require Congress to assume it; on the contrary public interest demands a change in this procedure. The revolution can be effected without altering our fundamental law, or giving palpitation of the heart to the sons and daughters of a far bigger revolution. Nothing but slavish custom and the pain of taking thought prevents the national legislature from breaking the shackles with which it has bound its mind. A little energy directly applied would accomplish the reform. Congress has been busy in recent years investigating nearly everything and everybody, with many excellent results, both astonishing and therapeutic. Now let it investigate itself. Senator Thomas of Oklahoma has proposed a general inquest. If a few who evidently think alike were as dynamic as they are eloquent, they might move a mountain. In case Congress fails to examine its machinery and methods, then the United States Chamber of Commerce, the American Federation of Labor, the National Electric Light Association, and some of the farmers' agencies so powerful in Washington might conduct an investigation on their own account. As the apostle of normalcy, President Harding, once remarked, there is no problem that the great American people cannot solve if they apply their minds to it.

# CONCERNING TRAINS

BY JAMES NORMAN HALL

I HAVE a friend who predicts that before the end of this century there will be no more railroad trains. Fortunately, he has the habit rather than the gift of prophecy, and I take comfort in the belief that he has greatly underestimated the length of time necessary to work so great and mournful a change; for I can no more conceive of a world without railroads, and trains to run on them, than I can imagine wishing to live in such a world.

There must be a great many people who feel as I do in this matter—who have what might be called a steam-engine rather than a gas-engine outlook upon life. Whether one belongs to the first or the second of these categories depends partly upon age, partly upon temperament, and partly upon where one was born; but no one, I think, whose inland boyhood overlapped the division between the nineteenth and twentieth centuries could fail to be anything but loyal to trains. To him the mingled smell of steam and coal smoke is like the smell of the sea to another boy, for the fragrance of his youth is in it; and indeed, one has only to compare it with the acrid stench from an internal-combustion engine to appreciate at once the world of difference, in romantic appeal, between a railroad train and a motor car.

Not long ago, a young man—he was nineteen, born and brought up in the United States—told me that he had never in his life ridden in a train; all of his traveling had been done by automobile. This revelation startled and rather shocked me; it was all but inconceivable, and it brought home to me the wideness of the gulf that separates his generation from my own. I don't, of course, believe that a love for trains is necessary to a man's salvation. Neither was a love for stagecoaches in the thirties and forties and fifties of the last century; but one has only to read the literature of that period to understand the importance of the part stagecoaches played in the lives of our grandparents and great-grandparents. The same is true—or has been true until recently—in our case, of steam trains: they have added enormously to the color of life; but this cannot be said of motor cars. They have added merely to the convenience of life and, owing to their numbers, their service in that one respect is now passing. They are, or were, only a means for covering ground and not of travel in the fine sense.

Most of man's mechanical creations are mere monsters of speed, or efficiency, or ingenuity, or a combination of all three. The steam locomotive engine alone has a sort of kinship with warm-blooded creatures. Why is this? Perhaps it is due to the fact that it breathes, and has moods as we animals do. I have often heard trainmen talk of engines as though they were alive, and it is easy to understand why when you see one of them, its bowels filled with fierce but benevolent anger, toiling with its heavy burden up a long grade in the mountains. It seems to take conscious pride in its strength and its endless labors for mankind. Or, perhaps, passing through the train-shed at a railway terminal, you have heard an engine breathing quietly at the end of its long journey—a deep, tranquil

tsoo-tsoo, tsoo-tsoo that is almost human. One is tempted to speak to it, to thank it for faithful service; but one never feels thus about an electric locomotive, a purely mechanical thing. A train with an electrical engine attached ceases to be a train.

I believe that a far-inland environment is, or was, most favorable to the development of a deep and unalterable passion for trains. I believe, too, that it becomes a passion only on a great continent, majestic in its distances, in its diversity of climates, peoples, and landscapes, where trains partake of the scope and grandeur of the country they traverse. No English boy, I feel certain, experiences the kind of emotion, at the passing of a London-Edinburgh express that stirs an American boy—of either Canada or the United States—when he hears the first faint whistle of a transcontinental limited, or when he sees, through the dusk of a winter evening, the long line of moving lights crossing the snow-covered plains of Kansas or Alberta.

In one of her earlier novels, *O Pioneers!*, Willa Cather has described, at its bleakest and loneliest, the kind of isolated country town where lovers of trains were born and bred:

> One January day, thirty years ago, the little town of Hanover, anchored on a windy Nebraska tableland, was trying not to be blown away. A mist of fine snowflakes was curling and eddying about the cluster of low drab buildings huddled on the gray prairie, under a gray sky. The dwelling-houses were set about haphazard on the tough prairie sod; some of them looked as if they had been moved in overnight, and others, as if they were straying off by themselves, headed straight for the open plain. None of them had any appearance of permanence, and the howling wind blew under them as well as over them. The main street was a deeply rutted road, now frozen hard, which ran from the squat red railway station and the grain elevator at the north end of the town, to the lumber yard and the horse pond at the south end. On either side of this road straggled two uneven rows of wooden buildings; the general merchandise stores, the two banks, the drug store, the feed store, the saloon, the post-office. The board sidewalks were gray with trampled snow, but at two o'clock in the afternoon the shopkeepers, having come back from dinner, were keeping well behind their frosty windows. The children were all in school, and there was nobody abroad in the streets but a few rough-looking countrymen in coarse overcoats, with their long caps pulled down to their noses. Some of them had brought their wives to town, and now and then a red or a plaid shawl flashed out of one store into the shelter of another. At the hitch-bars along the street a few heavy work horses, harnessed to farm wagons, shivered under their blankets. About the railway station everything was quiet, for there would not be another train in until night.

This passage has always seemed to me perfect in its fidelity to truth and its feeling for the melancholy beauty of the prairie country in the grip of a winter storm. The silence of interminable plains is in it, and the loneliness and monotony of the lives of those who lived on them, in such settlements as this. The picture is as notable for what it leaves to the imagination as for what it reveals, and with a certain rearrangement of details it would serve as a description of hundreds of prairie towns of thirty years ago. I have only to put in a cluster of low hills to the eastward, scatter the dwelling houses on their slopes, make the horse pond a small river, take out the saloon and give the druggist the liquor license (for medical purposes only), and there is Prairie Hills, the town of my boyhood, on just such a winter afternoon. But Miss Cather has made one slight error in detail: "The children were all in school." All? I venture to think that, at Hanover as at Prairie Hills, at least one small boy was occasionally missing at afternoon roll-call; and the quiet of the small red station was not in the least disturbed as he slipped into the Gents' Waiting-Room and sat, huddled and apprehensive, by the remains of the fire in the pot-bellied stove. No one but himself—not even the station-agent—was there at that

hour of the afternoon. A baggage truck stood on the platform, its wheels half buried in drifting snow, and there would be a single freight car, empty and forlorn, on a siding. Within doors the occasional loud clicking of the telegraph instrument made silence the deeper. To play hooky from school was considered a grave offense; an afternoon's absence was certain to be discovered and an adequate punishment inflicted. But that was in the future. Meanwhile, here was the station and, although no trains were expected in until night, there was always the possibility of an unscheduled through-freight stopping for water. Even if there should be none, the aroma of trains past clung about the station, a perfume intoxicating to the blood and a thousand times to be preferred to the musty smell of sponges, slates, and blackboards

Herman Melville, in *Moby Dick*, says that the fo'c'sle of a New Bedford whaler was his Harvard and Yale college. Many a Middle-Westerner, who was a boy in the eighties or nineties, could say with equal truth that he went to prep school in a country railway station. What he learned there may have had little practical value, but it was at least as useful as learning the names of the state capitals and of the townships in his county and how to "bound" his own. He knew the names of all the trunk lines of a great continent and the cities through which they passed. He knew by sight, if not by name, the members of all the train crews, freight and passenger, in his own railway division, and his most far-reaching ambition was to become some day the engineer of a passenger train. But this was a progressive ambition, and in early boyhood it did not reach so high.

In my own case the newsboy of the local westbound passenger that arrived at Prairie Hills at eleven in the morning was the first object of envy. He was a little weazened-up man of uncertain age, with a small, yellow, hairless face and a listless, bored manner of speech and action. It was this air of great weariness and boredom that impressed me; I couldn't understand how anyone in his position could be anything but happy, having nothing to do but to travel all the time. "Number 21" the train was called, and when it pulled in at Prairie Hills for its two-minute stop, the newsboy would swing down from the front end of the smoking-car with a bundle of papers under his arm. "Des Moines and Omaha morning papers," he would call once or twice in a weak, colorless voice; then he would lean with his back against the station wall, gazing at vacancy, until the conductor called "Bo-o-o-o-ard!" with a clear, blood-stirring, rising inflection. The newsboy paid no attention to the warning of the conductor; you would have thought he had settled for the day under the low eaves of the "depot." The smoking car would pass, and the chair car, without in the least arousing his interest, and the day coach would be gliding rapidly by before he moved. Then he would take three steps forward and, with the ease of long practice, swing in on the rear steps and enter the car at once, as though he thought Prairie Hills not worth the trouble of a single backward glance.

Those were the days, and Prairie Hills just the town, for boyhood. It is the man speaking now, of course, not the youngster I was then who gazed at the dwindling ends of trains—vanishing around a bend to the eastward, shrinking to a mere speck far to the westward—and longed for nothing more than to leave that town: "a little one-horse flag-station on the Rock Island," as I often heard it called. So it was, but I owe, in part, to its indubitable one-horsiness my love for trains and everything connected with them.

The town had a population of almost two thousand at that time. It was customary to say "almost two thousand" rather than the actual one thousand seven hundred and fifty, for we were jealous of its growth and of the rivalry of other towns in the county. Our house stood near the top of the highest

hill overlooking the bottom land along the river. The railroad skirted this hill and others to the eastward—hills that seemed to have been fashioned by nature for trains to pass below and to echo and re-echo their deep-toned whistles.

I have often wondered who invented the whistles for American locomotive engines. Perhaps he merely improved upon steam whistles already in existence. Perhaps he had many collaborators. However that may be, these whistles are among the finest achievements of our mechanical age, and have stirred the blood of innumerable boys during the past two generations. Many a one besides myself must often think of these unknown benefactors of youth and thank them for their labor of love. For it must have been that. They were mechanical engineers, no doubt, but engineers are often poets at heart, and these must have said, in thought, at least, "The horns of elfland shall not be sweeter to the ears than the varying tones of our whistles, heard in the wide air of the prairie country on a drowsy summer afternoon, or coming from afar across the deserts of Arizona or New Mexico, or reverberating among the mountain fastnesses of the Continental Divide. In volume of sound they shall be in keeping with the spirit of a great continent; they shall give voice to the vastness of its plains, to the beauty of its mountains, and to the promise of its future, if not to the memories of its past. Some shall be single in tone, some double, harmoniously blended to float over corn lands and fields of waving wheat and meadows where cattle are browsing knee-deep in clover. They shall make midsummer silence the deeper, and midwinter loneliness less hard to bear. And they shall all mean this to the ears and hearts of boyhood: 'Over the Hills and Far Away.'"

Such was their meaning to me as they roused me from sleep on still summer nights, or in wintertime, when I often heard them for all the howling of the north wind that shook and buffeted our old house on its exposed hilltop. Number Six, the eastbound ten-thirty passenger train, had a whistle that sounds as clearly in my memory now as ever it echoed among the wooded hills along the river. It was a through train and stopped at Prairie Hills only to take on passengers for Chicago or beyond. This rarely happened. Usually it thundered down the five-mile Middleton grade at tremendous speed, whistling continuously, and I remember how the key of the whistle seemed to change, dropping by half-tones as the distance increased. The Rocky Mountain Limited (the Midnight Flyer we called it because of the time of its passing) never stopped under any circumstances. I heard its whistle more rarely, for boyhood slumbers are deep, but sometimes I would be brought to my knees in bed by its warning and would look out of the window in time to see the red and green lights vanishing in the darkness or the glare reflected from the smoke of the engine as the fireman shoveled in coal. Midnight—a fabulous hour to a boy's fancy. The whistle of the Midnight Flyer set its enchantment to music, growing fainter and fainter, and I last heard it, the very ghost of sound, far out on the prairies.

## II

A horse-drawn vehicle was the natural and necessary complement to a train; for it is impossible to enjoy fully the advantages of rapid mechanical transportation unless there exists at the same time a much slower, more commonly used, and equally pleasant method of traveling. The horse and buggy was exactly what was needed. What a homely, gracious, leisurely way of life went with this conveyance, and, alas, out with it. It seems to me a great pity that one state in the Union at least did not band its citizens together to save that horse and buggy as a means of travel, with, and only with, the railway train. I believe that my own state,

Iowa, had leanings that way. The citizens of Prairie Hills, like those of many another country town in the Mississippi Valley, were suspicious of the motor car from the start and resented its increasing presence. If only they and all other Iowans had been even more suspicious, and more active in their resentment!

Suppose that Iowans had stood fast against the whole hideous business of the motor car, with all its attendant abominations. The motto on the state seal of Iowa reads "Our liberties we prize and our rights we will maintain." Suppose that the majority of Iowans had prized, among these liberties, the freedom to enjoy, in peace and at leisure, the incomparable pastoral beauty their state affords, and had maintained their undoubted right to prevent the intrusion of the enemies of this peace: what a heaven on earth, in comparison with her sister states, Iowa would now be! Admittedly, she would be far behind them in everything that relates to material and mechanical achievement, but what does most of this achievement amount to, seriously and humanly considered? Nothing and less than nothing. Excepting—always excepting—trains.

But the virus of the modern spirit eventually infected the blood of the staunchest old conservatives of Prairie Hills. They too bought motor cars, and at last even became advocates of the so-called Good Roads Movement.

Good roads . . . What is a good road in the fine sense? A cement pavement running straight as a plumb line from one state boundary to another, slashed through the green hills, graded up over the valleys, named, numbered, and joined without a flaw in the suture to similar roads on either side of it? Is a good road something to turn wheels over at sixty or seventy miles an hour? A death-trap for squirrels, chipmunks, and other small creatures? An avenue lined with an endless succession of filling-stations, soft-drink emporiums, and "hot-dog" stands?

A good road to me is something almost as indigenous to the country it passes through as the valleys it follows, the rivers it crosses, the hills it climbs and descends—with only a sufficient grade at the tops of the hills to provide a bank whereon the wild thyme grows, or honeysuckle, or blackberry bushes. A good road is the reason for traveling and only secondly the means. It winds and turns at sharp angles as an impediment to speed and to afford the traveler the fullest opportunity for the enjoyment of the countryside. It opens up vistas and never burrows through the hills that afford them. It loves the meanderings of rivers; it loves all wild or field flowers and offers them a generous strip of ground on either side to grow on. Birds may fly across it, from covert to covert, in perfect safety. A good road is, assuredly, meant to be traveled over, to certain destinations, but that must be a bleak and barren country where a good road is the shortest distance between two points; and we seem to have forgotten in these days, in our mania for arriving, the innumerable intermediate destinations we used to enjoy. A meadowlark singing on a fence-post is such a destination; the smell of clover is another; an orchard of cherry trees in bloom is another.

To return, briefly, to that other kind of good road—the railroad; if my friend is right in his prediction what will the boys of the future do? What will take the place for them of the lonely clanging of switch-engine bells at night, the cries of train-callers echoing and re-echoing in the lofty-ceilinged rooms of railway stations—all the alluring sights and sounds and smells and thoughts that go with trains? Where will they go for food to nourish *their* dreams of over the hills and far away? But perhaps, soon, there is to be no far away. The world is shrinking rapidly, no doubt of that. Perhaps it is to shrink still farther, to the size of a small weazened orange, and thenceforth, blue distance to have significance only for the astronomers.

# THE CRISIS IN NURSING

BY DOROTHY DUNBAR BROMLEY

SAINTS went out of style with the Middle Ages. But one appeared again in England in the middle of the 19th century when a gently born young woman laid aside the fripperies of society for the sordid hospitals of London and the fever-ridden army tents of the Crimea. The story of Florence Nightingale's service to humanity needs no retelling. It is enough to say that she created a great tradition. The first to conceive of nursing as a blend of applied science, skill, and sympathy, she brought to the profession which she founded a spirit of consecration equalled only by the humanitarianism of the religious orders.

High-minded women in the United States were not long in following her lustrous example. Their services were badly needed, for hospital conditions were appalling. In Bellevue Hospital, New York, prior to 1872, the patients were cared for by slatternly females taken from the city's penal institutions, and in all the hospitals sanitary conditions were so bad that the well-to-do preferred to be treated at home. In the face of such conditions the pioneer nurses started the first training schools and worked day and night to establish decent standards of nursing. It was due to their heroic efforts, no less than to the vision of the doctors, that the 19th century pesthouse was transformed into the modern hospital that we know to-day.

It was not long before training schools had been started in most of the hospitals. In those early days there was no other way to procure decent nursing care for patients, and even after graduate nurses were available, the hospitals found it much cheaper to provide board and lodging for students than to pay salaries to trained nurses. As the schools multiplied, the number of graduates multiplied, and the latter began to earn their living by doing private-duty nursing for patients in their homes or for very sick patients in the hospitals. A little later graduates were also engaged as visiting nurses among the poor. By 1900 there were 11,000 graduate nurses in the country; by 1920 there were 150,000, and to-day there are believed to be 200,000. Of this number it is estimated that 54 per cent are in the private duty field, 23 per cent are connected with hospitals, 19 per cent are in public health work, and 4 per cent in other branches of nursing.

The profession has grown to this proportion in the space of several decades because the ordinary laws of supply and demand have not been allowed to operate. In other words, the hospitals have lured more and more young women into the training schools without giving much thought to their fitness and none at all to their economic future. As a result many graduate nurses are out of employment. At the same time doctors are finding it difficult to obtain competent nurses during busy seasons, and patients are dissatisfied with the prices they are paying for the service they are receiving. I do not mean to imply that there are not still many excellent graduate nurses available, but the leaders of the nursing profession themselves admit that the proportion of able graduate nurses is but a small leaven in the mass of women

whose work falls far below the standard of good nursing.

In view of this grave state of affairs, a Committee on the Grading of Nursing Schools was organized in 1925 by representatives of the National League of Nursing Education, the American Nurses' Association, the National Organization for Public Health Nursing, the American Medical Association, the American Public Health Association, the American Hospital Association, and the American College of Surgeons. With Dr. William Darrach, Dean of the College of Physicians and Surgeons at Columbia University, as its chairman, and May Ayres Burgess, Ph.D., as its research director, the Committee has been able to carry forward a number of important investigations, some of the results of which I am privileged to quote in this article.

The public, no less than the professional groups represented, has a vital concern in the solution of the problem which confronts the nursing profession. For as Florence Nightingale said, "Nursing is an art that concerns every family in the world." The time may come when your life or my life or the life of someone who is dear to us will hang upon a nurse's skilled care. And certainly the time is near at hand when the health of the American people as a whole may be greatly improved by such enlightened public health nursing as has already been brought about in many parts of the country.

## II

Since the work of the nursing profession is so vitally important to society, it is a curious anomaly that young women who have had very little education should be allowed to study nursing —this, despite the fact that during the past ten years a high-school education has become a *sine qua non* for almost every other type of skilled woman worker. School teachers, stenographers, and now even the clerks in the better department stores are required to have had a high-school education. It is true that the number of student nurses who are high-school graduates is increasing, but there are still a good many—more than a quarter of the entire student body in fact—who have not finished high school. Nursing is, in short, the one line of work left open to the uneducated girl which will not only raise her social status and pay her comparatively high wages but will provide her with a living while she is training and perhaps even a monthly allowance, since it is the custom of many of the schools to pay their students from $10–$25 a month. In view of these advantages, it is not surprising that nursing seems an open sesame to young women whose families can no longer support them or to those who want to get away to the big city. High-school principals, when called upon for vocational advice, have been known to suggest nursing as a possible career for girls unfitted to do anything else. One principal recently wrote the head of a training school, saying, "Mary Blank's parents are too poor to support her; she is a hopeless failure in her studies, and she is not attractive enough to marry. But I think she would make a good nurse. Won't you take her in?"

That nursing should have so fallen in the esteem of a portion of the community is largely the fault of those training schools which, in their anxiety to get the work of their hospitals done as cheaply as possible, have enrolled whatever young women were at the moment available. It is the fault, too, of the state legislatures which have consistently refused to raise the standards for registered nurses. At the present time, so far as I am able to find out, there are only five states, Maryland, Oregon, Rhode Island, Utah, and Washington which have passed laws requiring registered nurses to have had four years of high school, although such a law will be in effect in New York by 1932 and in Idaho by 1931.

The good training schools, however, maintain much higher standards than the

state laws require. Such schools as the Presbyterian, the New York Hospital, and Bellevue in New York City; the Massachusetts General, Peter Bent Brigham, and the Children's Hospital in Boston; Johns Hopkins in Baltimore, the Presbyterian in Chicago, Leland Stanford in San Francisco, and the new university training schools require not only a high-school education as a prerequisite but they carefully select their students on the basis of scholarship, personality, and background. Far from paying a monthly allowance, most of these schools charge a tuition fee of $50 upwards for the first four months of instruction. Despite these requirements—or because of them—they usually have more applicants than they can accept. Some few of the students in these schools have been to college, while almost all have chosen nursing, not as a last resort or as an immediate means of supporting themselves, but because the work interests them. There are still other training schools, less famous nationally, which maintain equally high standards, and it is from schools of this kind that the cream of the nursing profession comes.

The rank and file of the schools have been slow about raising their entrance requirements because the boards of directors of the hospitals and some doctors are not yet convinced that a high-school education is necessary for nurses. The hospital boards do not realize that the relatively dull student may do fairly well working under her superiors in training school but prove most incompetent when thrown on her own responsibility in private duty. Doctors, too, are likely to forget that their favorite nurses—the sensitive, alert ones who can observe the slightest changes in symptoms and who handle their patients with never-failing tact—are almost always women of more than average intelligence and background. If they are older women, they may not have had a high-school education, but they will have come from the class of families that are now giving their children four years of high school, if not of college.

When doctors state that nurses need comparatively little academic education they are no doubt thinking of their many convalescent and chronic patients who do not require the skilled attention of a graduate nurse. To take care of this demand there has been some talk of instituting short courses for attendants or sub-nurses, and the experiment is now being tried in several states. Obviously, the educational requirements for such a group of workers need not be so high as for the student destined to take care of very ill patients or to teach public health to the community. The latter not only needs whatever mental training and poise a high-school education can give, but she should be intelligent enough to have been graduated in the upper half of her class, for far greater demands will be made on her than are made on the average young woman in business.

## III

With such mediocre human material to start with, the average training school does far less than it might to improve the quality of its students. At best, it offers a kind of apprenticeship which the student nurses are put through, but with this disadvantage, that there may be at least fifteen or twenty students working under one graduate nurse.

The superintendent of nurses, as the head of the training school, is herself busy with a hundred administrative duties. If the institution is a small one, she will be also superintendent of the hospital, and in that capacity will have to attend to the ordering of supplies, the paying of bills, and a hundred other odd jobs. In addition, she may have to function as head nurse in the operating and delivery rooms. After these duties are performed she doles out a little instruction to the student nurses, giving them as best she can the theoretical class work required by the state board

of nursing, with the help of lectures from a few of the doctors on clinical subjects and materia medica. She herself may have had so little education as to be ill-fitted to teach. The Grading Committee found that about one-fourth of a representative group of superintendents of both nursing and hospital services had never gone beyond the second year of high school. Far too often, too, the superintendent of nurses is new on the job, the figures showing that out of a group of 608, as many as 243 had held their positions one year or less.

Ill prepared as she may be to carry the heavy responsibilities of her position, the superintendent of nurses will hardly have time to correlate theory with practice and observe her students as they work in the wards, seeing whether this one does a good job with her first hot-pack, and whether that one causes her patient the least possible pain when she moves him. In the larger schools, it is true, the superintendent of nurses will have a number of graduates on her staff, but their time also is taken up with administrative work, and they do no teaching at all. In fact, more than half of 1126 schools surveyed reported that in addition to the superintendent of nurses they either had no graduate registered nurse on their teaching staff or only one.

With so few graduate nurses supervising their work, the students must learn by the trial-and-error method—and on the run, for they often have more patients to look after than they can properly care for. If they are promoted to head nurses in their second or third year, as often happens in the poorer hospitals, they will have to spend their days working on records, escorting visitors, and waiting on doctors, so that they will have little time left to instruct the freshmen or to perfect their own technic. One senior was heard to say that she would love to study a few of the stubborn cases on her floor to discover how they might be nursed to health a little more successfully if she could only take time off from her records. And yet she was supposed to be studying nursing, not bookkeeping.

Hospitals that employ inexperienced graduates as superintendents of nursing, and at the same time leave the greater part of the nursing, including the supervision of wards and floors, to overworked students are hardly giving either their students or their patients a fair deal. Under a system of this kind it is small wonder that one hears of hot-water-bag burns, babies arriving while the nurses are busy elsewhere, and deadly enemata of ammonia water being given in place of soapsuds.

There is always, it seems, more work to be done in a hospital than there are people to do it. Not so many years ago student nurses were obliged to scrub floors; and in some hospitals they are still expected to operate the switchboard, wash dishes, roll bandages, clean up rooms after patients have left, and do various other odd jobs which will hardly make them better nurses. Because of this heavy load of work, students who are doing very poorly as nurses are often kept on and even graduated. The superintendent of nurses frequently cannot help herself, since she is responsible not only for training young women to be fit nurses but for seeing that every patient gets at least a minimum amount of care.

Even though students may be kept busy caring for patients eight and ten hours a day, six and a half days a week, they may not be receiving a comprehensive training. One-fourth of the training schools in the country are attached to hospitals that have a daily average of less than forty-two patients. So limited a number will hardly supply sufficient clinical material to give students experience in handling the necessary variety of cases. For this reason the Red Cross refuses to put on its reserve list graduate nurses who have trained in hospitals of less than fifty patients. In the average hospital, as a rule, the students get good training in surgical nursing, but only a smattering of training in the medical, obstetric, and

pediatric field, and practically no experience at all with contagious diseases. Even in some of the larger hospitals, the student's training is practically limited to one or two services.

Much higher standards, however, are maintained in the comparatively small group of schools to which I have already referred. These superior schools aim to give their students a good grounding in at least the four major services, and do so by sending them to other institutions for a few months at a time if their own hospitals do not offer these services. Not many of these schools, however, outside of the university training schools, have as yet affiliated their students with hospitals for mental cases. The directors of the better schools are doing admirable work, although they are too often handicapped by lack of funds and facilities. Among other things, they need a sufficient number of graduate nurses to give the students adequate supervision in the wards and to allow time for the study of individual cases.

## IV

It is not surprising that young women who have not been carefully selected in the beginning and who have then been run through the average hospital mill should turn out to be failures as nurses.

The testimony of doctors cannot be ignored. Most of them admit that there are still excellent nurses to be had—women whom they can put in charge of life-and-death cases with the utmost confidence. But four out of five leading New York physicians to whom I talked complained that the majority of nurses are neglecting "the art of nursing." "They don't do the little things that make so much difference to a patient's physical and mental state and, worst of all, they don't seem to care," one physician exclaimed with irritation. Another told me of an old man patient suffering from cardiac trouble who has employed a succession of trained nurses day and night for the past two years, but in all that time has had just one nurse "whose one idea was to see that I was comfortable."

Testimony from patients themselves is perhaps still more significant. All shades of opinion are represented in a thought-provoking book published by the Grading Committee in 1928 under the title *Nurses, Patients, and Pocketbooks*. A number of patients are quoted who express the greatest admiration for the character and ability of the nurses who have served them. But the book also includes testimony from patients who are most bitter in their denunciation of the nurses they have employed. If I quote only from the latter it is to show that all is not well with the nursing profession.

A Pennsylvania woman writes at some length: "My husband had endocarditis and was not much trouble although he sometimes needed attention at night. I always got up because the nurse, who had been very pert and disagreeable with him, stayed in bed. The night before he died he had some pain, and I called her to help me. She gave him some medicine and then went right back to bed. I worked with him until 2:30 and then called up the doctor whereupon the nurse got up and banged doors and told my husband he was going to die anyway. . . . The new nurse whom the doctor brought the next morning looked like a little girl: she had very white lips, and she told me afterwards she had a spot on her lung. . . . All the nurses were so very young and seemed only interested in the money they could earn."

Finally a Wisconsin woman writes: "I have had eight graduate nurses in my home at different times. Of this number there were only two I would have called again. Of the other six I would say that they had two faults which were outstanding. Either they were lazy or careless about cleanliness, or both. Three of the nurses were so dirty in the care of the patient as to be a positive menace."

V

Yet graduate nurses are not likely to prove as dangerous as partially trained or totally untrained "practical" nurses. Unfortunately, none of our states requires that women who practice nursing should be licensed; therefore, any person who wishes may put on a cap and uniform and hire herself out as a nurse. Most of the states, however, do protect the public to the extent of providing for the registration of nurses who have been graduated from accredited training schools and passed the state board examinations either in that state or in some other state whose standards are comparable. (New York alone reserves the right to register only graduates from such schools as its own board has inspected.) A few states also register attendant or sub-nurses. All such statutes entitle the nurses who qualify to call themselves registered or attendant nurses as the case may be.

The general public unfortunately does not know that the initials R.N. after a nurse's name mean that she is a graduate of an accredited training school and that she is practicing with the state's approval. Most people, I fear, think that a nurse is a nurse, and if a doctor is not at hand when they need one they turn to the telephone directory and call the first nurse registry they find listed. Now there are registries and registries. In most states there is at least one official registry sponsored by the State Nurses' Association, and in populous states there are a number of such registries. These official organizations are strictly non-commercial: they are supported by annual dues paid by the nurses whom they place, and they send out only registered nurses who charge no more than the fee fixed by the local Nurses' Association. The alumnae or hospital registries are also of an official order and send out their own graduates at the fixed fee.

Many doctors use only the official or hospital registries, but others have fallen into the habit of calling on commercial registries when they are in a hurry or dissatisfied with the nurses they have had from the official organizations. There are unquestionably some reliable commercial registries but the greater number of them give no guarantee of the nurse's qualifications and also encourage her to charge as much as the traffic will bear, since they get a straight ten per cent of her earnings.

The public should be on its guard against these commercial registries, for they often solicit business in the most deceiving manner. A registry in a Middle-Western city, for instance, advertises itself in the classified telephone book as "The Nurses' Own Organization," in what would seem a deliberate attempt to pass itself off as the official registry of the local Nurses' Association. In the New York telephone book there are as many as thirty-one registries listed in addition to the official and hospital registries, and more than a few of these are known to have a doubtful reputation. An industrial concern which needed an office nurse recently called upon one of these registries. The young woman who reported for duty looked professional enough in her starched uniform, but the second day of her employment she used an ordinary pin to prick a carbuncle on a man's neck, with disastrous results. He is now suing the company for damages, but the company can get no redress from the registry, since it had not guaranteed that the woman they sent was a registered nurse.

Doctors who accept nurses from commercial registries at their face value sometimes discover all too late that they should not have trusted them with important cases. There was a doctor in a Western city who ordered the nurse to give a series of camphor injections to a patient suffering from pneumonia. After the patient had died the unopened ampoules were discovered in the bed, and the nurse then confessed that she did not know how to give the injections and so had hidden the ampoules. The person who told me the story could not

say whether the doctor subsequently looked into the young woman's credentials or whether he let her go on her dangerous way. Reports from all over the country, however, show that doctors very seldom ask to see a nurse's registration card no matter where she comes from.

It is as true as it ever was that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing. There are actually nurses abroad in the land who have learned all they know from correspondence schools of nursing. I have prospectuses from three different schools in different parts of the country all of which promise to teach young women to do all kinds of nursing—medical, surgical, and obstetrical—through a series of twelve monthly lessons. One school writes, "The training that we give you should enable you to handle, under the direction of a physician, any case in general practice to which you are called." How a student could be taught by correspondence to recognize the various stages of labor in childbirth, to give a hypodermic, or to catheterize is beyond this layman. It would seem almost safer to let an intelligent servant wait on one than a correspondence-school nurse who did not know her own limitations.

New York State, in an effort to protect the public against such unqualified persons, has passed an employment agency law which requires every nurse registry to mail to the patient a statement of the nurse's qualifications. It is a good law, but so far it has not been well enforced. Until the states do protect the public against malpractice in nursing by exacting that all who practice be licensed, as doctors must be, it would behoove the public to protect itself by asking to see every nurse's registration card.

## VI

But neither the training schools nor the state authorities have it in their power to bring order out of chaos in the nursing profession, for the problem is fundamentally an economic one.

In most states the Nurse Associations permit their members to charge a maximum of $6 for a twelve-hour day, and $2 more for a twenty-four-hour day, on ordinary cases. Contagious, maternity, nervous, and other difficult or unpleasant types of work command an additional $2 a day. In localities where the cost of living runs high the regular rate is $7–$8 for a twelve-hour day and $2 additional for the types of cases just mentioned.

The patient in a New York hospital who pays $56 a week to each of two nurses, plus $1.50 a day for their board, naturally thinks that nurses must be living off the fat of the land. But he fails to realize that this amount by no means represents a nurse's average weekly earnings. During the days when she is idle, waiting for work or recovering from her last case, she is earning nothing at all. In fact, the typical private-duty nurse, according to figures collected in 1927 by the Grading Committee, is actually at work for only eight months out of the year all told and collects pay for only seven. Sometimes patients do not pay their bills and sometimes she gives her services to relatives. In any event her average yearly income amounts to no more than $1311.

Unlike other professional workers, the private-duty nurse's income level remains the same during the best years of her working life and then suffers a sharp drop. The beginner starts at the top and earns as much as the experienced and competent nurse, while the older woman, no matter how ripe her experience, is sure to find herself out of the running as soon as she loses her physical resistance.

Many private-duty nurses collapse long before they are fifty, so trying are the conditions of their work. Consider for a moment the life of a nurse who does fairly good work but lacks either the training or the personality to make her a favorite with doctors. She has spent, let us say, two weeks on a pneumonia

case in a private home, and during that time she has not only had to look after a very sick patient but she has had to keep up the morale of the entire family. If the patient dies and the wife breaks down the nurse must persuade her to take food, to get some rest, and to pull herself together. Perhaps there is an old mother, too, who crumples and needs nursing care. Such a case takes a great deal out of any nurse who is not hard of heart. After it is over she will have to rest for a few days and for the sake of relaxation she may be extravagant enough to take a trip to Atlantic City or give a theater party for her friends. People who live as close to death as do nurses and soldiers are likely to be reckless when they escape from its shadow for a few days.

When this nurse goes on call again she will not dare leave her telephone, so that the days when she is not working hardly amount to a vacation for her. Very often a case will last for only a day or two, and leave her high and dry until the next one comes along. If she is obliged to take twenty-four-hour duty she will have only three hours a day for recreation and six for sleep; and if she works on a twelve-hour basis she is usually too tired at night to do anything but go to bed. At no time, except when she takes a month's vacation in the summer—if she is able to afford that luxury—can she lead a normal social existence. And if she falls sick from overwork or catches a disease from a patient, she must pay her own hospital bills out of her scanty savings. Health insurance companies consider her the worst risk in the world, and quite justifiably, in view of the increasing number of nurses who are coming down with tuberculosis.

Worst of all, the private-duty nurse suffers keenly from professional loneliness. She is no longer part of a group, and unless she does special duty in a hospital from time to time, she gets completely out of touch with other nurses and the latest nursing technic. Of all free lances, she is the most unfortunate, for she has no choice but to work long hours and she cannot increase her income beyond a certain point nor gain any particular recognition. Given such working conditions, it is not surprising that an increasing number of able nurses are leaving the private-duty field for public health and administrative work.

## VII

The private-duty nurse suffers not only from disadvantageous working conditions but she is suffering increasingly from a dearth of employment, as the training schools turn out larger and larger crops of nurses. The army of 200,000 registered nurses—and this number does not of course include the innumerable practical, correspondence-school and other varieties of nurses who cannot qualify for registration—will this year be augmented by 25,000 more graduates, the majority of whom will go into private duty because they will not be prepared to do anything else. Many of them, it is true, will marry, and half of them will have dropped out by the eighth year for one reason or another; but even with such a mortality rate as this the army of graduate nurses keeps on increasing at a far more rapid pace than does the population as a whole. In 1900 there was one nurse to every 6405 people, while to-day there is one to every 590 people. We might need as many nurses as we now have, if they were evenly distributed over the country. But nurses, like doctors, tend to stay in the cities near the schools where they have trained. In Manhattan there is one registered nurse to every 235 persons; in San Francisco one to every 271; in Los Angeles one to every 294, while in many rural counties there are no registered nurses at all.

Popular belief to the contrary, there is at the present time no shortage of nurses in the cities and has been none for the past five years, except during periods of epidemics. Far from a shortage, there

has been a surplus supply. This fact was proved in 1927, by reports to the Grading Committee from 325 out of 353 registries to the effect that they did not want any more nurses to come to their localities since they already had more on their rolls than they could take care of. The demand for nurses being seasonal, there are slack periods when even the graduates of the good schools suffer.

Yet there is no doubt that during busy seasons there is often a serious shortage of well-qualified nurses, and this is the reason why doctors talk of a general shortage. The nurses who sit in the registries the year round waiting for calls are usually the ones who have not been trained to handle obstetrical, pediatric, nervous, or special kinds of medical cases—or whose personalities do not recommend them to doctors. The well-trained and skillful nurse, on the other hand, when she has once established herself with a few physicians, seldom has to depend upon the registry for her calls and can as a rule choose the kind of work she wants to do. Most nurses dislike night duty; many dislike obstetric home cases because patients so often expect them to do washing and housework; and practically all graduate nurses prefer special duty in hospitals to private duty in homes. Also, nurses, like other human beings, prefer to keep their week-ends and holidays free. For these reasons doctors are sometimes unable to get hold of their favorite nurses when they badly need them, although, according to the reports from the registries, they are almost always able to get some sort of a graduate nurse.

There is also a decided shortage of capable women to fill the positions of superintendents of nurses and supervisors in hospitals. In public health, too, there is a shortage of nurses who have had at least a high-school education and have been well trained in bacteriology, the handling of contagious diseases, and the technic of asepsis. Many graduate nurses would like to enter the public health field where the working day is only eight hours long and where there is chance for advancement, but after three years of training they find themselves unprepared to do anything but private-duty nursing, and not even well prepared to do that. All of the evidence goes to show, in fine, that at the bottom of the profession there is a great surplus of graduate nurses with mediocre training and ability, while at the top there is a serious shortage of able women to do the important work.

## VIII

While the number of private-duty nurses has been rapidly multiplying, the number of persons who are in a position to employ this type of worker has been relatively decreasing. Preventive medicine is having its effects, and fewer and fewer people are going to bed for long periods of time. Houses have given way to apartments, and there is literally no longer any room for the private-duty nurse. Doctors, too, are more and more inclined to send their patients to the hospitals. The hospitals, in their turn, are enrolling more and more students to take care of the rising tide of patients and sending out more and more graduate nurses into the already overcrowded private-duty field. A vicious circle to say the least.

A number of reforms are clearly indicated. In the first place the hospitals will have to cease to regard the training school as an economic asset rather than as an educational responsibility. Certainly there is no civic virtue in exploiting thousands of students who at the end of their training may not be able to make a fair living and who will be of little service to the community. If the standards of nursing are to be salvaged, a good many of the 2200 odd training schools now in existence will have to be discontinued, and this will include most of those conducted by privately owned hospitals. It should not be possible for doctors who run such hospitals

for profit to influence state legislatures, as they have in the past, against any move to raise the standards of nursing. Some twenty years ago the American Medical Association saw the dangers inherent in unregulated medical schools and met the situation by adopting higher standards. The schools which could not meet these standards eventually dropped out, so that to-day there are only 76 schools as compared with the 160 there were in 1900.

The hospitals which retain their training schools will very likely have to seek a special endowment for them so that they will be able to provide the proper kind of instruction and not oblige their students to do work which is non-educational in return for their room and board. Donors to hospital funds and the directors of community chests must come to realize that nurses should be educated for the sake of society just as doctors must be. It is very shortsighted for a community to raise money for magnificent new hospital buildings and equipment without making any provision for the proper education of the women who must keep the hospitals running. It is important to know that the very first school of modern nursing—that at St. Thomas' Hospital, London—was endowed by Florence Nightingale with the fifty thousand pounds which a grateful people raised in her honor. Had it not been for that initial endowment the profession of nursing as we know it would never have been born. And without some such endowments to-day the profession cannot hope to advance farther.

The hospitals that give up their training schools will have to reorganize on a sounder basis so as to provide adequate nursing care for their patients at a moderate price. Too many institutions at present are administered, if not by nurses, by broken-down schoolteachers and ministers who have little business ability.

The present system is far from satisfactory to patients, as has already been pointed out. A patient in a hospital pays from $5 to $25 a day—or even more—for a private room in order to get nursing care, but if he requires anything but student attention he finds that he must pay extra for a special nurse. He either gets too little nursing or more than he needs and can afford to pay for. The plan for group nursing which has been tried successfully in a number of Middle-Western hospitals, and which will be instituted in the new Gotham Hospital in New York, would seem to offer an excellent solution to this problem. Rooms are arranged in units of three or four, and two nurses, a night nurse and a day nurse, care for the patients in these rooms. The two nurses are paid a little more for carrying the heavier load, but the patients pay much less than if each had a special nurse. This kind of duty should prove far more stimulating than ordinary private duty to the alert nurse who often finds that a single case does not make sufficient demands upon her skill and ability. At the same time it should provide adequate nursing care for all but very ill patients.

When there are fewer schools and when the requirements for entrance have been raised there will be fewer graduates and these of a much higher type. Whether the large class of poorly educated girls who are now accepted on an equal footing with the high-school graduates will choose to become attendants or sub-nurses remains to be seen. There is undoubtedly a widespread need for a group of workers to take the place of the untrained "practical" nurses—who will have had a course in simple nursing and who will also be prepared to do a little housework. A number of states provide for the registration of sub-nurses or attendants, but so far the hospitals have found it more profitable to keep students for three years. A few schools, however, have been established for training attendants, and their graduates have been much in demand. The School for Attendants

conducted by the Household Nursing Association in Boston has recruited young women from the servant, factory, and clerk class who have had no more than a grade-school education and has also enrolled a number of better educated older women. Up to date 1047 attendants have completed the nine months' course which prepares them to care for convalescent and chronic patients as distinguished from those whose symptoms must be observed. They earn from $25 to $28 a week, or $4 a day when sent out by the Association's registry, and more if sent out by commercial registries. The chief difficulty with the plan as it has worked out in various cities, is that attendants and sub-nurses after a year or so of practice begin to compete with graduate nurses and to charge not $4 but the full $6 a day. Such an outcome is perhaps inevitable since it is doubtful whether any group of semi-skilled workers will be willing to continue very long to work for twelve hours for the same price that scrub-women get for eight.

It seems more likely that the problem of mildly ill or convalescent patients in the home will be solved by the kind of visiting nursing service which has proved so successful among the poor and is now being offered in some communities to patients of moderate means on an appointment basis. A nurse who comes in by the hour can give an injection or irrigation or any prescribed medication, bathe a patient, do whatever needs to be done for a convalescent mother or a sick baby, dress a wound or a bed sore—in short, give the skilled care which a servant or a member of the family is not trained to give. She can also teach the family how to take care of the patient during the remaining hours of the day. The plan has been tried in a number of cities but has proved successful only where the local visiting nurse association has directed the nurses and routed their calls so that the charge to the patient per hour has not been excessive.

If home nursing is to be put on a sound basis it must be made a community project, just as are the public schools. There must be some sort of an organization (it would have to be endowed at first and in large cities it would have to have a number of branches) which would employ the necessary number of nurses on a regular salary basis and send them out to patients as needed, whether for full-time private duty, hourly nursing, or attendant service. It would be the business of such a civic body to provide at a fair price the proper nursing care for all classes of the community, and to distribute the time of nurses during epidemics so that it would be impossible for some families to monopolize nurses for twelve hours a day while others went without any care at all. The nurses would also be put on a schedule so that there would always be a certain number available at night, and over week-ends and holidays. Under such a system the members of the community would at all times have recourse to qualified nurses who were responsible to the director of the organization for the kind of work they did.

As nursing develops in its various phases, the profession as a whole will no doubt be divided into different categories of skilled and unskilled workers who will charge according to their rank and their experience. As matters stand now, the competent and the incompetent are all classified together as graduate nurses. When the training schools are reorganized, as they must be to provide concentrated instruction, the three-year students should emerge not only equipped to handle surgical, medical, obstetrical, nervous, pediatric, and contagious cases, and to do visiting nursing, but intensively trained in some one of these lines. Such graduates will be in demand for floor duty or group-nursing in hospitals where they can apply their skill to a number of patients at a time, for instructing students, for public health nursing, and for private-duty work on acutely ill cases. The more highly qualified will not, however, be

available for routine private duty because their services will be too valuable. In all probability there will be fewer and fewer graduate nurses who will be willing to do private-duty nursing in homes. Patients who are acutely ill will expect to go to the hospital, and the rest will tend to get along with hourly nurses or with attendants supplemented by visiting nurses.

The possibilities of nursing to-day, it seems to me, surpass even Florence Nightingale's vision of what those who came after her might accomplish. Little, for instance, has been discovered as yet about the nursing of mental cases, and the greater number of the patients in psychiatric wards and sanitaria (they occupy over half of the hospital beds in the country) have so far received only custodial care. Here is a field in which the nurse who is properly trained in psychology can be of immense importance in bringing patients back to normal, for it is she who is with them hour after hour. Nurses who have gone into the work say that it is even more fascinating to salvage human minds than bodies.

There are a number of other fields of medicine—such as paralysis, orthopedia, pediatrics, and heart trouble—where the possibilities of nursing have not yet been fully explored. No one knows what skillful nurses working in conjunction with physicians may be able to accomplish with such cases.

Finally, the opportunities for public health nurses, those "missionaries of health" of whom Florence Nightingale expected great things, are only beginning to be realized, although their achievements in town and country and in foreign lands are already notable. In New York the Henry Street Visiting Nurses are doing remarkable work in caring for the sick and in teaching preventive medicine. In the same city the Maternity Center Association, through its program of maternity nursing, has been instrumental in cutting down the maternal death rate in one section of Manhattan to 2.4 deaths per thousand live births as compared with a rate of 5.3 in the city at large. Nurses from all over the country come to train at the Maternity Center because their own hospitals failed to give them training in these specific aspects of public-health nursing. Many cities, too, have excellent visiting nurse associations supported by voluntary contributions, while a number of boards of health employ nurses to visit the schools, to conduct baby health stations, and to check the spread of contagion in the homes. A few insurance companies have found it worth their while to provide a minimum of nursing care to those of their policyholders who need it and have arranged with the visiting nurse associations to do this work. All told, there are approximately 20,000 graduate nurses who are engaged in organized public health work, and there is no doubt but what we need many more. The time is not long distant, I believe, when every city, county, and state government will consider the public health nurse an indispensable part of its health program.

It was to meet the country's growing need for able public health nurses, as well as the no less prevalent need for more highly skilled nurses to take care of the sick and to administer hospital services, that some thirty universities have established training schools of a truly professional nature. Two of these, the Yale University School of Nursing and the one at Western Reserve, are fortunate enough to be endowed. The Yale School, founded in 1924 with one of the outstanding leaders of the profession, Miss Annie W. Goodrich, acting as its dean, enrolls only women who have had two years of college, and in every way offers the highest grade of training. From the beginning its graduates have been in demand for administrative positions in hospitals and with public health organizations. Western Reserve and a number of the other university schools are also doing notable work, the University of Minnesota having been the first to start a training school for nurses.

Teachers College at Columbia University has also contributed to the advancement of nursing by offering post-graduate courses in such subjects as administration, education, psychology, and comparative nursing methods; and now other colleges are following its lead.

With the growing importance of preventive medicine and the constant development of new technics in treating the sick, the profession of nursing offers a real future to women who want to use their ability to some good purpose. They have a great ideal to live up to, for the tradition created by Florence Nightingale has been carried on more gloriously in this country than in any other. American Red Cross nurses are known all over the world for their heroism in times of war and disaster, while our public health nurses have succored all kinds and conditions of people—in our own slums and in such distant quarters of the globe as the Far East, Poland, and Brazil, where they helped to fight and conquer both smallpox and malaria. No less worthy of praise are the thousands of unknown nurses who have served their patients with true professional zeal. Nursing has held a peculiar fascination for all of these women—a thrill that is based, they tell me, on the sense of being needed and the deep satisfaction that comes from seeing patients regain their health day by day. That is the reason, no doubt, why so many fine women have stayed in the profession despite the fact that even the highest salaries in administrative and public health work do not begin to compare with the incomes which women of ability are now earning in other lines of work.

In time, it is to be hoped, the public will realize that it can afford to pay well to preserve its own health. Nurses must be provided for every community, just as school-teachers must, and the heads of the profession must be paid salaries commensurate with their ability and the importance of the work they are doing. The days when women gave up their lives to nursing as they would to a sisterhood have passed. The best of the nurses to-day are animated by the same high ideals, but they see very clearly that the profession must be reorganized on a sound educational and economic basis before it can do all the things it has set out to do.

# RUIN

A STORY

BY GORDON ARTHUR SMITH

WE HAD been discussing crime and punishment and the difficulty which both man and nature have experienced in making the punishment fit the crime. My companion, Paul de Maubray, sociologist, psychologist, and a graceful writer of occasional strays of fiction, had maintained stoutly throughout the half hour we had sat in the smoke-stained café near the Sacré Cœur that neither man nor nature has devised punishments in any way appropriate to the crimes which both man and nature have devised.

"Crime and punishment!" he exclaimed. "What should be their relation? Or again, take service and reward. The line between a crime and a service is so tenuous that only too often we punish a service or reward a crime. We men, makers of laws and administrators of justice, in our impudence pretend to be able to distinguish between a good deed and a bad one! I tell you, my young friend, that we cannot."

"Men are not infallible judges," I pointed out.

"They are not," he agreed, "and for that reason they should not pretend to judge. If you will look behind you, across the room, you will see facing us a disreputable old friend of mine whom long ago men pretended to judge. What he did they called a crime, and they punished him accordingly; but I am not at all sure that what he did was not a noble, a supremely generous act. Look at him, my friend, and observe how he has been rewarded."

I glanced across the room in the direction that Paul de Maubray indicated. I saw, hunched over the marble top of a square table, as unprepossessing a remnant of a man as I ever remember to have seen. It was impossible to guess at his age—he might, I thought, have seen through those red eyes of his a century go by. His hair (if he owned a hat he had removed it) was white and long and thin and lifeless. His beard was not pretty to look at. I cast a glance at his clothes and averted my eyes. I must have shuddered a little as I did so, for Paul de Maubray said maliciously, "You do not like my friend, eh? You condemn him already; you prefer not to contemplate him?"

"What is the use?" I returned. "One knows that such creatures exist. Is not that enough?"

"No," answered Paul, "that is by no means enough; and if you were not so sensitive a young flower you would have seen for yourself what I shall now point out to you. Look at his forehead and look at his hands. Study them carefully, my friend, you who pretend to be interested in your fellow-men."

Reluctantly I returned my gaze once more to the creature at the opposite table; and almost immediately I saw what Paul had meant me to see—a fine, high brow, a student's brow, a brow that would have graced an academician. And hands, yellow, to be sure, but long and shapely and nervous. There was

no denying those hands—they belonged either to an aristocrat or to an artist or to both. Artists—I use the word of course in the inclusive sense—are as a rule aristocrats marked with something far more indelible than a title.

"Well," queried Paul in his lazily scornful voice, "what do you see now?"

"Who is he?" I asked meekly.

"Who is he? Why, he is a suicide. He is a person who has killed himself in every way that a man can kill himself except that rather sordid and vulgar way of taking his own life. Nevertheless, his life is gone. I will ask him over to tell you about it. It will cost you perhaps half a bottle of cognac, but it is not impossible that you might make one of your so delightful little newspaper sketches out of what he has to say."

My friend instructed a waiter to ask Monsieur Jerome Hubertot if he would do us the honor to join us in a *petit verre*. Jerome Hubertot—I noted the name but at the time it signified nothing to me—roused himself with a start from his lethargy, turned his reddish eyes toward us inquiringly, recognized Paul and, with a nod and a grunt, started the process of disentangling his legs from those of the table. When he had done so he crossed over to us, heavily, painfully, like a man walking through deep mud. Paul motioned him to a seat, introduced me, and called for cognac.

"My very young friend here," said Paul, "is anxious to hear from you the story you told me some nights ago. I, myself, shall not be vexed to hear it a second time. My young friend is an ambitious journalist."

"Then," said Jerome Hubertot, "your young friend is a young fool. He would do better to become an ambitious horse-doctor."

"Yes, yes," said Paul quickly. "I know you are prejudiced against the profession and I know why; but my young friend does not know why and he is eager to hear. So tell him."

"Very well," agreed Jerome Hubertot, "I will tell him."

He poured himself a *petit verre* of cognac, threw back his unkempt head, and swallowed the liquor at a gulp; then he said, "Oh!" licked his bearded lips and began.

"It happened, all this," he said, "about thirty years ago. That was before you were born, young man, I've no doubt. It began here in Paris and here in Paris it will end. The drama, you perceive, can boast of at least one of the three classical unities—the unity of place.

"Thirty years ago I was thirty years old. That is a good age to be, is it not, young man? Yes, I agree. At thirty all should be splendid with the world—the apprentice days are over and the great deeds are ahead of one; not too far ahead of one, either; coming nearer and nearer every day, almost within one's grasp. Fame, at that age, seems beautiful and imminent—as beautiful as a beautiful woman and almost as tangible. One says, 'If I am not famous to-morrow I shall be famous at any rate not later than next week.' One is so very sure of oneself.

"Well, that was my condition. I had a job as assistant dramatic critic on *L'Eclaireur* which, at that time, was the most influential morning paper in France. I was second to the great Colin Martel, the satanic old man who made or killed every play that he reviewed during the last ten years of his life. Monsieur de Maubray remembers him, even if you do not.

"With some it has been a question whether *L'Eclaireur* made Martel the power that he was in things dramatic or whether Martel made *L'Eclaireur*. In any case their authority, their supremacy were indisputable. If Bernhardt or Réjane had a failure—and they had several—you could be sure that it was because Colin Martel had devastated the play in his review.

"You see what I mean? You see what my position was at the age of thirty? Second to Martel and waiting to step into his shoes! And Martel was

seventy-eight, so I had reason to believe his shoes would soon be vacant.

"Now I want you to understand that I did not spend my days and my nights gloating over my opportunities. On the contrary, I strove in every manner possible to fit myself for the opportunity when it should come. I studied—*bon dieu*, how I studied! I read the classics and the moderns until I knew them by heart; I pored over Sainte-Beuve and Brunetière until I was certain that the critical methods of both were unsound. And I took to pieces and put together again every review that my master, Colin Martel, ever wrote. I even learned English, so that I might read what that Irishman, Shaw, was saying at the time. You may not remember, but he was saying a great deal. In short, I did everything in my power to make myself worthy of the eminent position to which any day I expected to be called.

"But when one is thirty and in Paris and June comes around in due time, as June always will, it is difficult to remain always serious, always a plodder, a student, a monk. My connection with the theater had provided me with many acquaintances among the profession—many acquaintances and even a friend or two. I had, however, as a rule striven to avoid entanglements of a serious nature with the women of the stage, for such things are detrimental to the career of a dramatic critic, and, as I have tried to make clear, my career was more precious to me than anything else in life. More precious, I thought, than any woman was or could be. Imbecile!"

The old fellow rapped the table so sharply that I started, and the glasses tinkled against their saucers.

"Imbecile," he repeated, but less vehemently—"imbecile, and excusable only because at that time I had yet to meet Roxane Renoir. Roxane Renoir! Does the name say anything to you, monsieur?" And he turned to me with an expression half hopeful and half hopeless. I felt that he would have liked me to remember Roxane Renoir but despaired of my doing so. Forced to be truthful, I shook my head.

"I fear not," I said. "I must have been in my cradle at that time."

"Of course—evidently. Your friend, Monsieur de Maubray, remembers her, however. Doubtless he could tell you of her better than I. I find it difficult, somehow—perhaps because I loved her so much. One cannot describe accurately the fire that consumes one or the wind that carries one away. I was the ash in the fire, the leaf in the wind.

"But no matter. Let me sketch her for you as well as I can. You have, perhaps, seen photographs of Cléo de Merode—even you? Well, that was a little her style. The long, oval face with the hair parted in the middle and drawn down, smoothly undulating, over her ears to form a knot that lay, dark, lustrous, and heavy, low against her white neck. Her hair was as black as a pool on a starless night. Her eyes were as black as her hair, God pity me!

"She was very slender. Very slender," he repeated musingly, "but then she was very young. There was Spanish blood in her somewhere—somehow—I have forgotten, but it is of no importance except that she held herself like a Spaniard. You know what I mean—erect, chin up, head back. You have seen 'Carmencita,' no doubt, in the Luxembourg, by that American, Sargent? Well, that is how she held herself.

"So, now, there you have her to the best of my ability, but of course you haven't her at all. No one who has not seen her in those days can imagine her; and even I, at times, find that her picture is blurred—even I who have held her in my arms."

He ceased abruptly, reached for his glass of cognac, found it empty, and glanced inquiringly at me. I told the waiter to bring the bottle. I filled our three glasses, Jerome Hubertot sighed and sipped. Then he resumed.

"Roxane Renoir, when I met her, was filling a small and absurd part in a revue. Oh, the usual sort of thing. The demure young girl from the provinces whose most naïve remarks can be interpreted in the most Rabelaisian way. We French have a passion for obscenity in the guise of innocence.

"Roxane invested the part with all the art and charm which was hers and which Paris was later to recognize. I devoted a eulogistic paragraph to her in my review of the piece—for that was the sort of drama assigned to me to review for *L'Eclaireur*. Colin Martel, quite naturally, would not soil his hands with it.

"I was presented to her a day or so afterward at a restaurant. She thanked me for my favorable notice and asked me to come to see her in her apartment in the rue de la Faisanderie. I went.

"I don't remember what we talked of at first but toward the end of my visit we talked, as was inevitable, of love. Every woman will turn the conversation to that topic as soon as she decently can. Sometimes before she decently can.

"But I, myself, was in no way reluctant. There was something about Roxane Renoir in those days that made men light-headed—the passion under her demureness, perhaps, latent but discernible, like the quick color that came and went beneath the whiteness of her skin. One does not stop to analyze these things at the time. Once one has touched one's lips to the cup one closes one's eyes, drains it, and becomes drunk without questions, without scruples, without thoughts of the morrow.

"From that day forward I loved her. I thought that she loved me. She said so, but what man can be certain? As between an actress and a critic, ours was a highly respectable love, for we determined to marry. That, I suppose, was my idea. You will accuse me of being maudlin, but the plain fact is that anything short of marriage would have seemed to me a tarnishing of my love for her. I had set her above and apart. I had put her, virginal, in a niche as something worshipful. In my heart I had sanctified her. All this, of course, was very wrong of me, very mistaken, very inexperienced. One makes such mistakes at thirty—and before and after.

"Another mistake that I made was in giving her time to think and, incidentally, time to make a name for herself in her profession. That last led to catastrophe for me, as I might, perhaps, have foreseen. But, I tell you, I was in no mood, no condition, to foresee anything except Roxane and myself, united, climbing, in a roseate mist and surrounded by plump cupids, a sort of lazulite staircase to delight. A sort of Christmas-card picture, you see. So I helped Roxane to become famous. A critic—even an assistant critic—can help a great deal if his paper carries authority.

"But Roxane Renoir had it in her to become, alone and unaided by me, a great comédienne. She graduated rapidly from small parts to important parts, from vulgar farce to less vulgar comedy and thence to high comedy. Within a year and a half she had received an offer from the famous Lucien Bergs to play opposite him in his next piece.

"I shall not soon forget the day she told me of that offer. It was in her apartment—still, mark you, the one in the rue de la Faisanderie; for although her salary had increased she was ever of a thrifty nature. Peasant stock, you see.

"Well, how do you suppose she broke the wonderful news to me—to me who had struggled and schemed as arduously as she for her success? How do you suppose she told me? With rapturous arms about my neck and in the intervals of a rain of kisses? With tears of gratitude and in a voice broken with emotion? You might think so, my friend, but you would be wrong. As you grow older you will learn that people take their successes merely as their due: it is their failures that are always the fault of somebody else.

"Yes, precisely. On that day Roxane greeted me with what I perceived to be an unusual coolness. She was completely polite, but also, completely formal.

"'Sit down, Jerome,' she said. 'There's something I must tell you about.'

"I sat down, wondering what the calamity might be, whether her old mother had died suddenly down in Provence or her Pekingese had been run over in the Bois. She put an end to my wondering at once.

"'Bergs was here this morning,' she said quite calmly. 'He wants me for his next piece—to play the leading woman.'

"I leaped from my seat and ran to her with my arms outstretched. Pride and delight and triumph caught me up and swept me away. I experienced all the emotions, all the raptures that she should have experienced; I was filled with the glow that fills one who, having fought his fight and run his race, sees victory at last.

"I ran to her, I say, and started to fling my arms about her. And then—well, and then she pushed me away with a shrill, petulant cry. It was as if she were thrusting aside some awkward, over-affectionate dog that had pawed his eager body up to lick her face.

"'No, no,' she cried, 'get away! Go back to your seat. We must discuss this calmly.'

"In a daze, hurt, rebuffed, I desisted, even as the too affectionate dog desists when he has been slapped on the nose.

"'We must discuss this calmly,' she repeated. 'It means a great deal to both of us. It changes a great deal for both of us.'

"I was silent. I did not even then know what she meant.

"'You see,' she continued in a hard, cool voice such as she might have employed to dismiss her cook—'you see that if I accept this offer, my poor friend, I cannot possibly marry you. It would be out of the question. Bergs would not tolerate a married woman for his leading lady. You know that as well as I.'

"I suppose I did know it as well as she, but I had not thought of it as soon as she. Bergs, as you may remember, selected his leading women with an eye to marrying them himself if they proved satisfactory. He had already married and divorced three at that time. He was an uxorious man, a man of many wives but no mistresses; a delightful and a faithful husband until a wife ceased to please him and then a ruthless, cynical brute until he was rid of her and seeking another. And he was the outstanding genius of his day among the younger actors and dramatists. There is not the least doubt in the world of that, and even the women who have been his wives admit it gladly.

"That was Bergs. That was the man who had offered Roxane the most coveted position in the dramatic world of Paris—the position of his leading woman.

"'I do hope,' said Roxane, 'that you will see the situation as I do. It is the opportunity of my lifetime, and you must certainly understand that I should be an idiot to allow anything like—well, like sentiment to stand in the way. You would be the first to advise me not to, wouldn't you, my friend?'

"Ah, the cool, calculating impudence of a woman! She might as well have said that I should be the first to advise her to poison me if I should chance to stand in the way of her ambition. Her next speech was perhaps even more heartless.

"'It is sad, is it not,' she observed without a touch of real sadness in her voice—'it is sad, is it not, that always in order to reach the great heights in any line of endeavor one has to turn one's back on so many of the pleasant little things in life? Alas, Jerome, to achieve, one must sacrifice. I shall endeavor to give you up bravely but you will always have a place in my heart. You know how I shall suffer!'

"Oh, I knew well enough then just

how much she would suffer; and I saw red and I told her I knew. At that moment I hated her so intensely that I desired to kill her. I do not pretend to be one of your strong, silent men who scorn to betray an emotion, who never raise their voices or their fists in anger. No, I am from the Midi originally, where the blood runs hot and violent and men say whatever comes into their heads.

"I said a great deal to Roxane. I did more, I took her by the shoulders and I shook her back and forth until her white teeth clicked and her black eyes bulged out like huge black agate marbles. And then I released her and began to wreck her apartment. With one superb gesture of my arm I swept everything from the mantelpiece—horrible little Dresden shepherdesses and lambs and cupids and whatnots, a gilded Louis XVI clock that I had always despised, a pair of grinning china cats. By that time she was on her knees, wringing her hands and displaying for the first time true emotion. She was more distressed, I noted savagely, at the loss of her hideous ornaments than she had been at the loss of me.

"When I had devastated enough I bowed to her where she still knelt on the floor and said, 'I never wish to see you or speak to you as long as I live. You are the most contemptible woman alive, and I sincerely hope you fail in everything you may undertake.'

"Then I turned on my heels and stalked out, forgetting my hat, as of course one does on those grandiose occasions."

Once more Jerome Hubertot paused and once more regarded his empty glass. I filled it in silence from the bottle.

"The good cognac!" he murmured. "One at least can trust it. It keeps its promises for it will always make one drunk in the end. Do I bore you, young man?"

"No," I assured him, "on the contrary—"

"Good," he said. "In that case I continue. But before I continue it is necessary that I tell you more about Lucien Bergs and especially about his father, the illustrious Felix Bergs.

"As I have said, Lucien Bergs was a genius, a many-sided genius, for he wrote his own plays, acted in them, and directed them. His father, Felix Bergs, was, as you should know, also a genius but without Lucien's versatility. Felix was a magnificent dramatic actor—a better actor than his son, granting that a role suited his rather limited talents. He was essentially a tragedian, a player of serious parts.

"Now Lucien, his son, strangely enough, was essentially a comedian. Not a vulgar, slapstick comedian, but an infinitely subtle comedian, the master of a thousand nuances, a man who could bring tears to your eyes while you were still laughing, who could make you laugh while you wept. A truly great man.

"All that is common knowledge. But what you must especially remember about Lucien Bergs is that he worshipped his father. I mean it almost literally—he worshipped his father. Quick beyond the normal to lay his finger on defects in his own acting and in that of others, he was totally unable to see a flaw in anything his father did on the stage or off it. The world has applauded Felix Bergs, but the applause of the world has been tepid in comparison to that of his son.

"Well, you may put this father-worship to the credit side of Lucien Bergs' character if you care to. I am willing, for I bear him no grudge. He never knowingly did me a wrong. All I insist upon is that you fully comprehend this dominant trait in his make-up. It is important.

"Now, let me see, where was I? Oh, yes, exactly. I had stalked out of Roxane's apartment, forgetting my hat and, of course, far too proud and angry to return to get it. So, hatless, I paced the streets of Paris that night. I don't remember where I went, but I know

that I lingered breathlessly at the bridges over the Seine. I believe I even went so far as to climb up on one of the parapets. Suicide? Yes, indeed, I contemplated suicide; but it was not until some years later that I committed it. I shall come to that.

"I found myself, eventually, sitting on a bench in the Champs-Élysées. It was a night of tired stars and a thin, sick moon. It was a hot, stifling night. I saw a young fellow go by with his arm about a girl and I saw him lean down to kiss her and I laughed at him aloud. It must have been a bitter and a horrible laugh, for the man turned to glare at me, and the girl gave a little cry and clung to him the closer. Then they hurried away into the shadows of the chestnut trees.

"When I reached my room it was dawn. I threw myself on my bed, fully clad, and I slept until evening. I awoke with a dull ache somewhere within me, but I was sane. The fire of my fury had burned itself out, leaving me cold and weak and as gray as ashes. I was no longer in a rage with Roxane; I did not put her below the level of average womankind, but, rather, I lowered my opinion of average womankind to her level. I had become, you see, a misogynist overnight. That was young of me, was it not? Yes, very, but it proved a healing and a comfortable philosophy.

"Convinced that all women were disloyal and self-seeking, I ceased almost to suffer. I threw myself into my work with a sort of vindictive energy. I had enough money to pay my rent but I worked as hard as a man works who is in fear of eviction. And, since Colin Martel, my master, was aging rapidly, important opportunities for reviewing began to come my way. I was permitted to sign my name to my critiques now, and my name was attracting attention. I was quoted. 'Jerome Hubertot, who so ably substitutes for Colin Martel in *L'Eclaireur*,' and so on. You know the sort of thing. Fame was on my threshold, a long-awaited mistress tapping at my door.

"And Roxane? In due time Lucien Bergs put on his new piece at his own theater. It was called, I remember, '*Pourquoi Pleurer?*' On the opening night, Colin Martel, being, as was often now the case, confined to his bed, I was sent to review it.

"It was a typical Bergs comedy, deftly constructed, full of easy, informal dialogue, tinged with a philosophy that harked back to Epicurus, and truer to life than life itself. There was, as always with Bergs' comedies, an undertone of pathos, of tragedy even, that lay beneath all the wit and the sparkle. Bergs, the actor, was an adept at interpreting this subtle insinuation of Bergs, the dramatist. It remained to be seen if Roxane Renoir, his new leading woman, was as adequate as had been her predecessors.

"She was more than adequate, she was superb.

"I gave her a tremendous write-up in my column in *L'Eclaireur* the next morning. It was so eulogistic that Colin Martel when he had read it summoned me to his bedside.

"'My young friend,' he said with his tired old man's smile, 'this Roxane Renoir must be very beautiful, and you a very susceptible youth. One raves like that on occasions about Bernhardt, but not, I thing, about a little person called Renoir. Superlatives should not be exhausted too early, for the demand far exceeds the supply, and the day may come when you will find that you have none left to bestow on a Duse?'

"'Master,' I said, 'there is no one now alive who can play comedy as well as Roxane Renoir, except possibly Modjeska!'

"'*Bon dieu!*' he sighed, 'have you never heard of a woman called Réjane?' and he closed his skeptical old eyes and dismissed me with a wave of his hand.

"The piece, '*Pourquoi Pleurer?*' ran successfully through the season, and after a month Lucien Bergs married

Roxane. He was, as I have said, given to that sort of thing, and the marriage created little comment in Paris. As for me, I had by now acquired a fine, protective callousness and I received the news with a shrug of the shoulders.

"I can state, I think truthfully, that of far more interest to me was the rumor that edged its way into the world of the theater to the effect that Felix Bergs was engaged in writing a play for his son, Lucien, and his daughter-in-law, Roxane Renoir. This, if correct, was important and interesting, for old Felix Bergs, hitherto content with his undisputed position as the great, classic French tragedian, had never before tried his hand at play-writing. Unlike his son, who could do and did do everything, Felix kept his activities in the narrow and sure path which for decades he had trodden so majestically and admirably. Polyeucte, Brittanicus, Hernani, Ruy Blas, and of course, Œdipus Rex—those were his roles, there lay his proven ability, and until now he had appeared to recognize the fact.

"Before long it was officially announced that Felix Bergs' play was nearly completed and that it would be produced by his son as soon as the run of '*Pourquoi Pleurer?*' should terminate. The run did not terminate until the spring of the following year, but in the meantime you may be sure that we heard many whispers concerning the defects of the new piece. Those things get about quickly.

"As I look back on it now, knowing the truth, it seems to me unbelievable that a man of Lucien Bergs' fine intelligence should have considered the production of '*Les Poupées,*' as the play was called, for an instant. I can attribute his stupendous lack of judgment to but one thing, a thing I have dwelt on, you will remember—his blind love and admiration for his father. That must have been it, for there is no other possible explanation.

"From what I have been able to gather since, I can put together the picture, bit by bit, as one does those fantastic jig-saw puzzles: the majestic, deep-voiced, rather vain, rather pompous old man working day and night on his precious manuscript, locking himself in where no profane eyes may see him, writing, erasing, rewriting, revising, convinced that he is producing a masterpiece whereas in truth he is producing nothing but the most abysmal drivel. Oh, yes, I can see him, mildly triumphant as he jots down what he considers a brilliant bit of dialogue, licking his lips with satisfaction, anticipating his son's gratitude. That would be it, you see: his son would be grateful, would soar to success on this superb play provided for him by his father. He was fond of his son, you may be sure, fond of him but by no means convinced that he was a great artist. He would have laughed at the suggestion that his son was in many ways greater than he.

"And so he sits in his study, penning puerilities, hanging platitudes on a hackneyed plot, contriving long, bombastic speeches *à la Corneille*, dragging stale witticisms in by the heels—for the piece is to be a comedy—creating, in short, the most monstrous piece of modern theatrical writing that has ever been produced on a stage in Paris.

"And then what? Why, then, when it is finished he invites his son and his daughter-in-law in to dine with him, and after the liqueurs he reads his work aloud.

"Can you visualize the scene as I can? Can you hear the old fellow declaiming his banal lines in that splendid voice of his, his enunciation perfect, his diction exquisite—all in the grand classic tradition of the Comédie Française? Can you hear him, can you see him? And his son, Lucien, what of him? Why, his son, Lucien, the most understanding of modern dramatists, the subtlest, the most polished artist alive, the keenest judge, the shrewdest wit—why, his son, Lucien, sits and listens, and because it is his father who has written it and his father who is declaiming it, and because he worships

his father blindly and thinks he can do no wrong, Lucien, I say, pronounces the work a masterpiece.

"He embraces his father at the conclusion, he wrings the old fellow's hands, there are tears of emotion and of admiration in his eyes, and he turns to Roxane Renoir, who is sitting silent in her bewilderment, and says, 'We have been permitted to be the first to hear the finest comedy written in the French language since Molière wrote "*Tartuffe.*"'

"And old Bergs, by now unbelievably superior, says, 'I never thought very much of Molière.'

"Poor Roxane is not certain she is not dreaming. She has enough respect for her own critical judgment to know that '*Les Poupées*' is beneath contempt. She is not blinded, you understand, by a too great love for Felix Bergs. She wonders if Lucien, whose opinions she has always trusted implicitly, is merely feigning his admiration, striving to spare his father's sensibilities. She decides that he must be and she follows his cue. She even goes farther than he and asserts that the comedy surpasses anything that Molière ever dreamed of doing.

"Then, when adulation has been exhausted, the three of them set to work forthwith to select a suitable cast—the greatest cast ever assembled.

"That, as I have since gathered, is about what happened. What a situation! What a predicament for Roxane who, alone of the three, could see clearly, without prejudice, as an audience sees—for Roxane, who saw clearly that the play was abominable!

"One can understand her stupefaction when, later, she realized that her husband was sincere in his admiration of his father's work and sincere in his determination to produce it. She saw stark failure ahead—worse than failure, she saw ridicule. Once or twice she summoned her courage—it required infinite courage—to suggest that the play might be improved, to hint at a few weaknesses. Lucien's answer was as decisive as the guillotine, 'It will be played as it stands without the alteration of a single word. Would you tamper with a masterpiece?'

"So, perforce, she desisted. A cast was chosen; rehearsals began; and with the beginning of rehearsals something of the truth commenced to leak out."

At this point Jerome Hubertot paused and, without comment, helped himself from the bottle of cognac. He was not drunk as far as I could tell, but he was keyed up, nervously excited by his own narrative. It was quite evident that he was rushing along now to his climax and needed cognac to steady him.

"The play," he resumed, "was advertised to open in October—October the twelfth, to be exact. I happen to remember the date, for it was the day of my death. There were others dying about that time, too. On the ninth of October—that was a Friday—my master, Colin Martel, ceased to criticize in this world and went himself to be criticized, I suppose, by a Higher Critic even than he. I trust that his life's play met with a favorable reception; I know that it deserved it.

"As I had every right to expect, the management of *L'Eclaireur* promoted me to the position Martel had left vacant. I had earned it. Among the flattering things the managing editor said to me there was one note of warning, 'You are young, Hubertot, and enthusiastic. Neither of these is inexcusable, but bear in mind that *L'Eclaireur* is not young nor has it ever, in reviewing transient and ephemeral successes, permitted itself to be overenthusiastic. And so, my young friend, be generous but do not squander your superlatives on mediocrity.'

"I thanked him and pledged myself to conservation. How could I know that in a very brief time I should deliberately break my pledge?

"I have told you of the death of Colin Martel on a Friday; I have not yet told you that on Saturday the word was passed that Felix Bergs was about to die. The doctors, it was said, gave him a

day or two at most. And the opening night of his play was set for Monday. People wondered if he would live until it should be born.

"He had talked of the piece freely with his friends, and we all knew that he considered it the crowning achievement of a career which he would have been the first to admit was already a glorious one. His conceit was incredible and, in a way, pathetic because it was so utterly without foundation. And it was pathetic, too, because Felix Bergs was a very sick old man and his brain a very sick old brain.

"The newspapers kept us informed of his condition—Saturday, he was very low, Sunday morning a shade better, Sunday evening very low again. It was admitted that the one thing that was keeping him alive was his invincible determination not to die before he should witness, if only from his sickbed, the triumph of '*Les Poupées.*'

"On Monday afternoon I was in my study glancing through the pages of a poetic comedy, '*Les Romanesques,*' by a youngster called Rostand, when my doorbell jangled violently. My elderly servant having gone out to buy provisions, I answered the ring myself. I saw, standing on my threshold, the last person on earth whom I expected to see. Ah, yes, you have divined it—I saw Roxane Renoir.

"She was greatly agitated, embarrassed, distressed. That much was evident at a glance. As for me, I have no exact recollection of what my emotions were. On the surface, I feel sure that I appeared calm. I asked her politely to come in—as politely and as coolly as a doctor inviting a patient into his consulting room.

"She came in, trembling, and sat down in my large, comfortable leather chair. When she lifted her veil—women wore veils in those days—I discerned traces of tears about those amazing black eyes of hers. I was surprised at this, for I had never remembered her as a woman capable of tears.

"'Madame,' I began formally, 'to what am I indebted—'

"'No, no, Jerome,' she broke in, 'it is useless if we are to talk like that to each other. I have come to ask you to render me a service—a service so great that I cannot ask it of you unless you are a friend.'

"I bit my lip in anger at her cool impudence. I hated her again. I saw that she was very beautiful—more beautiful even than before. I found her very desirable. I hated her again. I loved her again. I saw that she was very beautiful.

"'What possible reason,' I said angrily, 'can you have to believe that I am your friend, that I would render you a service?'

"'The only reason I have,' she answered quietly, 'is that you once loved me.'

"'I did,' I admitted—'once.'

"She waved the qualifying word aside as superfluous. Her lips quivered into an uncertain little smile. Nothing is more stimulating to a woman than a man's admission that he has loved her, even if only in the dead past.

"'What do you want me to do?' I demanded abruptly.

"Then she told me. Felix Bergs was dying—would now be dead except that he refused to go before the public should acclaim his play as a masterpiece. The play, as of course I knew, opened that evening. It was execrable. Everyone but Lucien Bergs knew it to be execrable, and Lucien was blinded by father-worship. The critics would tear it to pieces and trample on it. They would be truthful and merciless.

"'Felix Bergs,' she concluded, 'will not be well enough, naturally, to attend the performance in person, but we shall be forced to show him the reviews in to-morrow's papers; and the reviews will kill him—kill him miserably and wretchedly like so many knife-thrusts through his heart.'

"She paused but kept interrogating eyes on me. Even then I did not grasp

the stupendous folly that was in her mind.

"'All this,' I said, 'is unfortunate. I am sorry for Felix Bergs; all of us critics are sorry for him. He was in his way a great actor, but the cobbler should stick to his last.'

"'He is dying,' she said, as though that explained everything, excused everything. 'It is a pity he should die broken-hearted.'

"'A great many of us,' I said a little bitterly, 'die, I fear, broken-hearted.'

"'Yes,' she agreed, 'but in this case you can prevent it.'

"I stared. I was very obtuse.

"'In what way?' I asked.

"She hesitated a space, scrutinizing me, weighing me, I suppose. Then she said, 'If a paper carrying the authority, say, of *L'Eclaireur*, should print a eulogistic review to-morrow of Felix Bergs' play, we could show him that one review and withhold the others and he would die—well, as happily as any man can die.'

"I saw then all at once what she meant. She meant merely that I should betray my employers, renounce my integrity as a critic, violate the codes and traditions of my profession, toss my honor like a rotten fruit into the gutter, and deliberately kill my career with my own hands! And why? Why, because I had once loved her and, if you please, because she wished to ease the death agony of a pompous old fool!

"I am surprised now that I refrained from striking her. She must have seen the desire to do so in my face, but she did not cower or draw back. Instead, she continued speaking calmly and evenly.

"'I am not asking you to do a reasonable thing, Jerome,' she said. 'I am asking you to do something so unreasonable that if you do it I shall know you still love me—and that is all I want to know.'

"I laughed. 'If that is all,' I said, 'I can easily satisfy you. I despise you.'

"She shook her head slowly. 'No,' she said, 'you do not. And you will do what I ask. And if you do I shall leave Lucien Bergs to-morrow and come to you. He will divorce me and we can be married. I have never ceased loving you, Jerome.'

"I made some inarticulate noise compounded of rage and incredulity. I was on my feet in front of her, over her. She was in my big leather armchair, looking up at me with questioning eyes, a tentative, uncertain smile at the corners of her lips.

"'I thought I could be happy without you,' she murmured. 'I was so utterly wrong!'

"'You lie!' I cried, and with that she was in my arms and I was kissing her brutally.

"When some trace of sanity returned to me I seized her by the elbow and led her, unresisting, to the door. 'Get out,' I said briefly. 'You have done enough damage.'

"She went without a word, but the smile on her lips was no longer uncertain.

"I will not attempt to picture for you the agony I underwent during those next hours. The worst agony imaginable is probably the agony of indecision. You will say I should not have hesitated for an instant, that I should have thrust from me at once the thought of betraying my newspaper for the sake of a woman who I had every reason to believe was treacherous, self-centered, and worthless. You will say all that, perhaps; but if you do it will be because you have no adequate conception of the power of passion.

"Every reasonable argument that presented itself was arrayed, of course, against Roxane. But when a man contemplates doing an unreasonable thing, it is pitiful to see how little weight reason bears. Passion, I tell you, will nine times out of ten triumph over reason; if it were not so, how peaceful life would be—and how dull!

"The hour approached when I must go to the theater, and I had not yet come to a decision. At least, I told myself

that I had not come to a decision. Looking back on it, I believe that at the bottom of my heart—my heart, mind you, not my head—I was convinced I should do what Roxane had asked of me. At any rate it was what I eventually did do.

"The play was even more contemptible than I had been led to expect. There was hissing and booing at the end of the first act, and only the personal popularity of Lucien Bergs and Roxane prevented, I am sure, an angry outbreak on the part of the disgusted audience. During the intermissions my fellow-critics talked openly of their intention of killing the piece. In other circumstances I should have been as violent as any of them; but, as it was, I contented myself with reminding them that its author, Felix Bergs, lay on his deathbed.

"They laughed. 'Ha!' they said, 'Listen to Hubertot. He is advocating leniency and all the time he is filling his fountain pen with vitriol. His review will doubtless be the most scathing of the lot.'

"I bore it as long as I could and then, frenzied, I flew from the theater. I was sweating as if I had been wrestling with the devil, as indeed I had.

"In the coolness of the October night I made one last valiant effort to collect my wits. One by one I marshalled the arguments against what I feared I was going to do. Honor, duty, self-respect, the esteem of my fellow-men, my reputation both public and private, my career, my friendships, my position in the social and in the artistic worlds—all these I threw into action like so many battalions. They should have been invincible but they were not; and why? Because against them, irresistible as a tide, all-compelling, all-pervading, was my passion for Roxane Renoir, a little girl with large black eyes!

"At half-past eleven I went calmly to my desk in the office of *L'Eclaireur*, and there, without addressing a word to anybody, without comment or apology of any sort, I wrote the most eulogistic review of '*Les Poupées*' of which I was capable.

"I stooped to no half-way measures: I praised the piece as no French comedy had been praised by *L'Eclaireur* since the days of Alfred de Musset. I asserted that it was a splendid climax to the glorious career of its author; that it would assure him a high place among the immortals who had written for the French stage.

"Then I went home and locked myself in and shivered and wept all through the night. I had committed suicide, you see, and I was weeping at my own grave."

Old Hubertot paused here to pass his hand vaguely over his forehead and there ensued an uneasy silence. The catastrophe that had befallen him was by now clearly indicated. One could account for his appearance of extreme age, for his blurred, reddened eyes, for his garments of a tramp, for his utter aimlessness, for his cognac.

"You can guess the rest," he said wearily. "I received my dismissal from *L'Eclaireur*. It was brutally brief and to the point and it offered me no opportunity to explain if, indeed, I had cared to do so. My fellow-critics were in an uproar. I had, it seems, disgraced their calling. Henceforth I was to be shunned like a leper. My friends, as I had foreseen, promptly turned their backs on me as though it was they whom I had injured and not myself, as though I had committed murder and not suicide.

"And that night Roxane left Lucien Bergs and came to me. I had doubted her but I had been wrong to doubt her. She was faithful to her promise. She was and is."

Unexpectedly Hubertot broke into an ironical laugh. It was as startling, as out of place as a revolver shot in a cathedral.

"A little joke of the devil's," he explained. "It seems that old Felix Bergs died before he could read my splendid notice of his play in *L'Eclaireur*. In spite of his determination his body

was not strong enough to last through the night. And so I committed suicide, after all, to no purpose. Life is compounded of such little accidents.

"I said just now that I had committed suicide to no purpose; but I hasten to retract that statement, for if I lost everything else I gained Roxane. Bergs divorced her without delay—he was thoroughly conversant by now with that technic—and she and I were married."

As he said this he turned his head to face the street door through which a woman had entered. Following his gaze, I saw a slovenly, frowzy creature advancing in the direction of our table. She wore a shawl about her fat shoulders, and on top of her disreputable black hair swayed a wide hat decked with tired ostrich plumes. Her skirt, which had once been bright red, seemed to cling precariously, as if insufficiently fastened, about her broad hips. A cheerful, easy-going smile was almost lost in the fat folds of her painted cheeks.

Hubertot, at sight of her, got unsteadily to his feet.

"There is my wife," he said—"there is Roxane." And he added so low that I scarcely heard him, "Is she not beautiful?"

I regarded him in amazement, and in amazement I saw that he was wholly sincere.

When Roxane had good-naturedly led old Hubertot by the arm from the café, Paul de Maubray turned to me.

"Well," he said, "you see? That man sacrificed everything in the world that he valued most highly for that—that woman. In a way it was a noble, generous act, and yet witness how he has been punished. A tramp, a derelict, friendless, penniless, and a social outcast. He is broken; he has nothing to live for but his cognac."

I shook my head meditatively.

"You are wrong," I said at length. "You are very wrong. Did you not see the glow in his eyes when he murmured, 'Is she not beautiful?' I did, and I swear to you that that man has far more to live for than his cognac. He sacrificed everything for the love of a woman, and he still loves her; and the miracle of it is that in his blind old eyes she is still beautiful. That man, I tell you, has not been punished—he has been rewarded."

Paul de Maubray smiled lazily. "Young man," he said, "you are more observant than I thought."

# MUST WE SCRAP THE FAMILY?

BY FLOYD H. ALLPORT

WHEN Mr. Herbert Hoover looks at the nation he sees not one hundred million individuals, but twenty-three million families.

> The unit of American life is the family and the home. It is the economic unit as well as the moral and spiritual unit. But it is more than this. It is the beginning of self-government. It is the throne of our highest ideals. It is the source of the spiritual energy of our people. For the perfecting of this unit . . . we must lend every energy of the government.

In justice to our President it should be mentioned that this encomium was uttered in one of the speeches of his presidential campaign and, as such, may be taken as an expression of American idealism rather than as a statement of sober, present facts. Like most current pronouncements upon home life, it seems to embody a confusion of two different ideas.

There is, on the one hand, the family as a group of individual human beings who respond to one another in a face-to-face manner and who are held together by no ties other than those of mutual affection. The acts of each member are determined not by any considerations of custom or propriety, but by his personal feeling toward the other members and by their specific behavior toward him. This may be called the natural, or biological family. Under this conception each familial group is different in character from every other. Upon the other hand, the family may be thought of as a unit of social organization, stable and uniform throughout society, and consisting of a set of relationships among parents and children. The behavior of the members toward one another, in this view, is governed not by the give and take of personalities, but by what is conventionally expected of individuals in their domestic roles. This is the institutional, or sociological conception. Mr. Hoover was probably thinking of the family in the biological sense, as a natural group of personalities under the leadership of intelligent and kindly parents; but his manner of speaking confused these two notions, assuming that the fruits of the one would be the fruits also of the other.

While the formal or institutional aspect of family life has remained unaltered for many generations, its biological character has, in recent decades, changed almost beyond recognition. In the old days life was centered in and about the home; to-day it has moved to the factory, the store, and the office. We have come to think not in terms of families but of organized masses of people who sustain the life of the "great society" in which their individualities are submerged. In the days when the individual lived mainly in the family and local community his life came into contact at every point with the same group of personalities. Now he spends his time in many places and among a bewildering variety of groups. As a friend of mine who resides in New York City once put it, life is fatiguing because "one is torn between too many different patterns."

Formerly husbands and wives were not merely sex mates, but partners in many other interests as well. The mani-

fold task of caring for the children required the study and discussion between them of many topics. To-day social and civic agencies, in taking over most of these parental responsibilities, have deprived the parents of an important bond of mutual understanding. In the "higher life" of the family there is now little opportunity for the sharing of experience between husband and wife. Professional groups, lecture courses, literary and religious societies, Chambers of Commerce, civic organizations, and clubs have absorbed their time and energies. Modern husbands have also lost the opportunity to know and value their wives as personalities in the simpler daily affairs of the household. In the field of hospitality married partners of yesterday had another sphere in which they could appreciate one another's true resources. But neighborly calls are to-day almost obsolete, while the gathering of guests within the home is being replaced by the practice of entertaining at hotels, theaters, and other places of amusement. In every sphere of participation between husband and wife, life is becoming more intellectually and spiritually barren. Sympathies which might have been deep and fruitful are void. Almost the only personal needs which each finds satisfied through the other are those of financial income and of sex.

The influences which are estranging wives and husbands are also producing a gulf between successive generations. Parents and children cannot know one another as intimately as in former days. My early memory of my father, who was a country doctor, is particularly vivid, because it was my privilege to share his companionship in so many aspects of life. I recall sitting beside him as he drove at breakneck speed to save a child who had partaken of fly poison or of paris green. I can remember him stopping his horse to explain to friends and relatives the details of some patient's condition. Because his office formed a part of our own home, I saw many tangled human miseries; but I saw them as they were unravelled beneath his skilled and comforting touch. I still picture him standing half-dressed before the kitchen stove, preparing breakfast in order to spare my mother. And there were the numerous vagabonds to whom he gave shelter and employment about the place, helping them meanwhile to reconstruct their lives. On a Saturday he loved to put us all to work in the cellar and work with us, producing order and even beauty out of chaos. Within the quiet of the family pew I would imbibe, without the need of words, his feeling towards the unseen mysteries of life. These are but a few of the many phases of my father's character which I came to know, to admire, and perhaps to emulate. For our family was still a portion of the old community pattern; our lives were lived as the full expression of one personality toward another.

In the intellectual sphere as well as the practical, opportunities for children to become acquainted with their fathers and mothers are nowadays transitory. It is no longer encumbent upon the elders to point out the wonders of nature when this is done more effectively through scouting organizations and the child's encyclopedia. Why, we think, should a parent with only a faltering musical education sit laboriously at the piano when a flood of the world's best music performed by artists can be obtained by turning on the player-piano, the victrola, or the radio? Art and science, like other pursuits, have become organized by distant corporations and are delivered to us through machinery. But we have sacrificed the opportunity of responding to the artist directly as a fellow-being or of knowing him as a human personality. Hence, while the child passively receives all the sensations of beauty, he must inevitably lose the spirit of its quest.

The average city youth to-day must indeed find life trying. Every organization with which he associates has its own peculiar standards. In each situation,

such as athletic and recreational activities, economic employment, school work, Sunday-school, and the movies he must make adjustments which frequently work at cross-purposes with the ideals of his other groups. There is no one to help him to organize these conflicting elements into a single workable pattern for his own life. In such confusion there is little wonder that he becomes listless, that he tends to grow up with no definite point of view at all, or else breaks from all conventional moorings and drifts into some form of egoistic and precocious dissipation.

If, through our segmentalized manner of living, the child is deprived of the steadying influence of the parent, it is no less certain that the parent is losing the child. Should I wish really to know my boy or girl (and this will be increasingly true as they grow older), I must go out into the community to gain my knowledge. I must study my child's school record. I must learn about his physical condition from the clinic. I must go to the playground supervisor or to the Y. M. C. A. in order to discover his athletic and social adjustments. His employer, should he have one, must be interviewed. And finally, I must see how he is getting on at the Church-school and in his art or his music class. When all these reports have been collected and, granting that the information is accurate, I now have before me only the fragments of my child. What he is, in himself, as apart from all these pigeonholes and compartments, I have had no way of knowing. He has ceased to be, for me, an intimately experienced personality, but has become a case study. I am no longer a parent, but a social worker. Nor can his teachers and supervisors help me, for each of them knows the child from one particular angle only. Since I have lost that center of contact from which I myself might have influenced him, his future lies no longer in my own hands, but at the mercy of the great society.

Just as the bond between husband and wife is tending to become one merely of sex love, so the contact between parents and children is narrowing down to an intense but purely emotional affection. The break-up of home life does not, as some think, liberate the young from the tyranny and repression of an older generation. For what really enslaves the young is not the customs of the past, but too narrow a love. Such an affection demands of the child a conformity to parental feelings; and there arises a conflict between his desire for self-expression and the dread of renouncing those whom he loves. The saving grace of the situation, the safety valves afforded by a variety of shared points of view and interests are no longer at hand. Such an attachment makes demands upon personalities without understanding them; and love without understanding does not enrich life, but stultifies it.

Young people of to-day are prone to rationalize the difficulty by the theory that the modern youth have suddenly climbed to greater heights and have achieved far deeper insights than the generation immediately preceding. Parents, on the other hand, are shocked and frightened by changes in the moral standards and attitudes of the young. In our present painful misunderstanding we might clear the air for a new start by realizing that these recriminations are beside the point. The root of the trouble lies, in my opinion, in our acceptance of a civilization which chains individuals in a common submission to machines and organizations. Engrossed as they are in the pursuits of vast impersonal associations and business groups, parents no longer have time nor talent for family relationships. Lacking the opportunity to evolve a new and broader philosophy of living, they can only cling whimsically to the standards of the past. Meanwhile the children, whom they love but do not comprehend, are groping blindly and unaided toward some fresh ideal of life. Can this longing be fulfilled before it is stifled? Can these young people find a new individuality and restore a

meaning to family life? Upon this issue rests the hope of a sympathetic understanding between the parents and children of the future.

## II

It is a striking fact that, in spite of the decline of the old life from which our familial customs have emerged, these expectations themselves have continued and are still potent. The father in the earlier period was a ruler whose word could not be challenged. We still insist that he shall be the supreme authority over the household, though there is now very little about which he can intelligently be authoritative. Although educational and moral functions have been taken largely away from the home, we persist in holding parents responsible for the rearing of children who shall be upright and useful citizens. The acceptance of the sanctity and procreative function of marriage grew up naturally, under the old conditions, as a part of the security of the home. To-day, though home life is being threatened through causes other than moral, we cling to the old family morality as though it were still our one great hope. Oblivious to profound social changes, we are existing in the past so far as our domestic institutions are concerned.

It is at this point that social scientists are attacking the problem. They are proposing that we invent a new set of family customs and institutions which will be more in accord with modern needs. Society as a whole, they say, is right; at least its trend and direction are beyond human control. It is superior to individuals, though like the latter it is perpetually evolving to a new and higher type. Our only problem, therefore, is that of adjusting its different phases so that they shall progress in a uniform and harmonious manner. Since all the other institutions are changing, we must evolve a new type of domestic institution.

Although this solution sounds plausible, I am convinced that it is both gratuitous in its logic and futile in its application. It assumes that there are super-organic laws which control human affairs, and that whatever course we take in society is inevitable and, therefore, right. It is also the creed of those who find our present civilization so pleasant or so profitable that they must close their eyes to its defects. The belief that the biological theory of evolution can be applied to society has been thoroughly discredited in recent years. It was founded upon dubious organic analogies, *a priori* definitions of perfection, and a philosophical misunderstanding of the nature of laws. And after all, what makes the present state of the family deplorable is not the fact that the parts of society are failing to work harmoniously together but the fact that such a situation represents the thwarting and unhappiness of individuals. Human beings, then, rather than impersonal institutions, should be our starting point.

But the best way to convince ourselves upon this issue is to examine the various substitutes for the traditional family which the architects of our social structure are proposing. Let us begin with the marriage relation. The marriage of young people—as a procreative, household enterprise—is being delayed by the increasing specialization of work, the prolongation of vocational training, the competitive and rising standards of living, and the desire of women for business or professional careers. It is now delayed far beyond the arrival of physiological maturity. It, therefore, becomes necessary to forego parenthood, at least for a considerable time, and to conceive of marriage purely as a relationship for comradeship and sexual satisfaction. Hence, there are arising more liberal views of sexual morality. The institutions of trial marriage and the companionate (the "marriage for two") are being welcomed both in theory and practice.

Strangely enough this new conception of marriage, which has arisen as a neces-

sity, has come to be acclaimed as a virtue. Its advocates have represented it as a revolt against the narrow morality of the past and against a society which demanded continuous propagation at the expense of individual happiness. So far, the justification is sound; but is this the entire story? I am inclined to think that the renunciation of parenthood has, for the most part, been forced upon us by the conditions under which we live rather than selected by freedom of choice. When we remove from the home nearly all the activities in which husbands and wives can participate on behalf of their children, the rearing of offspring, even when it is not financially precluded, becomes a tiresome and irrelevant process. Having rendered parenthood difficult and meaningless, our next logical step is to abolish it. A man and woman who have been thus divested of the prospects of household and children are spoken of euphemistically as "the new family."

But waiving the desirability of having children, will the proposed changes prove an effective basis for the average marriage of the future? This is doubtful. The reason is not that the customs of the past were any more wise or moral than our present experiments, but that the newer methods fail to reach the heart of the problem. The restlessness felt by so many married couples is due not so much to the choice of the wrong partner or to the disturbing presence of children as to the break-up and dissemination of their interests throughout the greater community. Under the proposed forms of wedlock there will be no more opportunity than previously for husbands and wives to know and appreciate one another; hence, the trial marriage can in the end prove nothing. As for the companionate, while it may succeed among a few intellectuals who have some major interest independent of the rest of the world, it can in general accomplish no more than the traditional marriage. Now that both husband and wife are seeking careers away from each other and their home, now that they have stripped off the burdens of children and household encumbrances, what is left for them to be companionable about? Some social genius of the future may work out a scheme for true self-realization in wedlock. But surely the current proposals for the revamping of family institutions are fraught with no large promise of success.

The architects of these proposed social changes are of course advocating the childless marriage only for persons whose economic and vocational circumstances render such a course the happiest solution. There remains for the mass of people the problem of the new relationship between parents and children. And here the suggestion is offered that extra-familial institutions should be still further developed to take over the old functions of the home, while the parent of the future should play the role of a liaison officer between the home and the community. I will quote from a recent book on *Cultural Change*, written by a well-known sociologist:

> We must frankly face the fact that recreation outside the home has come to stay. This suggests that parents learn to participate in community affairs in order to select wholesome leisure-time activities for their children. If they are actively interested in the establishment, supervision, and maintenance of public playgrounds, censorship of movies, inspection, and regulation of dance halls, and in supporting child protective legislation, then new attitudes and mores of civic participation will have a chance to develop. When parents know and understand with reference to family needs such movements as Boy and Girl Scouts, Camp-fire Groups, wider use of school equipment, and school self-government, as well as the enforcement of compulsory attendance and health laws, other new attitudes will be developed.

But how, we ask, are all these agencies to be related to the need of children for a fundamentally integrated life? To what new set of wholesome personal relationships between parents and children will they lead? The writer has assured

us that other new attitudes will develop. But what attitudes? Will there arise a broad and guiding philosophy of child training, or merely further stereotypes for breaking up the life of the child into segments? Under this program parents, far from being restored to a genuine usefulness in the family, are, it seems to me, rendered still more ineffectual. They cannot associate with their families directly; they can reach them only vicariously through organizations. They may select and equip the playground; but they have no contact with their children during play. They may choose a scouting or campfire group; but they are likely to learn little concerning what such associations mean to their boys and girls or what bearing, if any, they have upon the home. Parents may protect the young by censorship of movies, inspection of amusements, and child welfare legislation; but the effect of this regulation, or the kind of life for which the children are being protected, lies beyond their knowledge or control.

There are phases of education which cannot be delegated successfully to the school, or even to the co-operation of parents and teachers. The knowledge taught in the class-room is, of course, useful; but does the child not need the wisdom and background also of the parent? And who, if not the parent, can help him to reflect upon the knowledge he receives in school and relate it organically to his own life? Surely not co-operative organizations. The Parent Teachers Association has become, in many localities, another sociability group for drawing parents away from their home, the child remaining a neglected appendage. The same considerations apply to moral and religious training. Character is acquired not merely by sitting on a bench and listening to ethical precepts, but through the actual frictions arising in face-to-face situations, as in family life, in which children learn to work out their difficulties through a developing sense of justice tinged with affection and loyalty.

Even in the field of health there is a need which only such a group as the natural, biological family can supply. Modern public-health laws and clinics are effective, and we have at hand skilled specialists for the treatment of almost every organ of the child's body. But what of mental health? We must consider that subtle tension which shows itself not in any particular organ but in the delicate emotional balance and adjustment of the entire personality. Much of our present toll of nervous and mental disease can probably be laid to the fact that the child, like the adult, is "torn between too many patterns," and that so few opportunities for quiet and stabilizing contacts between personalities have survived in the modern era. A theory has lately arisen, through a mistaken impression of psychoanalysis, that most, if not all, parents are vicious, that scarcely any are fit to raise children, and that parental love is likely to lead to psychoneurotic conflicts. Even granting (which I do not) that there could be found a body of better informed and more self-controlled guardians to whom the children could be entrusted, this theory is hopelessly one-sided. Defective mental hygiene arises not from parental love and attention—for psychiatrists and social workers agree that these are needed—but from the unstable and exacting character of that affection when it is entirely divorced from other interests. There must be a give and take between child and parent, which though based securely upon the love of the one for the other, is enriched by a variety of mutual experiences, interests, and points of view. For this foundation of health there is no substitute, though our clinics and our specialists be multiplied a hundredfold.

## III

Community substitutes for family life, though invested with true modern efficiency, must, therefore, be regarded as failing in their ultimate purpose. But

more than this, they bring into the picture new and hazardous consequences of their own. I received the other day a circular letter, stamped with the signature of an eminent American scholar, which opens with the following plaint from a working-class mother:

> I would like to play with the children more than I do but I'm too tired even when I have the time. . . . And my man is so tired when he comes home from work that he just lies down and rests and never plays with the children.

Following this comes an appeal for aid for an organization which aims to correct this condition. The descriptive folder begins with these words:

> In Pioneer Youth clubs, one interest calls up another. Making airplanes and ships took two clubs on industrial trips. Questions on a hike led a group to the museum. A fire in the neighborhood resulted in an investigation of tenements and fire laws. Wanted—a club library, and soon the boys were designing bookplates and cards and selecting books. . . . Three members of a young people's group . . . conducted a forum on The Unorganized Worker.
>
> Such activities under wise leaders absorb the interests of Pioneer Youth boys and girls in a score of neighborhood clubs.
>
> *New clubs could be formed at once if money were available.*

Such is the remedy offered for an industrial situation which separates the lives of parents from those of their children. The leaders of the Pioneer Youth of America are serving no doubt a useful purpose. Given adequate funds, they may provide opportunities for many children who otherwise would grow up in boredom and neglect. But after all, does their solution follow logically from the nature of the evil it seeks to cure? If the parent is too tired to pay any attention to his children, would it not be better to correct this condition first, rather than to condone it by substituting for the parent a playmate hired by the community? If the father and mother are too preoccupied with other things to be interested in their children, would it not be wise to inquire whether those things are worthy of the sacrifice?

And what is to become of these children of the Pioneer Youth Movement when their hours of play are over? In the absence of any other class who will keep the machines of industry running, they must some day step down from their high adventures into the spiritless drudgery which has engulfed their parents. The children of these children will then be taken. They, in turn, will be rescued from the homes which are still empty, entertained for a short time, and then abandoned to the same doom which awaits their maturer years. The youth is always the pioneer, but his excursions never gain for him and his race the possession of promised lands, but only glimpses from which he must return forever to the same painful road whence he departed. Community recreations have indeed created a new world, but they have left the old world standing. We find joyous dreams in youth, but in maturity the dull and bitter reality.

If the reader will turn to a copy of the *Boy Scouts' Manual* he will find there some six hundred pages describing a realm into which over half a million American boys have entered. Here is a remarkable composite of all that youth holds dear: honors, knightly exploits, chivalry, passwords, subtle woodcraft, and an intimacy with plants, birds, and animals of every description. I, for one, would rather live my whole life in such a world than in our present scheme. But I cannot. And every boy, alas, must some day leave it. And when that time comes he will find that it has all too little to do with the issues with which he must cope in a twentieth-century America. The leaders of such movements will say that, while the interests of youth are naturally different from those of maturity, the ideals and philosophy embodied in those pursuits will be carried over and will work toward the improvement of society. This outcome is possible in certain cases, but it seems to me, on the whole, doubtful. We cannot prepare

ourselves to redeem society by spending our youth outside it, particularly when the juvenile world is, by implication, an indictment of the entire adult order and a refuge from its imperfections. The powerful drives of maturity, the urge for sex life, for social status, and for economic security must be realized through the civilization in which we are to live as adults. As they grow older, therefore, our children must exchange their earlier ideals for the code of modern men and women.

The tragic conflict between youth and adulthood is occurring also on a vast scale in European countries. Particularly in Germany throngs of adolescents are renouncing their bondage to a materialistic civilization and are withdrawing from the world to live their youthful dream of beauty, natural simplicity, and brotherhood. This amazing rift which cuts across the stream of life is deeply significant; for it points to the repudiation of a world order by those whose eyes are not yet too dull to see its implications. But what will happen as these youths grow older? Unless prepared by intelligent and sympathetic family contacts to bridge the gap between the generations, the Youth Movement can never make its contribution to the maturer world. Its radiant enthusiasm must fall beneath the civilization which its followers inherit.

I do not mean to disparage these attempts to supply a wholesome content for the leisure days of childhood. The activities fostered through the Boy and Girl Scouts and the Pioneer Youth Movement are of distinct value. They replace for children much that an age of machinery and commerce have crowded out of human living. To their originators must be given credit for the vision of this need. But these leaders have failed to attack the evil at its source. Not realizing that our social and economic system is directly responsible for the neglect of childhood, they have played into the hands of its advocates by offering to bolster up its weaknesses. Accepting the breakdown of the family as an unalterable fact, they have tried to invent a means of carrying on, so far as children are concerned, without disturbing our faith in our sacred institutions. And in so doing they have contributed not a little to the hazards and confusion of modern living. For through their efforts the life of the individual is separated not only lengthwise into diverging streams of interest, but crosswise into periods which are unrelated. The child is a stranger not only to his parent, but even to himself. Under such a system there can be no continuity, no striving toward some constant goal, but only shifting interests which, as they vanish, leave doubt and lack of purpose in their place.

But the disorganization of the individual is not yet complete. Under the conditions of modern industry old age presents another crisis; and many are advocating that the greater community shall again step in. In the old, self-contained family men and women could pursue their employment throughout life with a speed proportioned to their strength. In their old age they had their place within the family circle. To the common life of the family they contributed their lives, and in the family they found their lasting happiness and reward. But nowadays as soon as energy begins to lag, sometimes even in middle life, the worker is likely to be cast off to make room for younger blood. Once more he must face a new and uncertain future, but this time without the means or hope of meeting it. He must drift, alone, uncertain of a livelihood, without respect, and crushed by the sense of being wholly useless to himself or to others. Overlooking fundamental causes, we leap to the breach with new institutions. We agitate for doles for the unemployed, "homes" for the aged, mothers' allowances, and old age pensions. By such travesties upon the human spirit we fortify the system which has robbed us of our worth as individuals and broken us upon the wheel we call our civilization.

## IV

The new patterns of the sociologist, far from solving our dilemma, are, therefore, involving us only the more deeply. They are showing new dimensions along which life can be broken and scattered. Such efforts must finally yield to the realization that the essence of family life lies not in its form but in its content. In youth as in age, in work as in play, in physical care as in education and morals, there remains a vital function which only such a face-to-face relation as the biological family can fulfill. No artifice of the social scientist, no new marriage contract or community agency can replace this relationship as a medium for the development and integration of human personality. Fresh expectancies of conduct may be defined, new organizations may spring up to take over old familial duties; but these devices only dissipate our energies the further and realign us among new factions and patterns. It is only through one another as complete personalities, and through our common labors, sorrows, and triumphs that we can attain to genuine self-expression. Only communion with whole individuals can make the individual whole.

We are coming inescapably to realize that the family, which has been eulogized as the fountain of our spiritual energy, has from the beginning of history been none other than this natural, face-to-face group. It is not a form of marriage, nor an obligation for few children or for many. Domestic appliances and model playgrounds have nothing to do with it; nor is it a centralizing agency for community organizations. It is not a societal form nor an institution. All these notions and contrivances are without its domain; they have no more vital relation to the family than has a description of digestion to the process which actually goes on in our stomachs. The only reality which is ultimately worth considering is that of human beings who associate together; and the life of this family is the life which actual fathers, mothers, and children live in one another's company. Unless there are opportunities for individuals to grow and to realize their potentialities through free contact with one another, the most highly perfected pattern of the sociologist will be only an empty formula.

The theory of the social scientist that we must develop new mores and new forms of organization to keep the family abreast of our other modern developments, therefore, entirely misses the point. You cannot cure institutions by institutions. Forms grow out of, and are related to content. If there were some new reality evolving within families, if parents and children were living their lives together in new ways, then a movement for modernizing our institutional habits would be in place. The content of family life, however, is not changing; it is *disappearing*. When people shall have ceased to live and to participate in the freedom of face-to-face association, when they shall have scattered their interests into diverse organizations throughout the great society, we cannot say that the family has altered; we can only say that it has gone. No salvaging of conjugal and filial customs, no skill exerted in promoting co-operation between the parents and the community will bring it back. All the ingenuity and resources of the Government will be of little avail.

I am not one of those reactionaries who find the solution of all problems in a regression to the golden past. No era ever repeats, or can repeat another. In our own past, moreover, we have struggled through many forms of crudeness, drudgery, superstition, and disease to which we should not care to return. But perhaps in one sense we have become too efficient. We have invented cunning machines to do our work for us; but the machines have in large part become our masters rather than our servants. Most of us work harder than ever to keep up with the increasing pace of life; and those who do have leisure to enjoy are finding that life is empty of

many interests which were our former heritage. We have harnessed great sources of physical power; but the creative spirit of men and women is chained beneath the machines. We have set up vast corporate organizations and associations for every conceivable public function; but the life which these institutions were developed to foster is crushed and scattered beneath their weight. Competition between groups, with all its hurry and excitement, has crowded out the quieter, stabler contacts of family and community living. We have erected a stupendous civilization; but we have not learned how to use it.

While it is not necessary, in order to change one's direction, to turn completely backward, it is essential that we recall the values of the older, biological family which we are so ruthlessly destroying. For this much is certain: If the family, as Mr. Hoover believes, is the unit of our national life, if it is really the throne of our highest ideals, then the rest of our civilization must be fundamentally upon the wrong tack. There is no use in trying to delude ourselves with substitutes. It will do no good to harmonize domestic institutions or to eliminate cultural lag when the living reality has disappeared. We cannot restore the kernel of the nut by conjuring with the shell. Instead of exorcising the failure of the family to keep pace with the rest of society, we might more logically consider the spurious acceleration of inventors, organizers, and promoters. Rather than speed up our domestic arrangements, we might choose the alternative of slowing down our salesmen. For there are human relationships which are still too precious to be sacrificed, even to the god of prosperity or the law of cultural change. And these are values, not merely for strengthening a traditional institution, but for life. The issue, therefore, can be settled only within the broader problem of the great society. When we have learned to live in that society as individuals, the family will come into its own.

# MAN OUT OF WORK

## BY HIS WIFE

AS A political liberal I have for years been interested in the problem of unemployment; but never until this past year have I actually known, through long and bitter experience, the hideous misery and long, dull agony that those twelve letters can spell.

I had been brought up on a farm where, though actual cash had not been plentiful, the necessities of life, food—and plenty of it—clothing and shelter had been taken as much for granted as the sunshine, space, and air we had in abundance. So when, at last, after a five months' period of unemployment, our savings were all gone and the rent was due and I had no cash wherewith to buy groceries, I knew, with every nerve quivering, that the "wolf at the door" of proverb was a real, actual horror, beside which a real wolf from a Russian forest would have been as little to be feared as a large tabby cat.

For the first time I have come to realize what is back of that commonplace paragraph I have so often encountered in the newspapers: "Man Out of Work Commits Suicide." And I have trembled if the step at the door was late, lest such a thought might have occurred to my own breadwinner. I have known what it means, not only not to be able to buy the new, warm coat my daughter needs for the winter, but to fear that I might not even be able to buy her proper milk and food. Perhaps—sharpest pang of all!—I might have to renounce her to someone who could care for her properly.

Before my marriage, nine years ago, I had been one of the "eight million gainfully employed women" statistically reported. I had taught school for a time, worked on a newspaper, and after that had been a well-paid organizer in various women's organizations for a number of years. Jobs in what I now consider my merely lucky experience had not been hard to get and had paid well.

Mark was a newspaper man when we married, and for three years thereafter. Our income was small but steady, so after my daughter's birth I gave my attention to her and earned no money except by an occasional essay or lecture. I had learned from my German mother the first principles of thrift. So, though it seemed impossible to save out of our income—a fact about which I worried quite a little—we managed to live comfortably and have our share of good times.

Then—crash! The newspaper on which my husband worked was bought by the owner of a string of papers and, with no warning whatever, other than a brief day or so of vague rumor, it was killed over night, and its entire staff, from office boy to managing editor, was thrown suddenly into the street. Incidentally, the printers and such, having more good sense and brains economically than the highbrows of the city room, were protected in that crisis by their unions—poetic justice for the scribes who were above that sort of thing!

I remember the sense of bewilderment and the all-gone feeling I had at the pit of my stomach at that time. It was as though the floor had suddenly floated out from under me.

But, luckily for us, after a few days of

suspense, the floor floated back and we stood on it once more. My husband had gone to an advertising agency and had "sold himself" for a salary that was fifty per cent more than he had been getting on the paper. Life looked rosy, especially when, on the day of the newspaper's "funeral," the assembled editors of the papers owned by the man who had killed it told Mark condescendingly that he had been assigned to work on the staff of one of them. Would he care to? they asked, as if in afterthought. How pleasant to say, "No, thank you!"—to thumb one's nose at the newspaper-owner and all his hirelings!

For the next three years we were economically on the make. A Southern advertising agency offered Mark a job at a very good salary in Florida. During our two years there, which were coincident with the real estate boom, we managed to save what, to us, was a considerable sum of money. Almost every week I managed to put thirty or forty dollars into the savings bank. It is possible if we had invested that money in the wild real estate poker game which was going on in that state at the time that we might have come out, when the boom and the agency simultaneously collapsed, with ten or twenty times the few thousand dollars we did have. On the other hand, it is much more likely that we should have had less than nothing.

After our return to our own city, New York, such a long train of evil circumstances befell us that we both had the unspoken feeling that Old Lady Calamity was on our trail. My husband, who had never before been ill, contracted a form of blood-poisoning while helping to care for a dying friend. He had two long and fearful illnesses, one right after the other, so that not only were all our savings eaten up, but he was too weak to work for the better part of a year, and for the first time we were reduced to borrowing.

Up to that time I, who was the financial manager of our family firm, had laid down the rule that there was to be no borrowing or installment buying. This was because my journalistic husband, further handicapped by having been the seventh child of a poor parson, completely lacked any sense about money. (I never exactly told him this, but he admitted it.) In this he was not untypical of his scribbling brethren. I have seen so many pathetic examples among his friends of families perpetually in financial hot water—'phones shut off, doctor's bills unpaid, plus threats of eviction—all because they never, seemingly, had sat down with pencil and paper and figured what one could or could not do in New York City on sixty-five or seventy-five dollars a week.

During my husband's long convalescence I tried hard to be the breadwinner, but I fear a record of my attempts would not read like one of the glowing "success" stories of women so prevalent now. I tried writing but sold very little. Then I got a part-time welfare job that paid miserably. The only other part-time work that offered itself at this time was that of waiting on tables in a tearoom where I knew the tips were good. When I suggested to my husband the greater earning possibilities of this job I immediately sensed that his pride would be so much hurt by seeing his wife doing menial work publicly that I promptly abandoned the idea. My German instinct to care for my own child kept me from turning her over to someone else, except for two brief months in the summer when I did full-time field organization work at a good salary for one of the women's organizations with which I had formerly been connected.

Finally my husband was able to return to work on a part-time basis on a salary on which we could just squeak through. I had a little part-time job that paid enough to cover the price of my daughter's tuition, plus very modest wardrobes for herself and me.

When Mark's health was finally restored he went to work in the advertising department of a large manufacturing

concern at a salary of seven thousand. Once more we seemed to be going up, instead of down, the financial ladder. During the next six months our income was $3,500, plus little checks for odds and ends that I earned which brought it up to about $4,000 in all.

We did wonders with that $4,000. First, we paid a number of debts that were hangovers from my husband's illness of the previous year. Several friends had lent us several hundred dollars without ever dunning us for the money that they knew we did not have. This was also true of the two fine specialists—God bless them—who had treated my husband. These debts amounted to about $700 in all. Then we bought new clothes, being nearly threadbare. Nothing fine or expensive, but a pretty spring outfit for my daughter, a new coat, dress, hat, and shoes for myself, and a new suit and shoes for my husband. We also paid a long delayed and much needed family call on the dentist, the bill for which was $145.

We enjoyed a few luxuries—little reckless escapes from penury. I took a $50 course at one of the city's universities. Allowing for the extra maid service that this entailed, the real cost was about $80. We went to the theater frequently, always at modest rates, and my husband indulged his love of music by sneaking off to a two-dollar concert now and then. And sometimes we rode in taxis. When my daughter's school was out I took her on an inexpensive six weeks' outing to the nearby mountains.

And then I saved. At the end of six months' work at the new job a two weeks' vacation had been volunteered and scheduled for my husband. And I was determined that after the two gruelling years he had been through he should have a fine one, away from work and family. So towards this end, as well as towards a permanent bank account, I had saved religiously. In the savings account at the end of six months I had over $800.

The plan was that my husband should go to Canada for his vacation. His clothes were packed and his ticket bought, when—crash! On this payday Friday afternoon, on the very eve of his vacation, the blow fell!

## II

In the organization where he was employed there had been a political upheaval several months previously. The head of the department, who had hired my husband, had been forced by artful maneuvering to resign, and the member of the department who had been there longest had been put in his place. This new man, seemingly in order to make his own position more secure because most of those under him had been partial to the old chief, had been gradually firing all of the people his predecessor had engaged.

We should have had forebodings; but because most of Mark's sales plans, advertising ideas and copy had gone through with such enthusiastic recommendation he had felt falsely secure in spite of this. Alas! His head, the last to fall, had been reserved for a special guillotine. While a number of others were bidding cheery good-byes, vacation-bound, he was hearing these words from a sadistic chief who had casually stepped up to the desk Mark was locking, "Sorry, Mark, but your job is no good any more."

If I live to be very old I shall never forget the poignant heartsickness of that day. Instead of bidding my tired man a cheery vacation farewell, I nursed him through a short physical illness that the shock and anger caused by such treatment had brought on.

When he was again well I urged him to go on a vacation just the same. I argued that with our $800 saved he could well afford to do so. I also reminded him that midsummer was a slack season in advertising. But he countered that he had to get this job question settled first, and then he would go away to rest. He would enjoy him-

self so much more. Surely, with the numerous fine samples he had collected and the prestige of his latest position, it would take him only a couple of weeks, even in the slack season, to land with another first-class firm. Poor boy! Little did he guess that those "couple of weeks" would lengthen sickeningly out into a goodly number of months!

Just at this time, when my husband was starting out on that always hard, and often soul-sickening task, the search for work, his sister wired from the Middle West that she was starting eastward to make the visit that she had talked about for years. Though she had never been in New York, there was a chance of her getting radio broadcasting work. . . . It was not an opportune time for a four months' guest.

Instead of entertaining my sister-in-law royally, as we should ordinarily have done, with sightseeing, theaters, and the like, we felt restricted both in time and money. Also, so as not to spoil her visit—not realizing how long we should have to keep up the pretense—we decided not to let her know that Mark was out of work. There was an element of proper pride in this. He had been the only one of a large family to attain a degree of success in that Mecca of success to Westerners—New York. So to have admitted his embarrassing situation would have been humiliating.

Our apartment was small—only four rooms—therefore, in various ways we felt the strain of having another person in the household. Also, it cost considerably more to feed four persons than three. I remember my mean feeling of exasperation, as time wore on and our bank balance each day grew slimmer, when I noticed that my dairy bills were $2 higher per week because my sister-in-law consumed unlimited quantities of butter. At other times I should never have noticed it.

To the uninitiated—that is to say, to those who have not yet been forced by their own experience to think about it—my husband's experience of being five months out of work will probably suggest that there must have been something lacking in him or his ability. But these uninitiated are behind the times. Through long years of economic security they have come, I believe, to look with middle-class haughtiness upon the bread- and soup-lines, saying, "Well, if those men really wanted work they could get it."

I say this mental attitude is behind the times because I am aware that the plight of these bread-line men has crept up the social scale and is to-day threatening the middle-class. It is destined, I believe, even to creep to the very threshold of the well-to-do.

For a man to be long out of work, provided there is work to be had, has heretofore indicated to us middle-classers a lack of ability or experience. But those who are privy to the quirks and absurdities of present-day business will realize that my husband's long failure to find a job may readily be attributed to causes over which he had no control.

For example: If you have climbed as high as $7,000 a year and lose your job, it is correspondingly harder to find a niche that is as good as the one you have lost. Seven-thousand-dollar jobs are not so plentiful as berries on a bush. This is particularly true in my husband's business; as you may be aware, advertising salaries, like salaries in the theatrical and certain other professions, are greatly exaggerated in report.

Finding a first-rate job in any of the several branches of the advertising business is, as perhaps it also is in any of the other branches of the commercial and industrial world to-day, a sort of "pussy wants a corner" game.

This was especially true last year, not only a year in which business mergers, creating their natural wake of unemployment, were noticeably on the increase, but a year that turned out to be one of decided financial depression.

Right now I know two advertising men, one an advertising manager whose last salary was $10,000 and the other a

copy chief who had been earning $8,000, who have been out five and three months respectively. These friends tell me what I have already come to know: that for a man who has been receiving a given high salary to offer his services at a lower rate makes his ability questionable in the eyes of his prospective employer.

Also one should mention that in this land of canned courtesy as well as canned sentiment, where an organization called the "I Thank You League" was once started and where the typical up-and-coming village bears on its signboards, "Welcome," and "Thank you! Come Again!" there is a surprising amount of rudeness and lack of common, decent civility.

As an example: At the beginning of his campaign for work my husband applied for a position in a large public service corporation as a minor executive —a job for which his talents well fitted him. This corporation had a fully equipped personnel department that had got out the most complete, if not the most sensible, questionnaire for prospective employees ever heard of. They wanted to know about Mark's teeth—whether his own or the dentist's; his religious scruples, how he spent his leisure, and his taste in women. He spent two full days conscientiously filling this out.

About a week after turning in this confessional about personal habits and predilections (which would seem to have little or nothing to do with his capacity for this particular job), my husband made so bold as to ask the secretary of the personnel director what impression his life story had made. She reported, "Good," but that usually the various heads did a vast amount of "psychologizing" over all prospective employees. It seemed that they did.

From August until Christmas this firm did not give Mark a definite "yes" or "no." Always one of the chiefs was sailing the Mediterranean or playing golf in Pinehurst. Or the interview of Monday had been postponed until Thursday or Friday.

Finally, six months after his first application, when he had gone to work elsewhere and could not honorably accept, this firm made him an attractive offer. The mystery to us was: why, if they were the psychologists they pretended to be, could they not have finished their psychologizing in one month instead of six?

Looking back upon this five months' search for work, I should say that the much heralded courtesy and ethics of American business men were conspicuously lacking. There were several good letters, asking for an interview, written by my husband to firms of good standing that were not even given the courtesy of a reply. There was the obscure little outfit that led him to believe that they were about ready to hire him at a fair salary if he would work out some selling plans and write several pieces of convincing advertising copy to convince the company's president. After working on this for two days and after repeated efforts to get a decision on it, Mark was at last told hesitatingly that his copy had not been "convincing." But several weeks ago we noticed that that self-same copy, for which Mark had received not a single penny, was "convincing" enough to have been used, with only slight changes, in several full-page newspaper spreads.

There was the large public service corporation whose advertisement for a publicity man Mark answered. They said frankly that he was the only man who had answered their advertisement who had the exact qualifications they wanted; but, sensing his need and seeing his shabby overcoat, I suppose, they tried to beat him down to half his former salary. When they asked him his age and he truthfully replied, they courteously said, "Well, you look older."

A decent offer, at a fairly good salary, came recently from this corporation. It seems they had tried out for several months an inexperienced man at a low

salary, but that he had proved unsatisfactory. It would seem that maturity and experience are not always handicaps, though the prospective employer would usually have one think so.

As autumn wore on and so many bright prospects faded into thin air, while our precious bank account was painfully shrinking towards its last hundred, our mutual anxiety was sharpened into agony. We would find each other lying awake at night, tense with worry. The saddest sound to me those days was my husband's whistle—a sound I had heretofore always loved. I knew now, when he whistled as he came in the door or while he shaved, that it was not because he was really gay, but to keep his courage up. My own nerves were threadbare, and very often I gave way to fits of weeping when alone.

I myself did my best at trying to earn money at that time. Together with the housekeeping for three and a guest, plus the laundry, I kept up my part-time job at my daughter's school that earned her tuition, and wrote a few magazine articles on the side that brought in tiny checks. But my state of mind was such as to make most of the things I wrote unsalable. When I went out looking for work I was conscious of the fact that I needed a new suit and hat. Two traveling jobs were offered me, but each would have taken me away from home and my small daughter for weeks at a time.

We touched the depths at Christmas week, when the rest of the world was cheery. Buying the makings for dinner, instead of being a merry task as in other days, was a painful one because of my shrunken purse. Also, the gifts for my daughter's tree were sparse. In lieu of the new, warm coat she really needed, I had interlined her summer one, and this, plus a few ten-cent-store presents, had to suffice.

To add to Mark's Christmas gloom, he had the week before run into an old newspaper friend, a man of sixty, who had had, by way of a little Christmas greeting from the paper on which he had worked as an artist for ten years, this little notice, "Your services are no longer required." Mark's inability to help this friend, in an even more desperate plight than himself, made him almost hysterical.

At least half a dozen of our friends, as well as several acquaintances, were out of work at this time; and it increased our misery to think that where, ordinarily, we should have been able to help a bit, we had now almost reached the point of needing help ourselves. The best I could do was to tell all and sundry that as long as we had food to eat, they, too, were welcome. I had also felt obliged to give up my charwoman, and she, too, was in need.

Mark no longer tried to hide his despondency. His nervous state was such that each night, if he were a little late for supper and had not 'phoned, I became anxious. One night six o'clock came, then seven, then eight, but no husband. I telephoned to all the places where he might have been likely to be. At ten I found him on a neighboring park bench, sobbing like a child. He said he just couldn't bring himself to face me again on still another night with nothing whatever to report. In all our years together I had never seen him thus before. "I'm just no good," he said, as I pulled his head down into my lap. "Why, here I am, almost forty, and a failure. I can't even pay the rent and buy the groceries for my wife and child next week. I can't 'sell myself.' If I only knew what handsprings these chaps want me to turn for them, I'd turn them; but I just can't find out."

## III

After paying the January rent we should have exactly $20 left. We had put off paying the $12.50 insurance premium that was due. There seemed to be no friends or relatives from whom we could borrow any worth-while sum at that time. That week Mark pocketed all

his pride—and he is immensely proud—and went to a firm with which he had had a friendly acquaintance for some years. Without mincing matters, he told the chief there his whole situation. This employer was a man of unusual sympathy and understanding. In his youth he had fallen heir to a large fortune, but had dissipated it and his own powers. Rather late in life, realizing the plight into which he had thrown his wife and children, he had come back, like a prodigal son. He was not the average executive.

He told Mark that they were in no need of a new man at that time, but would try to make a place for him. "Let me show you that I am in earnest," Mark replied. "I'll come to you at half the salary I got last year, and when I've had a chance to show you what I can do you can raise me accordingly."

New Year's Day found us with just two dollars in our purse, but with light hearts. No longer need we fear the landlord's ring might mean a threat of eviction. Nor need we ask friends or relatives to take us in—bitter thought!—until we might get on our feet again. True, we have to live economically on a small salary, but after what we have just been through, that seems easy.

But we still bear the scars of those "five months out of work." In the back of our minds is always the fear that through illness or unforeseen circumstances, the experience may be repeated. We shall do our very best to save—never an easy feat in an expensive city. We realize that each passing year that puts more gray hairs into Mark's head will make the finding of new work more difficult. We should both like to head a larger family, for the sake of the child we already have, as well as for our own enjoyment. But, weighed down by our sense of economic insecurity, we refrain, feeling that it would be unfair to have more children, knowing that there might come times in which we would not be able to give them the simple essentials to which every child is entitled. Always, we have the dim sense of living close to a precipice—the common fate, I suppose, of the average skilled or unskilled worker who sells his services for a weekly wage in this great era of prosperity.

In a country like ours, where the real wealth is so vast that the liveliest imagination can scarcely comprehend it, is there not enough corporate intelligence and good will to do away with the mighty load of human misery borne by three million men out of work? We are like people in a rich and beautiful garden who, through a sort of willful stupidity, go hungry because we do not know how to cultivate it, or because we waste the abundance of food that is therein.

When we are nationally threatened with an epidemic, such as the Spanish influenza of 1918, each community is stirred to take measures of prevention and cure. But the suffering, spiritual and mental and physical, entailed in an epidemic of unemployment must be greater than that of an epidemic of mere physical illness. If our business executives, from the presidents of firms down to the heads of the smallest departments, could but see the unemployment problem in that light, instead of as a sort of Act of God, as the smallpox we no longer have was viewed years ago; if they could but understand—as I now do—what agony it brings to its victims, would they not be able to do away with it? Or must we be forced to believe that, as the radicals tell us, American business will never learn to think in human terms?

# THE REALITIES OF ZIONISM

BY JOHN GUNTHER

ALMOST a year has passed since the Palestine riots last August all but blew the top off Zionism. Authoritative facts were difficult to secure during the period when the Commission appointed by Great Britain was making its investigation and completing its report. It contains some amazing features. Everyone knows that it was the Jews who were attacked, pillaged, murdered. Yet a cardinal recommendation of the Report is that the *non-Jewish* inhabitants of Palestine must henceforth be protected. How comes this blazing paradox? What are the permanent realities of the Zionist experiment? Who is boss in Palestine?

Zionism is as old as Moses. Even if Moses himself didn't reach the Promised Land, he first transferred into terms of political actuality the need of Jews to possess geographical borders. In its modern phase Zionism began late in the 19th century with the propaganda of Theodore Herzl, as an effort to counteract the assimilation of Jews in alien countries and to entrench in the Holy Land Jewish nationality, race, and religion. The movement had little success until the War. But no sympathetic observer could refuse emotional respect to a crusade asking a home for a homeless people. Then during the War a curious accident transferred Zionism from a dream to a reality and added fierce dispute to what had been an almost uncontroversial issue.

Dr. Chaim Weizmann, head of the Zionist organization, was a famous chemist. The War was raging. Thousands of tons of munitions were exploding day by day. The supply diminished. Mr. Lloyd George, declaring the War as good as lost unless a synthetic means was invented to produce acetone, the base of cordite and T.N.T., called a conference of chemists. As director of Admiralty laboratories, Doctor Weizmann got to work and produced synthetic acetone. When he was offered any reward he wished—grant or honor or title—he asked instead for a National Home for the Jewish People. The British government gave it to him, swapping Zionism for acetone.

The Balfour Declaration, of date Nov. 2, 1917, gave official expression to this policy. This document is Zionist scripture. It reads:

> His Majesty's Government view with favor the establishment in Palestine of a National Home for the Jewish people, and will use their best endeavors to facilitate the achievement of this object, it being clearly understood that nothing shall be done which may prejudice the civil and religious rights of existing non-Jewish communities in Palestine or the rights and political status enjoyed by Jews in any other country.

No one doubts that the Balfour Declaration was sincere. But no one can doubt on the other hand its enormous convenience to Great Britain at this juncture, since it brought Jewish opinion all over the world, especially in America, to the Allied cause. I shall allude later to other aspects of its convenience. It is important to notice also the express duality of the Declaration. It promised to support the establishment in Palestine of a National Home for

the Jews, *provided* the non-Jewish population, *i.e.*, the Arabs, were not prejudiced. Out of this duality has arisen every phase of the Palestine trouble, down to the disemboweling of non-Zionist Jews in the massacres last August.

Palestine became a British mandate under the League of Nations, with the Balfour Declaration embodied in the preamble. Ever since it has been the permanent base of British policy. Promptly the machinery of Zionism had gone into action. A very widely expressed philanthropy contributed funds, and the Palestine Zionist Executive was formed, with Doctor Weizmann as chairman. Two important organizations functioned under the Zionist ægis to buy land for Jewish settlers, pay their expenses of entry, and install them on the land. World Jewry, however, did not unanimously espouse the Zionist cause. A great body of Jewish opinion considered settlement in Palestine a reckless and impracticable experiment, and many prominent Jews, like, for instance, Julius Rosenwald, refused co-operation. Within Zionist Jewry, too, there were dissensions; even now the Revisionist group, which advocates immediate direct action, is in "opposition."

However, the work in Palestine began. The business of immigration, settlement, and education was efficiently organized. In 1922, of the total population of Palestine, 590,890 were Moslem Arabs, and 83,794 were Jews. Almost 75,000 Jews have entered Palestine since. The population in 1928 was estimated at 898,000, of whom 660,000 were Moslem Arabs, and 150,000 Jews. Thus the Jews still constitute a minority of 1 in 6.

Some details of the work of Zionism are remarkable. An attempt to express spiritual homogeneity in geographical terms was unique; to many it was enthralling. I have watched the immigrants come in at Jaffa, on boats like troop ships, from the ghettos of Lemberg and Czernowitz and Prague. No, they were not handsome, vigorous young men. No, they were not lit by any apparent inward fire. Instead, they were wretchedly dressed and miserably poor, babbling in Yiddish, huddled in cantonments where brisk British officers shuffled and distributed them; they looked like what they were, refugees from slums. But one could imagine these same people tilling the soil within a year or two, cultivating the grape, carving livelihoods out of the dusty rock of the Jordan hills, or the plain of Esdraelon.

In Palestine (wrote Sir Herbert Samuel, the first civilian High Commissioner) there are Oriental Jews from Bokhara and Persia and Iraq, and there are University men and women from New York and Chicago. There are Jews from the Yemen, of small stature and with gentle, refined features, good craftsmen in silver and ivory, or good laborers on the farms; and there are agricultural experts from the colleges of France, from Poland and Russia. There are students and writers, doctors and lawyers, architects and musicians, organizers and social workers, from Eastern Europe and Western, from Asia and America.

Zionism is an attempt to hand pick a nation. The immigration of the *haluzim* (pioneers) is not fortuitous, but selective; the Zionist organization, represented by agents throughout Eastern Europe, chooses them, man by man. First of all, of course, a quota is established; this quota the Palestine (British) government must approve. Recently it has been restricted to the number the country is supposed to be able to absorb; for the past two years comparatively few immigrants have been allowed to enter in consequence of an acute economic crisis in 1926 and 1927.

Once in Palestine, the immigrants are organized into colonies and settled on the land. Of various types of colonies, the *kvutzah* are the most interesting; these are purely communal, in which even money theoretically disappears. Some of the land is the property of the Jewish people as a whole, in perpetual lease to the Jewish National Fund; some may be privately bought and sold. The whole question of land tenure and sale is a complex and difficult issue, of

which an expert investigation is expected in the near future.

These immigrants, together with other Jews, have become the biological expression of what is known as the Hebrew revival. They are taught Hebrew, and that tongue has been resuscitated as a living language. Hebrew theaters have been organized; a living literature in Hebrew is encouraged; newspapers and public signs are Hebrew. Schools have been opened, in great numbers; a Hebrew university has been built on Mt. Scopus, near Jerusalem; a definite revivification of Jewish life has occurred, expressed in Hebrew terms.

The concrete achievements of Zionism are also considerable. The standard of living of the whole country has been increased, as swamps were drained and malaria controlled. Jewish capital has entered the country in large amounts. The remarkable town of Tel-Aviv has arisen on the Jaffa sands, the only exclusively Jewish municipality in the world. And Zionists hope that Jewish brains and Jewish capital will eventually industrialize the country—and so give employment to thousands of Arabs as well as Jews—by such works as the Rutenberg water-power concession on the Upper Jordan and the chemical project for reclaiming potash from the Dead Sea.

But in doing these things, Zionism had to struggle to survive. It has survived, but only just.

## II

The Balfour Declaration did not install a Jewish National Home in a vacuum; it installed it in an Arab country. The fundamental cause of the August riots, according to the Report of the Commission, without which the disturbance would not have taken place, was "the Arab feeling of animosity and hostility toward the Jews consequent upon the disappointment of their political and national aspirations and fear for their economic future."

Arab and Jew are astoundingly contradistinctive, considering that both are Semites. In religion, in language, in wage-scale, in politics, in morals, in community ideals, in habit of mind, in God they differ. H. W. Nevinson put it nicely: the Arab is a camel; the Jew is a motor car, bumping him off the road.

That Palestine is an Arab country is undeniable. And the Arabs insist, moreover, that Palestine was promised to them by the British as an integral part of an Arab state. Futile to explain that in the days of the promises the Allies chopped up Arab territory month by month—on paper. No perfectly clear elucidation of these pledges has yet been vouchsafed by the British foreign office. But during the very days that Colonel Lawrence was promising the Arabs independence in order to gain their support in the War, the Balfour Declaration was being evolved in London. Once the Balfour Declaration was established, it was kept secret from the Arabs, so they say, for two full years.

The Arabs are careful to point out, however, that they do not regard the Jew as necessarily or individually an interloper. They are not anti-Jewish. They are simply anti-Zionist. They point out in proof that almost 60,000 Jews lived in Palestine before the War, and not a hair on the head of one of them was ever harmed. Of course it is clear that Zionism alone is not responsible for the change whereby to-day Jews are massacred. When the Jews lived in peace in Palestine, for instance, it was the Turks, not the British, who ruled the country. The country was then garrisoned. Arab nationalism was unknown until 1908. The Turks ruthlessly forbade politico-religious agitation. But in addition to these factors it is clear that fear of political Zionism spurred the Arabs to the necessity of hate, and Jewish insecurity followed.

As long ago as 1920 and 1921 riots occurred. The situation following them was so acute that the British government set itself the difficult and invidious task of determining anew its Palestine

policy. Mr. Winston Churchill produced the definition, in a famous White Paper issued in 1922. Being an extremely equivocal document, the Balfour Declaration is obviously capable of two distinct interpretations. The Churchill memorandum steered a careful path between the two. It insisted that Jews were to live in Palestine as of right, and not on sufferance. On the other hand, in distinct terms the Arabs were reassured. There would be no attempt to create an entirely Jewish Palestine. A Jewish National Home was contemplated "in" Palestine—no more.

The Zionists have accused the British of "whittling down" the Balfour Declaration ever since. They redoubled their zeal in immigration and colonization. And so the Arabs saw more and more Jews come in. The Arab effendis (landowners) recoiled before Jewish high wages as their own cheap labor disappeared. A Palestine Arab Executive rose to confront the Palestine Zionist Executive in local politics. Arab tenants lost their holdings, Arab resentment daily grew, and with it the fundamental character of the Arab case.

In literal terms, it is not true that the country has been "taken" by the Jews. Even to-day, of an estimated 2,750,000 acres of cultivable land in all Palestine, the Jews hold only about 225,000 acres. And one should point out that all this land was bought and paid for by the Jews, at a good price, and that the Arabs were willing enough to sell. Nevertheless, the bedrock quality of Arab resentment remained unmodified. Essentially the Arabs were being dispossessed. In the early days Zionist hopes ran very high; Zionists boasted that in thirty more years they would outnumber the Arabs, and the country would be "theirs." Dozens of details contributed to the indignation of the Arabs, and in time the opinion of an ignorant, childish, and credulous group of nomads and peasants was solidified to a passionate, relentless anti-Zionism.

It became clear very early that tension between Jew and Arab permanently prevented any development to normal self-governing institutions. Indeed, the government of Palestine is unique. There is no constitution, no parliament, no president, no prime minister, no cabinet. The administration is purely colonial. New laws are posted simply by decree. The "government" is vested almost solely in the person of the British High Commissioner, who is responsible only to the Colonial Office in London and, at an astronomical distance, to the Mandates Commission of the League of Nations. This has occurred because no legislative instrument could be devised satisfactory to Jew and Arab alike. Being vastly outnumbered, the Jews refused any government based on proportionate representation. And the Arabs refused anything else.

The leader of the Arabs in Palestine is Hajj Amin El-Husseini, a tall young man of thirty-five with a ginger beard and hazel eyes, who is President of the Supreme Moslem Council and Grand Mufti of Jerusalem. As such, he is technically a British as well as an Arab official, and is in receipt of a salary from his Britannic Majesty's Exchequer. Both his jobs under present ruling he holds for life. The Jews consider him the villain in the piece; the Commission, however, exonerated him.

The Mufti was condemned to five years' imprisonment in 1920 by the British for complicity in the Jaffa riots; he fled, however, and was not captured. Then Sir Herbert Samuel, wisely devoted to a policy of conciliation, decided to pardon him; he announced the pardon at a great public meeting in Amman, capital of Transjordania.

"Let Amin El-Husseini come to Jerusalem; he will not be molested; we have pardoned him," Sir Herbert said.

There was a movement in the crowd and, to the amazement of the British, El-Husseini appeared, lifted on the shoulders of the Arabs. He had been hiding—in a good place!

## III

Now there is a third great factor to the Palestine problem, greater than either Arab or Jewish—the British.

It is the British after all who have the really thankless job; they hold the bag and they can't let it go, for a reason.

The importance of Palestine to the British Empire in the sphere of imperial communications is profound. For five thousand years Palestine has been an umbilical link between East and West and a cross-roads of conquest and trade by which Africa, Asia, and Europe joined. It still is. When the British government traded Zionism for acetone a certain idealism underwrote the transfer. But it is undeniable what an immense practical convenience Zionism has become.

The British have offered a treaty to Egypt which may shortly curtail British control there. They have promised to withdraw from 'Iraq in 1932. But no one has suggested that they are going to withdraw from India. When Cairo is evacuated, Palestine remains an essential base for British protection of the Suez Canel zone, and with it the crucial line of imperial communications, Gibraltar-Malta-Port-Said-Bombay. Additionally, Palestine is inevitably an essential link in any British overland or aerial route to Bagdad and the Persian gulf. Where are the India mail planes to rest save at Gaza and Amman? And where is the oil of Mosul to reach the sea—except in Palestine? Thus Haifa harbor is being rebuilt, and a great pipe line laid through Palestine from Bagdad to the sea.

Zionism is so important because it legalizes the British position in Palestine. In Egypt, in 'Iraq, in India protests and insurrections against British control derive essentially from doubt of the British right of occupation. In Palestine this doubt does not exist. By virtue of its official commitments under the Balfour Declaration and the Palestine Mandate, Britain is *obliged* to remain in Palestine. Zionism not only serves to give the British an anchor in the Middle East, it makes that anchor moral.

For these reasons, among others, the Balfour Declaration cannot possibly be withdrawn, or even seriously modified. The British job is simply to make it work. The ineptitude of the local administration, however, granting all the difficulties, is hard to understand. The British officials are pretty well whitewashed by the 1929 Commission; even so, criticism from other sources is severe. The White Paper of November, 1928, defining the *status quo* of the Wailing Wall, for instance, was never put into effect.

Another matter is that of the garrison. A strong force was kept in Palestine during the first unsettled years after the War; it was reduced under Sir Herbert Samuel and in 1926 was almost entirely withdrawn, mainly at the injunction of Lord Plumer, then the High Commissioner. To disband the garrison saved money for the British taxpayer, and out it went. Part of the force, it is true, simply marched across the Jordan, there to form the Transjordan Frontier Force, but in Palestine itself remained only a smattering of police.

Another curious item proved unlucky. However unfortunate it was in any case that the 1929 riots should occur, it was doubly unfortunate that they occurred in the middle of an English week-end. When the trouble began the High Commissioner was absent from Jerusalem on leave. So was one of his senior assistants. So was the commandant of police for Palestine. So was the district superintendent of police for the Jerusalem area. So was the chief British representative in Transjordan. So was the commander of the Transjordan Defense Force. And so was the deputy district commissioner who succeeded to the job of governor of Jerusalem.

Since the importance of Zionism to the British Empire is clear, and the sincerity of British pledges to Jewry have been repeatedly proclaimed, why cannot a

way be found from the dilemma in clear and unconditional Zionist advocacy? Why not escape the equivocation of the Balfour Declaration by resolute reinforcement of the Zionist case? Why have the Arabs been so "coddled"—whereas Egyptians and Hindus are seldom coddled?

The reason adds a final item to the British aspect of the Palestine dilemma. It is that Great Britain is the greatest Moslem power on earth. Something more than 100,000,000 Moslems live under the British flag; most of them are uneasy, and all of them respond at once to any slightest ripple on the Moslem ocean. For the sake of a few Jews in Palestine the British cannot possibly afford to sacrifice the good will of millions of Moslems in Arabia, in 'Iraq, in India.

Palestine, indeed, is not only itself an Arab country; it is surrounded by Arab countries—Syria, Transjordan, Egypt, Hedjaz. In all of them, anti-Zionist agitation took place complementary to the Palestine disturbances. As far back as 1925, Lord Balfour was in danger when he visited Damascus; Sir Alfred Mond in Bagdad in 1928 had an uncomfortable time. The British did not fear revolt in Palestine in August–September, 1921, so much as *jehad* (holy war) in Britannic Islam. The holy war did not come. Probably it never will come. But it is uncomfortable to note what embers have already been brought to an easily inflammable situation.

Thus the equivocation of the Balfour Declaration was from the beginning inevitable; by the nature of the case, British policy in Palestine was deliberately condemned at outset to ambiguity. The Balfour Declaration cannot be really enforced to encourage Zionist aims; just as certainly it cannot be dismissed. All of which makes it more than ordinarily difficult to comprehend that the British "army" in Palestine at the time of the riots numbered exactly 142 men.

## IV

The general direction of the persistently mounting dissatisfaction was first of Arabs against Zionists, then of Zionists against British. In this oblique form passion was confused, but grew to clarity. The Jewish attitude to the Arabs was contemptuous, but in the beginning was hardly of direct hostility. But the Zionist grievances against the British rose apace, and were expressed freely and bitterly. Here is how Mr. William Zukerman, a Zionist journalist,* outlines them:

1. The British land policy. This policy has been to distribute whatever free common land there was in Palestine to Arabs only. The Jews have not received an inch of free land for colonization purposes. (Art. 6 of the Mandate promises "close settlement" of the Jews on the land.)

2. The immigration policy. Jewish immigration into Palestine is restricted more than into the United States under the quota.

3. Unequal taxation, under which the Jews pay practically all the taxes of the country.

4. Failure of the administration to employ Jews in public works in Palestine.

5. Failure of the Palestine administration to subsidize sufficiently the Jewish educational and health institutions.

6. Failure to engage Jews proportionately in the police and in the military defense of the country.

7. Above all, the supercilious, snobbish, and even downright anti-Semitic treatment which the Jewish population received from the British officials of Palestine administration.

Thus the Jews charge, in effect, not only that the Balfour Declaration is being "whittled down" but that it is being forgotten. Vladimir Jabotinsky, leader of the Zionist revisionists, complains that the fact Jews breathe in Palestine will soon be classed as "provocation." This is unfortunately almost true, Palestine being an Arab country. And a Jew has cynically suggested to me that it is the intention of the British to "enforce" the Balfour Declaration—until the last Jew leaves Palestine.

*In the *Nation*, Oct. 16, 1929.

Meantime some supernatural agency seemed to precipitate disaster on the struggling Zionists. First came a cattle plague, then an earthquake, then a serious invasion of locusts. But the main cause of the critical economic crisis which followed was the unwarrantably heavy Jewish immigration in 1925 and 1926. As a result there were 8,440 Jews out of work in 1927, with dependents running up to 30,000; they had to live on a dole of $2.50 per week, all that the Zionist organization could afford. Building activity dropped, especially at Tel-Aviv; hundreds of small shopkeepers went out of business; newly born petty industries had to shut down.

The obvious remedial measure was to cut down immigration, and this was done; the Jews consider it a grievance that immigration is restricted, but if it were free Zionism might very well have starved. During the crisis emigration of Jews from Palestine began in alarming numbers. Since 1927, in fact, hardly more Jews have entered Palestine than have left it, although Zionist officials say that "mass emigration" is now checked. Here are the disconcerting figures:

| *Year* | *Immigration of Jews* | *Emigration of Jews* |
|---|---|---|
| 1925 | 33,801 | 2,151 |
| 1926 | 13,081 | 7,365 |
| 1927 | 2,713 | 5,071 |
| 1928 | 2,178 | 2,168 |
| 1929 (Jan.–March) | zero | 448 |

Slowly and dishearteningly, moreover, it became clear that the experiment as a whole was not paying its own way. On account of the various autonomous and pseudo-autonomous organizations involved in Zionist finance, it is extremely difficult to see the economics of the venture in the large; but it is clear that few of the new colonies are self-supporting. Zionism survives practically by virtue of a widely expressed but essentially miscellaneous philanthropy.

Had not the riots broken out in August, 1929, that month might have been celebrated by all Zionists henceforward as the anniversary of a strikingly fortunate event. For in August, 1929, the United Jewish Agency was formed during the deliberations of the Zionist congress at Zurich. Not all Jews, as I have said, are Zionists. Not even all Jews in Palestine are Zionists. The students in the great rabbinical colleges of Safad and Hebron, who bore the brunt of the massacres, and the old settlers in the Rothschild colonies, who hire Arab labor, all stood aloof from political Zionism.

The creation of the new Jewish Agency to unite world Jewry in support of Zionism was, and is, of great importance. The Agency is composed half of non-Zionists, who henceforth promise support to "Jewish" work in Palestine. But the constitution of the enlarged Agency at Zurich to this end had two excessively unfortunate results. First, it caused the absence from Jerusalem of the responsible Zionist officials stationed there; and had they been at hand to prevent the Jewish demonstration at the Wailing Wall on August 15, the riots might not have occurred. Second, the formation of the Agency was a direct factor contributing to the riots, because it incited outbursts of chauvinism by Jews in Palestine, and this led to Arab retaliation.

Then finally to the confusion and suspicion and tension of the whole situation was gradually but inevitably added the explosive force of a fierce religious crisis.

## V

This crisis had been brewing a long time in the hot, fervid atmosphere of old Jerusalem. The whole religious issue was, in fact, absolutely fundamental, and it absorbed before long rational disagreements in political and economic fields, so that the disagreements became matters of hysteria and fanaticism. To this was contributed the extraordinary sensitiveness to any religious dispute which

distinguishes Jerusalem. Imagine one's astonishment, for instance, to discover an Arab policeman on guard in the Church of the Nativity itself, in order to preserve peace among the five different Christian sects who have chapels at Bethlehem. The tension between Arabs and Jews was many more times more intense. It reached a natural and inevitable climax at the Wailing Wall, the Holy Place in Jerusalem which both Jew and Arab claim.

The Wailing Wall is a colossal block of masonry in the old city of Jerusalem supposed to represent the last vestige of the ancient Jewish Temple. Thus it is a symbol of Jewish glory, an intimation of Jewish dreams, and a pathetic reminder of the Jewish past. But that it is a survival of the Temple of Solomon is a myth. Not a trace of the Temple of Solomon anywhere remains. The Wailing Wall does stand, however, on Mt. Moriah, where the Temple once stood, and a few stones in the lower courses of its masonry do date back to Herodian times. The Wall has, naturally, a profound reverential significance for Orthodox Jews, as well as an emotional significance few of any sort can ignore; for generations Jews have assembled there, weeping, wailing, lamenting:

*Reader:* Because of the palace which is deserted—
*People:* We sit alone and weep.
*Reader:* Because of the Temple which is destroyed,
Because of the walls which are broken down,
Because of our majesty which is departed,
Because of the precious stones of the Temple ground to powder,
Because of our priests who have erred and gone astray,
Because of our kings who have contemned God,
*People:* We sit alone and weep.

But there is a terrific point to explain. The Wailing Wall is sacred not only to Jew, but to Arab also. It forms, in fact, the actual western wall of the Haram-es-Sharif, the Moslem holy enclosure in which stand the so-called Mosque of Omar and the Mosque el-Aqsa. The Haram-es-Sharif is not only one of the loveliest concentrations of architecture in the world; for 1,300 years it has been a concentration of the Arab spirit, so august that only Mecca and Medina outrank it as the holiest shrines in Islam. And of it the Wailing Wall is an integral part.

In old Jerusalem architecture combines so plastically with legend, stone by stone and myth by myth, that almost every Holy Place is the seat of several rival associations. Thus the rock in the Mosque of Omar is supposed to be the altar from which Abraham proposed to sacrifice Isaac; but it is also the spot from which Mohammed is believed to have ascended from earth to heaven. Moreover, the Wailing Wall itself is an Arab shrine, since it stands atop the Mosque El-Buraq, where Mohammed tethered his famous horse before the ascent.

Remote as these details are, they are of enormous significance both to Arabs and Jews; and they are enforced by something much more tangible. The Wailing Wall, the pavement in front of it (where the Jews stand), the structures behind it and adjoining it, and the houses above it, are, and for generations have been, indisputable Moslem property. This fact is legally absolute. The Jews, in fact, offered to buy the Wall, a few years ago, offering $400,000 for it, but the Arabs, after haggling over the price, refused to sell. The Arab property rights are vested in the Abu Madian *waqf*. A *waqf* is a Moslem foundation, holding property for religious and charitable purposes. Both the absolute legal right of the Arabs to the property and the pious nature of the trust in charge of it are reiterated by every competent authority.

These details seem complicated and perhaps obscure, but they are essential points to understand. From incidents at the Wailing Wall to the outbreak of the riots in 1929 is a direct sequence.

One reads the Report of the Commission almost aghast at the bitterness of racial feeling evolving step by step from outwardly trivial events. In the large they may be summarized in three sentences. The Wailing Wall was the pretext and scene of direct Zionist religio-political demonstrations. Retaliation by hysterically inflamed Arabs followed. In each case, Zionist provocation came first.

The Wailing Wall became a specific occasion of tension in September, 1925, and of actual disorder in September, 1928. From early times the Jews had had indisputable right of access to the Wall for purposes of lamentation and prayer. No one ever thought to interfere with this right until Jews not only came to pray, but brought with them mats, benches, chairs, a screen, and other appurtenances of prayer. Presence of such appurtenances transformed the Wall into a synagogue, an intolerable affront to Islam. In September, 1928, a British police officer forcibly removed the screen brought by the Jews; feeling was so high a riot followed.

The British authorities were forced to issue a ruling taking the form of a White Paper establishing the Jewish right of access to the Wall for purposes of prayer, but denying them anything else beyond what the Turks had permitted. Both parties were to observe the Turkish *status quo.* But the ruling was not rigorously enforced: each side insists that the other violated it.

The Arabs, for instance, began building operations (on what was certainly their own property), but which according to the Jews served to transform the pavement before the Wall into an indirect passageway, where Arabs promenaded at times of Jewish prayer. British legal authority expressed all the way from London insisted the Arabs were within their rights, and had not disturbed the *status quo;* the Arabs proceeded to build.

Zionist indignation grew, violently expressed. The Zurich conference protested bitterly to London. Tension reached such a dangerous point that Zionist officials in Jerusalem warned the conference by telegraph that the extreme Zionists must be restrained on the subject of the Wall, else there would be "revolt and insubordination." The Wall became the fierce glowing core of the whole controversy. Even atheistic Jews who had previously regarded the Wall as a worthless pile of stones in "a dirty Arab alley" joined to demand militant measures.

They came soon enough. August 15, 1929, was the day of Tisha B'Av, the feast of the Destruction of the Temple. A number of Jewish youths, stalwart and militant *haluzim,* marched through the city and, in violation of British orders and despite Zionist attempts to keep the peace, raised the Zionist flag at the Wall, made political speeches, and sang the Hatikvah, the Jewish national anthem—all of this exactly comparable to advancing to an annoyed and ravenous lion and sticking one's head inside his mouth.

The next day Arab retaliation began. One of the dangers to security in Palestine is an everlasting overlapping of Jewish, Moslem, Gregorian, and Julian holidays. The day after the 15th was the eve of the Prophet's birthday, when thousands of Arabs normally swarmed into the Haram area. They were restrained. During the week following, agitators told them of Zionist designs on the Holy Places; credulous villagers heard wild rumors that the Mosque of Omar had been bombed. On the 23rd the storm broke.

Magnificent work by British police prevented a revolution; but by the time the troops from Malta and Egypt had restored order 133 Jews, including 8 Americans, had been murdered; arson, rapine, pillage had fired its way over the country; public security in Palestine was set back twenty years; and the Zionist experiment all but disappeared, in blood and smoke.

## VI

I have told the story of the riots with an attempt at chronology and in such

detail because they represent apparently permanent characteristics of the situation. An amazing discovery I made in Jerusalem is that Zionists do not mind murder. They apparently accept the possibility of further murder. The Jews have been massacred by the best people in history for centuries, and Arab pogroms are hardly big-time stuff. I exactly paraphrase a Jew with this remark.

In other words, Zionism is to go on, come what may. In discussion with Zionists shortly after the outbreak I mentioned the certain necessity hereafter of a permanent British garrison, to protect the colonies. I was told, "The British will protect us or we will protect ourselves; it hardly matters which." The irrevocable fervor of Arab hostility is taken almost for granted. For Jews there is no solution, not even death.

The Report of the 1929 Commission certainly does not express this view, but indirectly it includes it. Since this Report presumably will condition future British policy in Palestine, if indeed it does not actually determine it, I must, to make my story complete, insert a brief summary of its conclusions.

The outbreak was not premeditated, the Report says; it neither was nor was intended to be a revolt against British authority in Palestine; it was from the beginning an attack by Arabs on Jews for which no excuse in the form of earlier murder by Jews was established. But the Grand Mufti is cleared of any direct provocation, as is the Arab Executive. "The complaint that the Palestine government has consistently shown a lack of sympathy toward the establishment of a Jewish National Home and that their policy is one of weakness is, in large measure, due to the difficulties inherent in the Mandate."

Zionist policy is severely criticized. "While Jewish immigration has conferred material benefits in Palestine in which the Arab people share, it is clear that claims and demands of Zionism have been such as to arouse Arab apprehension that they will in time be deprived of their livelihood and pass under the political domination of the Jews." There is, the Report says, incontestable evidence that the Zionist organization has seriously departed from the accepted doctrine that immigration should be regulated by the economic absorbing power of the country.

The land situation is acute, according to the Report. A landless and discontented class has been created by evictions of Arabs without provision of other land for their occupation. The Report does not note that in many cases Arab landowners sold land to the Jews at an excellent price, and have ever since complained that the Jews bought it.

During the course of this article I have kept fairly close to the opinion of the Commission as to the causes of the outbreak. The fundamental one, already given, is Arab fear that the country is being taken from them. As to conclusions, the Report suggests the basic necessity of a new statement of policy by the British government, that will clearly safeguard the rights and position of the *non-Jewish* communities in Palestine.

Naturally the Zionists have resented this Report even as the Arabs acclaim it. Neutral observers fall in the middle, appreciating the excessive difficulties of forthright recommendation, regretting, inasmuch as Zionism is to go on, that no definite ameliorative suggestions are forthcoming. Perhaps such suggestions are impossible. But Mr. Snell, the Labor member of the Commission, although he signed the Report, added a disclaimer strongly advocating practical compromise.

His plea is mostly for conciliation. The difficulties, he thinks, are not absolutely insoluble. The Jews, he says in effect, are going to stay: an inward fire impossible of extinction brought them there; it will keep them there. Resented, attacked, murdered, they will yet stay. So the political tenets of

Zionism must be modified, and Arab fanaticism controlled. The Jew and Arab are not fundamentally enemies: they must be taught not to gobble each other alive. Both Jew and Arab face adjustments of almost incredible difficulty to this end. But the attempt ought to be made, else Palestine may very well slide into the sea.

## VII

God promised Zionism to Moses, and Balfour promised it to Weizmann; and all four have failed to make it work. At the moment conciliation seems indeed millennial. Perhaps chiefly for this reason action is necessary at once. Something must be done. But what?

For qualities of pure dilemma the Palestine situation is unrivalled. Let me recapitulate. Zionism is an emotional necessity to certain Jews; but it is an economic and political failure. Arab hostility to Zionism is lamentable; but it cannot be erased. The British cannot recant their pledges; but to maintain them means difficulty, tension, bloodshed.

Three fundamental conclusions are, however, reasonably clear. Ambiguous as it is, the Balfour Declaration cannot and will not be withdrawn. Coterminously, friction between Jew and Arab seems inevitable. Derivatively, a British garrison must remain in Palestine.

A garrison is not conciliatory, and it is not millennial; but it is necessary just the same. Inexorable facts for which Jews as well as Arabs are responsible have created difficulties that are greater than ideals. Two great international nationalities meet at murder-point in Zionism. It is the thankless lot of the British to have to temper this extremity. Thus to-day from one end of the Holy Land to the other the silhouette of steel helmet and bayonet is added to that of cyclamen and cedar. Henceforward—perhaps until Mohammed meets the dead atop the Rock of Abraham—Zionism rests in Palestine on British bayonets.

# THE CANADIAN OASIS

BY LESLIE ROBERTS

OVER the ribbons of asphalt which farsighted Provincial Governments have put down between liquor store and liquor store, shop-new Packards from Delaware vie with fourth-hand Fords from New Jersey in the race to reach journey's end before closing time. Gentlemen whose hatbands proclaim them Proud Boosters of Mason City, Iowa, carry bottles of Scotch out to their cars from the vendors' portals, returning to acquire gin, rye, or Bourbon. Ladies in golf trousers and horn-rimmed glasses pilot their mates through the whirligig doors which lead to breakfast in Child's. Straight-haired schoolma'ams from Columbus sip sparkling Burgundy out of thin-stemmed glasses in the Chateau Frontenac, each seeing herself, no doubt, in the seductive half-light of a synthetic old-world grill room, as the reincarnation of Du Barry or of Ninon de l'Enclos. Serious-minded folk rush through town and countryside at a pace of two hundred miles a day in their haste to assimilate a nation's folklore and, on discovering that a roadside shrine of more than passing quaintness is not mentioned in the guide book, dismiss its grass-cushioned crucifix with a wave of the hand and pass on. Through White Mountains, Green Mountains, and Adirondacks the multi-cylindered juggernaut is rolling north. Across Minnesota prairies and through the precipitous passes of the Pacific Northwest the Packards and Fords ride hell-bent-for-holiday. The great seeing-Canada season is on.

The American tourist during the past decade has assumed the status and dignity of a major industry in the northern Dominion, competing with agriculture and mineral development as a provider of wealth to the industrious native. The industry is stable and has a staple commodity to sell. Unlike the business of growing wheat, the task of catering to visiting firemen from Utica and Grand Rapids creates no price-control pools to capitalize, nor is there the bogey of overproduction to face; unlike the mine-maker, the gentleman who extracts his living from the tourist has no intricate problems of geology to ponder and no elements of wildcat speculation to defeat. The desire to step-into-the-old-bus and see things abounds in the United States; Canada has good roads, comfortable hotels, guide books, a bottle for the thirsty voyager, and a keenly developed sense of the commercial value of the traveler's pocketbook. Canada has cities with American plumbing and European charm, hotels with liveried bellhops and licenses to purvey beer and wine with meals, rubberneck wagons and megaphone-shouters for those who like their folklore served *table d'hôte;* the United States has automobiles, travelers' checks, and the wanderlust. Canada has accessibility, comfort, and the prevalent human willingness to exchange services for cash. Hence the tourist traffic.

As an industry it is immensely profitable to Canada; as a diversion it seems to provide infinite enjoyment to the hordes of visiting Americans; but as a contrivance for bringing about better mutual understanding between the individual American and the individual

Canadian it does not exist, despite convention orators and the political haranguers.

What the American tourist actually sees is a Little America fashioned to meet his tastes within the borders of Canada, with side glimpses into some of the more unusual customs of Canadian life as he rushes past. The real Canada remains in the background, unseen; only the surface manifestations are visible. The real American hastening along, remains a stranger to his host. But of this more later. Let us consider the commercial magnificence of the tourist structure.

## II

In 1928 alone—the last season for which complete statistics are available—more than $250,000,000 passed into Canadian coffers from the pockets of American travelers north of the forty-ninth parallel. In the nine years which ended with the whoopee parties of December thirty-first, 1928, the neat sum of $1,402,604,000 was spent in good, hard cash by visitors from the United States. The following figures are offered by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics as evidence of the growth of the industry:

| | |
|---|---|
| 1920 | $83,734,000 |
| 1921 | 86,394,000 |
| 1922 | 91,686,000 |
| 1923 | 130,977,000 |
| 1924 | 158,876,000 |
| 1925 | 177,882,000 |
| 1926 | 186,791,000 |
| 1927 | 215,763,000 |
| 1928 | 250,501,000 |

There has been, as you can see, a steady up-swing in the returns. The tourist industry since the passing of the Eighteenth Amendment has always been a booming business, prosperous no matter what the condition of crops and the state of the metal market might be. To what new heights the gate receipts have soared in 1930, since a hundred thousand Mystic Shriners and two hundred thousand wives, friends, and relations suspended the normal functions of Toronto and its environs for the space of three days, no one can imagine. Already the semi-pro estimators see at least another hundred millions in sight.

The motor car, prohibition, and Canada's easy access must be credited as the bases for the growth of trade, while the enterprise of the Canadian go-getter and his constant ballyhoo must be considered as contributory causes. Even hard times in the United States react to Canada's favor, as those who must forego wanderings farther afield when stock market levels are low see in a visit to Canada an opportunity to embrace the pleasures of a jaunt through Europe at infinitely lower cost. Though prohibition has had much to do with the success of the industry indirectly, there is surprisingly little drunkenness among American visitors.

Prohibition can be best described as the invisible factor in building up and maintaining the tourist traffic in Canada. No doubt there are visitors who conspire to join in the conclave of serious and scientific drinking, but these are the few and not the many among the tourist army. Rather does the automobile traveler, after making comparisons with the costs and attractions of a domestic holiday, allow his curiosity to sample legitimate drinking to turn his decision in favor of a Canadian vacation.

Officially, at least, Canada takes no cognizance of government-sanctioned liquor as a factor in the success of the tourist trade. On the contrary, in the documents of the statistician, thanks are given to nature, to ancient landmarks, and to the lure of Old Quebec. In proof of this alcoholic modesty I commend to your consideration the words of Mr. R. H. Coats, B.A., F.R.S. (Hon.), F.R.S.C., the Dominion Statistician, culled from the Canadian Government's Report on Tourist Trade for 1928:

> Canada's great natural assets—her picturesque scenery, the diversity of lake, forest, and river, the many large districts still remaining in their natural state, the healthful and invigorating climate, the

charm of the Canadian winter and its distinctive sports, the old-world lure of French Canada—attract tourists in ever increasing numbers. The presence on our southern border of the United States with its dense population possessing in a high degree the leisure and the means to travel, the ease of communication between the two countries, the large automobile population, the relative cheapness of an automobile holiday in Canada for the average family, the close interlocking of business interests between the two countries, result in a very large travel over the border.

But though official statistics may abjure all reference to the vulgar thought that the item of stimulants has anything to do with the American tourist trade in Canada, there is at least one politician in the Dominion who has no dislike for frankness. Says the Honorable L. A. Taschereau, K.C., M.L.A., Prime Minister of the Province of Quebec:

> The people of Quebec still drink spirits, particularly in winter, thanks to the rigors of our climate, but the great part of the liquor purchased and consumed in the Province of Quebec is bought by visitors from outside. In summer, when tourist traffic is at its peak, liquor sales are high but in winter, which is the season when the resident likes to lay in a bottle against the ravages of zero, liquor sales fall off tremendously. Our own people are turning to lighter drinks, particularly to wines, and are finding the solution to the problems of the past in moderation and temperance.

There is ample support of Mr. Taschereau's point of view. In the years when Quebec was the only eastern province which enjoyed Government control the lower Saint Lawrence Valley was the tourists' mecca, while dry Ontario was almost entirely disregarded by the motorist when he arranged his route. Adjacent to thickly populated regions of the United States, Ontario is the natural stopping place for the traveler who moves north across the Niagara Peninsula or through Detroit; but when Ontario was arid country the residents of these regions either did not venture into Canada at all or, if they came, rushed straight through the dry lands, Quebec-bound. Once Ontario moved into the wet column again, however, its towns and its countryside at once began to gain in popularity, so that nowadays the records of all other provinces fall behind in the matter of gate receipts from the American tourist. To-day lore-steeped Quebec, with its battlefields, citadels, shrines, and old-world populace, must play ignominious second fiddle to its more recently dampened neighbor, contenting herself with a paltry $45,915,000 in annual tourist revenue while Ontario's turnstiles click to the tune of $95,680,000 in cash receipts.

Proof exists, therefore, for the theory that the presence of alcoholic stimulants has much to do with the amazing uptrend of the trade in recent years. Equally is it true that the rank and file of visitors do not abuse the privileges which Canada extends, evidence of which statement is seen in the abnormally low percentage of accidents on Canadian highways, in the almost complete absence of arrests of Americans for driving while under the influence of liquor, and in the eye-testimony available in hotels, clubs and on the streets of Canadian cities when the tourist season is at its height. There is less inebriation *pro rata* in wet Montreal than there is in dry New York, despite the fact that the best customer of the Canadian Liquor Store is the holiday-making American visitor.

## III

The American tourist trade in Canada divides sharply into three classes: motorists, winter-sports enthusiasts, and the huntsman and fisherman. The automobile season, largest of the three divisions, begins with the disappearance of frost holes from the highways and is closely associated, chronologically, with the advent of the first robin. Reaching its peak towards the close of July, it maintains its zenith through the dog days of August and comes through the

downward arc during the cool weeks of September. Thereafter a Canadian citizen may be reasonably sure to find a room in almost any good hotel until the winter-sports battalions begin to arrive with the turn of the New Year. The hunting and fishing class is recruited principally from the ranks of the wealthy and comprises a body of sportsmen willing to pay the high fees exacted by the exclusive Fish and Game Clubs. The class is not large numerically, but makes up for its small proportions by spending hundred dollar bills instead of tens. Its members, by and large, are traveled Americans who know their way about. They do not stand agape on the curb, nor do the radiator caps of their cars flaunt miniature American flags to the alien breeze, nor pennants announcing the owner's pride in the fact that he comes from Omaha.

The motoring fraternity arrive in five-passenger cars, the freights of which include father, mother, Aunt Nellie, little George, and Baby Anna. Travel is conducted with as much discomfort as possible, every inch of leg-room in the rear spaces being surrendered to the demand for storage room, with a front-seat overflow sufficient to wedge father and mother into their places in the overlapping fashion of sardines in their cans. Those who drive eights frequent the Palace hotels. Sixes are parked outside caravansaries where slightly lower rates prevail. The owner of the humble four seeks his lodging behind the brownstone fronts in side streets, where two-dollar comfort is provided for five dollars a night. This is the great picture-post-card brotherhood, an inchoate body which speeds from point-of-interest to point-of-interest, strictly according to schedule, effecting departure from the moist and picturesque realms of the north in time to permit father to secure one good night's sleep before he returns to his job. Such caravans cover a large territory in the space of two weeks of holiday-making. Hurried visits are made to shrines and to cathedrals brown with weathered age. Roads which once resounded to the tread of the armies of England and France marching into battle unwind beneath the wheels of their cars. But such is the speed of their passage and so urgent their desire to prove to their eyes the statements made in guide books that they whisk through the Canadian scene and return whence they came without contact with Canada itself other than with such hardy members of the populace as derive their competences from selling something to the hastening visitor. Such touring provides eye-pictures of buildings and moves one rapidly through the roadside scene but fails entirely to bring the visitor into touch with the visited, to their mutual misfortune.

In the realm of winter sports certain novel schemes have been conceived of late, and there is being brought to the production stage what might be termed the Switzerland-on-the-American-Plan idea. For many years the city of Quebec has enjoyed a particularly profitable winter season, catering to an ever-growing horde of visitors who come to whirl down the toboggan chutes of Dufferin Terrace, to ride in horse-drawn sleighs, and to cheer competitors in the Dog Derby—the last a spectacle of less than passing interest to the average Canadian. Even in Montreal, where only the sketchiest sort of winter-sports organization existed, hotel lobbies have resounded to the cries of visitors in mackinaw coats, toques, and fur-backed mittens. It is only natural, therefore, that the jealous eye of the promoter, after looking upon these events, should seek afield for new attractions to offer for sale. Hence we find the beginnings of the Ritz-in-the-wilderness movement which sets up immense Palace hotels in the heart of virgin forest—or what is casually termed virgin forest—and invites the wealthy person to acquire a winter-sports wardrobe and have a good time next door to Mother Nature. At Murray Bay, eighty miles down river from Quebec, for example, two million

dollars have been expended in rebuilding the fire-swept Manoir Richelieu and to create what the advertising agents would call a Winter Sports Paradise. Huge open-air rinks, ski-jumps of championship quality, and a bob-sleigh run longer than the famous Cresta in Switzerland offer mute testimony to the tourist's taste for all the trimmings when he ventures abroad in search of fun. Actually, it would be difficult to find more enchanting countryside and more favorable ground for the carrying out of winter-sports programs. That Canada should occupy the relationship to New York and Washington which the Alpine resorts do to London and Paris is entirely logical.

But there is no end, apparently, to the magnificence of schemes devised to sell new amusements to the pleasure-hunting United States, so that we discover an even newer paradise under course of construction in another corner of the province, hard by Montreal. Here the adventuring backwoodsman from Forty-second Street may acquire his plot of virgin timberland on the history-golden acres of a seigneurial estate, where the promoters will build to his order a wilderness log cabin, complete with tiled bathroom and every modern convenience. Elsewhere on the property a completely modern hotel is going up, constructed on rustic lines, where Broadway menus will be offered while imported orchestras bang out dance music for the delectation of hardy pioneers who remembered to bring their dinner jackets. Ski championships, skating, tobogganing, and bob-sleighing provide amusement during the frosty months, while the warmer season finds lakes well stocked with fish for those who like to drink their whiskey while wearing rubber boots. Here you have the perfect American-catching tourist plan, an all-year holiday headquarters which brings the so-called virgin wilderness to the steps of the pullman car and the running board of the tourist's sedan. What does it matter if the wilderness is synthetic so long as a good time is had by all?

No consideration of this great industry would be complete without a brief examination of the go-getter salesman who makes it possible, and whose duty it is to uphold the banners of revenue in the between-seasons gaps when, without his aid, they might drag disconsolately. Nowadays every up-and-coming transportation company, hotel group, and civic-pride organization maintains these specialists, commissioned to ferret out impending human mass movements and bring them to town. The Canadian convention-and-tour salesman of to-day is a business-builder who need bow to no other member of the high pressure guild, for he it is who has draped nature, history, alcohol, and comfort-on-the-road in the alluring vestments which capture the potential visitor's fancy. Where in all the annals of salesmanship can you find anything to compare with the effort which resulted in bringing to Toronto the entire entourage of Mystic Shriners —nobles, wives, camels, horses, children and fez caps—which descended in June on that city and its environs, three hundred thousand strong, to the complete dislocation of urban affairs during the period of their stay? Here, surely, is the alpha and omega of all salesmanship, a city almost doubled in size overnight. Untold thousands were housed in pullman cars on freight tracks and in coach yards, dubbed for the occasion with the fantastic titles of Fez City and Temple Park. Barracks were opened everywhere. Tent towns flourished in the fields and in parks. Railway equipment utilized for the transport and storage of living freight alone represented an investment of one hundred and twelve million dollars. As an epic of mass discomfort there is nothing in the history of human movement, unless we consider the Great War, to compare with it. In this fashion has the apex of salesmanship been achieved. Fortunate, indeed, is the Canadian go-getter in his choice of neighbors, for to no race on earth but the

American people could such bizarre arrangements be sold!

## IV

Strange though it may seem, this great invisible export—for that is the term which the statisticians apply to the tourist trade—makes singularly little impression on the life of the average Canadian. Realizing that the main routes of traffic have been converted into a Little America for the duration of the season, the native contrives to seek out new holiday places away from the arteries of traffic, where he may hive among his own. To the visitor who has come for a hurried examination of an alien land he leaves such places of interest as the guide books insist should be seen and such places of amusement and shelter as visitors frequent. So, taken in tow by the professional purveyor of Canada's attractions, the American tourist races along his route according to plan, sips his wine and drinks his whiskey, pays far too much for almost everything he buys, speaks with a policeman or two, talks with a few waiters and hotel clerks, and goes his way convinced that he has learned almost everything there is to know of Canada and its customs, whereas, in fact, he has learned practically nothing. The Canadian, if anyone asks him, supposes that he is glad the tourists come along every year, but wishes their women wouldn't wear men's golf pants on the street and be quite so masterful in tone towards their male escorts in public places. The two elements, in short, do not mingle, and this contact of oil and water, if it does anything, creates impressions in the minds of each that are not true conceptions of the qualities of the other. One page, at least, the Canadian go-getter has torn from the American book: he has caught the American idea of mass production and has converted it to his own use in selling the surface charms of Canada to the visitor from Grand Rapids and Binghamton. In this light-hearted fashion is the American tourist enabled to acquire eye-information, instead of the first-hand knowledge of a people which can only come from leisurely progress through the byways and backwaters of a country's life.

# SAPHEAD

A STORY

BY M. C. BLACKMAN

I'M TELLING you, Charlie, you'd a laughed yourself sick if you could a seen that young saphead they sent down here one night while you was gone. Long as I been on the force—fourteen years next May—I never saw no such animal as that claiming to be a reporter. He was a scream from start to finish, and the finish was too close to the start to suit me, on account of I was getting a kick out of him, even if he did try to mess us up.

You see, Joe was working in your place, but Joe got sick. It was a hangover, I guess, because the night before he was chasing to the can every fifteen minutes to pull on a bottle he swiped on a raid out in the West End, and about midnight he got so oiled up the Chief thought he was going to have to send him home in the wagon. Anyway, Joe didn't show up for work next day. They must have been short-handed, or something, because they sent this young saphead down here to do police. Way I heard it, he was just out of some college up north and blew into your office and got a job. It being Sunday and not much doing, old Bill Davis sent him down here. I guess he knew he could count on us to see that the paper didn't miss out on anything big. Oh, we look out for you boys, Charlie, and you know it. I ain't denying you do us a good turn now and then, but hell's bells, that's the way the police and newspapermen oughta work together, ain't it?

Well, this young feller come in just after the three-to-eleven watch went on.

"Good afternoon, gentlemen," he says, very polite, stopping outside the cage there. We said hello, and Hank got up to wait on him, thinking he was some guy with a traffic tag or something.

"My name," says this bird, "is Frederick Hughes, and I have just been employed by the *Times*. I was assigned to cover the police run to-day."

"Hell," said Hank. "I thought you was a citizen and a taxpayer."

"I beg your pardon?" this chap says, just like that.

"Don't mention it," says Hank. "What's the matter with Joe?"

He looked kind of blank and then he said, "Oh, he's the man I'm replacing, isn't he? I understand he is sick."

We had a laugh at that. "Yeah," I says, "I bet he's nursing a head as big as a ashcan and has swore off again."

He couldn't figure out what we was laughing at or what I was talking about, and we didn't bother to explain.

Hank says, "Well, come on in, Freddie, and help yourself to whatever you see. There's the bulletins and there's the docket, and if you get stuck, ask the sergeant there. He's used to fool questions from you guys."

"Yeah," I says, "and don't forget to say 'according to Sergeant Johnson' when you write something you know is a damn' lie." 'Course I was just kidding, Charlie; you guys do pretty good most of the time.

Freddie give a grin at that and says, "You've been misquoted by the press, I presume."

"Well," I says, "we'll call it that."

He come around behind the counter then and started looking over the docket and the bulletins. He wasn't a bad-looking young feller all told, but he was sort of pale, and his eyes was real serious and thoughtful. The way he looked at you, you could tell he was sizing you up, but he didn't let on what he thought. It sort of made you wonder what he really did think about you. All in all, he just didn't look like no newspaperman we ever saw, and it didn't take us long to find out he didn't act like one.

"Listen," Hank says to him, "I'm going to tell you the same as I tell all you guys. Lay off them bottles under the counter there. It's evidence in them bottles, and we been bawled out by the judge a couple of times too many on account of lost evidence."

Remember, Charlie, that time you swiped a coupla them bottles and I followed you up to the office and got 'em back? They was empty by that time, but we filled 'em again from another batch. You oughtn't—but, never mind. I'm getting away from this guy Hughes.

He looked at Hank and says, "If it's liquor, it's safe from me. I don't drink."

"My God!" says me and Hank at the same time. "He's a newspaperman and he don't drink."

He looked at us kind of funny for a minute and then made some crack about the "gentlemen of the press" which I didn't get. He started asking questions then about the arrests on the docket, and the bulletin reports. We could tell he was green; so we give him some tips about the kind of stuff you and Joe write up. He made some notes and says thank you, and goes out. We don't see him no more until after supper.

When he come back after supper things had began to pick up a bit. You know how it is on Sunday night: speeders, and drunks, and nigger crap shooters, and four-sixteen cases. Lot of little cases which keep us hopping sometimes, but you all don't pay no attention to 'em, on account of they ain't any news to 'em.

Well, this Freddie person sat down over there in the corner and took it all in with them serious eyes of his. He had sharp eyes and ears, and they wasn't much went on he didn't see and hear. But no matter how funny some of the things was—and you know what a laugh some of these niggers are—he never cracked a smile, but just looked on solemn, like he was learning every word was said by heart.

He never said anything for a hour or so, and then he cut loose like he had gone nuts all of a sudden. It was when Bud Harmon brought in old Big-to-do for being drunk. You know how Big-to-do is; they ain't a better nigger in town when he's sober, but when he's drunk, he needs handling. When Bud and Hank started to take him downstairs he give Bud some short talk, and Bud banged him one in the mouth. With his fist, mind you. Bud never will learn to hit a nigger with his blackjack; he gets all hot and mad, and is always bunging up his fist on some nigger's head.

Well, Bud packs a wallop, you know, and when he hit Big-to-do he went down like a tree a-falling. Bud kicks him a coupla times for good measure, and they drug him off downstairs. He was bleeding some, but he wasn't hurt. You couldn't hurt Big-to-do with a sledge.

Anyway, this young chap, Freddie, turned white like a ghost and shook all over. And when they come back upstairs, he jumped up and went over and shook his finger at Bud. He called him a coward and a beast and said—I forget exactly what it was, but it went like this, "That was an unwarnted piece of brutality. You had no excuse whatever for abusing him like that."

Bud was still kind of hot, and he looks at this guy and says, "What'd you expect me to do? Kiss him?"

"You wouldn't dare treat a white man like that," young Freddie raves.

"Say, who the hell are you, any-

way?" Bud asks. He come over to me. "Who's this nigger lover?" he wants to know.

Hank took Bud off and explained things to him, while I calmed the young squirt down. "Don't get all excited over nothing," I told him. "That coon wasn't hurt none. You couldn't hurt him with nothing short of a double-bit axe."

"It's not that," he says. "The officer took advantage of a defenseless, drunken negro simply because he was a negro. What he said to the officer was not insulting, and even if it had been, he was drunk and not responsible."

I forget what it was Big-to-do said to Bud. It wasn't much of anything; it was just the way he said it made Bud mad. You know, short and sulky, like he was thinking a lot more'n he said. Anyway, this Freddie railed on a coupla minutes, harping on it being a nigger and not a white man the reason Bud did it.

"You must be from up North, ain't you, Buddy?" I asked him.

"What if I am?" he says.

"It's just that you don't understand niggers and the way we got to handle 'em sometimes," I told him. "You'll get used to it in time if you stick around here."

"Not as long as I remain civilized," he comes back. I got to thinking over that crack later and figured out he just as good as said we ain't civilized. But I didn't pay no attention then, because I was getting kind of tired of all this to-do over nothing. So I says:

"Well, that's the way we do things down here, and if you want to get along with us, you'd better pipe down. You won't get no place calling the boys cowards and other names."

"Perhaps you are right," he says.

"I know I'm right," I says. "I'm just telling you."

He calmed down then and took things easy for a while. But he watched everything that went on, and every now and then he'd ask me some questions. Like when a couple of the riders brought in half a dozen niggers for shooting craps. They was a white man with 'em, some mechanic that worked in the shop where they was shooting in the back end. We took five bucks bond apiece from the niggers—them that had it—and ten from the white man, like we always do. Young Freddie noticed that.

"Why do you require different bonds for the same offense?" he wanted to know.

"Niggers just naturally can't help shooting craps," I told him, "and white men are supposed to know better. So we stick white men more."

"I see," he says. "The same law with different applications. Working to the advantage of the black citizen this time." That's what he said—"black citizen."

Another time we had a nigger and his gal on a four-sixteen charge, and this goofy reporter come up with some more questions while they was making bonds of ten bucks each.

"What bond would be required of a white couple for this offense?" he asked.

I told him twenty-five bucks. Then he wanted to know where the nigger couple was arrested.

"Oh, she's been laying up with him for some time," I says. "I don't know if it was his place or hers."

When they left he followed 'em out in the hall, and I heard him ask how long they'd been living together. The boy told him it was about a year, so then he asked them why they hadn't got married. The gal said they just hadn't got around to getting their papers yet but she guessed they would to-morrow because the papers would be cheaper than having the law on 'em.

I wondered what the hell difference all that made to Freddie; he couldn't make no story out of a coupla niggers on a four-sixteen case. You and Joe never paid no attention to stuff like that. But this guy seemed to have gone nuts on the subject of niggers.

I was getting kind of a kick out of the

way he was acting; he was so serious and all. So when there come a call for the wagon over in the Bottoms, I asked him did he want to go along. Hank was on the 'phones, and Ed was downstairs; so they was nobody to ride the wagon but me. I thought maybe he'd see something else to get all hot and bothered over. He said yes, he'd like to go along with me.

Scotty didn't say when he 'phoned in, but I figured from the address it must be old Mary's place they'd raided, and, sure enough, it was. We turned off the Drive, drove down some of those nigger quarter side-streets deep in the Bottoms, and stopped in a alley side-street in front of Mary's place.

Scotty was standing at the front door waiting for us, and Jack was in back. This new reporter was all eyes when we went in. I don't know if you've ever been to Mary's place or not, but she's got it fixed up pretty nice. Her old man is a brakeman, and she works out, too; so they kind of put on the dog a little. The house is some better'n most of them shotgun shacks in the Bottoms, and old Mary has got a victrola and a pianer and some other doo-dads. The young niggers like to go to her place, and old Mary likes to have 'em, and always has brew. They was seven couples there, all told, if I recall it right, and Scotty and Jack had corralled 'em all in the front room.

Old Mary was moanin' and grumbling like she always does; you know how she carries on. "Lawd hab mercy," she kept saying, "somepin done tole me I better had gone to bed dis night and give my old bones a res' instid er all dese heah fumadiddles. Lawd hab mercy."

"Ride 'em all?" I asked Scotty.

"Yeah," he says, "they was all dancing and carrying on. We found thirty bottles of home brew and some whiskey glasses, but we didn't find no booze. Hold on a couple of shakes till we look again."

Scotty and Jack went around looking into closets and boxes and things, while old Mary begun moanin' louder'n ever.

"Lawdy, Cap'n," she said, "dey ain't no whiskey in dis house, I swear. Dey ain't been none since I don't know when. Dem little glasses is jus' keepsakes."

Jack said, "Shut up," and they went on looking.

Then this saphead reporter went over to old Mary and he said, "Are you the lady of the house?" That's what he said, "Are you the *lady* of the house?"

Old Mary's eyes popped. "Says which, Mistuh?" she sort of gasped.

"Is this your home?" Freddie then asked.

"Go 'long, white folks," said Mary. "Y'all know dis is my house. I been livin' heah since I don't know when."

"And these people are your guests?" the goof asks, waving at the niggers sitting around.

"Who? Dem?" says Mary. "Dey jus' some triflin' niggers come over heah to pleasure theyselves wid old Mary."

"Then," says Freddie, "your entertainment of them is not commercial? You don't sell your refreshments?"

Mary says, "Mistuh, f'um de way you-all tawks, you sho mus' be a lawyer. Well, I got me a lawyer. Mistuh Schultz, he takes care of me and all my law business."

Jack and Scotty come in then and said they couldn't find no liquor. "Take 'em away," says Scotty. "Charge Mary with possessing, and the rest of 'em with disturbing the peace."

We marched 'em all out and put 'em in the wagon. Freddie got in front with me and we started back to headquarters. And how that guy did rave! Charlie, I'm telling you; he'd plain gone nuts. He kept talking sarcastic about what a fine, uplifting business it was for policemen to go breaking into a private home, where they was having a harmless, peaceable party, and drag all the guests and the "hostess" down to jail like they was murderers and thieves.

"Hell," I says, "they was dancing,

and that's against the law on Sunday."

"Disturbing the peace!" says this guy. "Who was disturbed, pray tell me," he says. "There are no white people living in that neighborhood, are there?"

"Of course not," I says. "That's the nigger quarter."

"Well, whose peace were they disturbing?" he wanted to know. "Certainly not their neighbors'," he says.

"Well," I says, "it's against the law to dance on Sunday, and that's the charge—disturbing the peace. Besides," I says, "don't you ever believe old Mary was putting out her home brew free. She was making 'em all chip in to pay for it. We didn't see her collect for any of it, so the charge is just possessing liquor for sale."

"You don't raid the homes of white people when they're having private home brew parties, do you?" he asked.

"Listen, feller," I says. "It's like this: If we don't raid these coons now and then, they get to thinking we've forgot all about 'em, and they go hog-wild. We got to let 'em know we're keeping a eye on them all the time."

"I see," he says, thoughtful. "I see."

He didn't say no more for a while, but just sat there thinking about I don't know what. He said he saw what I was driving at, but I knew he didn't savvy at all.

We come back along the Drive, and just as we was passing Colonel Morgan's big house there on the Drive, this Freddie set up sudden and grabbed me by the arm.

"Wait a minute!" he says. "Stop!"

I slammed on the brakes and stopped without even thinking. I didn't know what the hell had happened.

"What's the matter?" I asked him.

"Look!" he says, pointing at Colonel Morgan's house, which was lit up in the front room and the shades all up. "Look!" says this guy. "They're having a party in there, and dancing. It's against the law. And I'll bet if you go in you'll find more to drink than home brew. Why don't you raid the place, and arrest all those people?"

I begun to get sore. "Listen," I says, "you was funny for a while, but you ain't funny no more."

Before I could start up again, young Ted Morgan got out of a car where he was sitting with some girl and come over to see what was going on. He had a pretty good load on and was weaving when he come up to the wagon.

"Hello, Chief," he says to me. "Want something? No? We're having a little party. Swell party. Wait a minute," he says, "and I'll bring you out a drink. No? Come see us again sometime."

I told him he better get back in the house and then I drove off again. I looked at this saphead reporter, and he was laughing to beat hell. Not making any noise, just laughing to himself quiet like.

"You're a smart guy, ain't you?" I says.

"No," he comes back, "but I'm being educated rapidly."

When we got back to headquarters Hank docketed all the niggers. Some of 'em put up bonds of five bucks each for disturbing the peace and went on about their business. While I was searching the rest of 'em, getting ready to lock 'em up until somebody could come down and bail 'em out, I heard this sap reporter talking to old Mary some more.

You won't hardly believe it, Charlie, but it's the truth. He was calling her Mrs. Martin! It was Mrs. Martin this and Mrs. Martin that, just as polite as if he was talking to the mayor's wife.

Well, when I finally got through searching them that was to go downstairs, I looked around and Freddie was gone. I was going to ask him didn't he want to go downstairs and stay with the coons a while, seeing he was so fond of them and all.

Old Mary telephoned Lawyer Schultz to come down and bail out her and the others that didn't have no money, and

then I locked 'em up to wait. Schultz always takes his time about coming down, you know.

Me and Hank and Ed sat around talking about this funny reporter and wondering how long he'd last. Just before the end of our watch, when we was getting ready to check out, Freddie come in again. He had a topcoat on his arm and was carrying a suitcase.

"Well, gentlemen," he says, grinning with his mouth but not with his eyes, "you have witnessed one of the briefest journalistic careers on record."

"You mean, you're quitting?" I asked.

"In a manner of speaking," he says, in that same flowery way he always talked. "You see," he says, "it was my innocent belief that a newspaper reporter should write accurately and con—con—" Well, he went on to say he thought you guys was supposed to write the truth about things you saw, no matter whose toes got stepped on.

"It seems I was mistaken," he says. "I turned in my story to Mr. Bill Davis, the city editor. Mr. Bill Davis returned it to me with the suggestion that I send it to the *Chicago Defender*." That's the name of that nigger newspaper, ain't it, Charlie? "Well," he says, "I thanked him for the suggestion, and told him I thought perhaps I'd better take the story to Chicago myself. He agreed that it was a splendid idea. So I'm on my way."

"Going to Chicago, eh?" I asks, just to be polite.

"On second thought," says this bird, "I've decided not to bother with taking my masterpiece along." He pulled some sheets of typewriting out of his pocket and pitched 'em down on the counter. "I'll just make you gentlemen a present of my journalistic swan song," he says. "I know you'll appreciate it."

I've got that stuff he wrote around here somewhere. It was all about the raid on Mary's place, and it seemed like he was trying to give us the razz. It was terrible sarcastic, and kind of a dirty way to write about us boys when we'd treated him friendly and all. No wonder Davis wouldn't print it.

But let me finish telling you about Freddie. Before he left, he says, "How much bond do you want to release the hostess of to-night's party?"

"You mean old Mary?" Hank asks. "A hundred bucks'll get her out. She's waiting to be bailed out now."

This crazy feller pulled out a roll of bills and peeled off a hundred bucks and pitched it down on the counter.

"Release her," he says, "with my compliments. I've always paid for my education," he says, "and I feel I've learned more to-night than I did during four years at college."

He walked to the door and give us a polite bow, and says, "I'm going to Chicago and apply to Al Capone for respectable employment. After all," he says, "a civilized man must draw the line at some professions."

He left then, and that was the last we saw of Freddie.

But the funniest thing was the way old Mary acted when we brought her upstairs. We told her that her bond was made and who made it. And old Mary says:

"Ne' mind none er dat, Cap'n. I don't want nothing to do wid sech white folks. I wouldn' tech dat money wid a fawty-foot pole. Dat white man sho mus' be crazy in de haid, or else he tryin' to make a fool out er dis ole nigger. How come he make such fool tawk wid me? Foxin' 'round callin' me Miz Martin. Humph! Ne' mind, Cap'n, I gwine wait right heah to Mister Schultz come down and bail me out, like he always do."

Well, nobody seemed to know where the saphead come from, or where he went to; so the Chief finally took the hundred bucks and put it in the Policemen's Benefit Fund. So we come out ahead in the long run.

But, say, Charlie, why'd he call that tripe he wrote a swan song? What's a swan song?

# THE TWILIGHT OF EMPIRE

BY NATHANIEL PEFFER

IT IS not necessary to know much about India to understand what is happening in India now. But to understand what is happening in India is to understand the world we live in. For India is the perfect clinical case—the type case of the organic disorder of the twentieth century. Here is every symptom, every maladjustment, every infection of the disease which, inoculated in the lusty and heedless nineteenth century, now has broken out in festering sores everywhere in the world. The disease may be called imperial elephantiasis. Year by year it grows worse, and the crisis is not far off. While it cannot be pronounced inevitably fatal, history has no record of a cure. Nor has it ever manifested itself in so aggravated a form as now, and the most virulent area of infection is India.

Let us examine India, then, not for itself but as a clinical example.

The case history goes back a century and a half, but only the last few years are decisive. While there have been irruptions before, imperial nostrums—containing mainly blood and iron—were effective until recent times. We can start with the World War. The War killed men but gave birth to ideas. They were ideas fatal to the composure and equilibrium of the world—democracy, liberty, self-determination, rights of small nations, justice for weak nations. To the many nations like India, which were governed autocratically by alien Powers, which knew no freedom, which had no rights as nations and which were in subjection because they were weak, these were subversive. They were promise of a glorious dispensation, they whetted an appetite for its realization, and they incited to action to win it. And they came as a climax to a long period of subversion by the revolutionary spirit of the times—the spread, by means of improved communications, of ideas of nationalism, conscious patriotism, and mastery of the environment and of one's own destiny through the power of machinery.

Where this spread was not carried by the sheer momentum of the age, we speeded it by introducing Western education, Western science, Western towns, Western goods, railways, telegraphs, newspapers, and hospitals wherever we went. We had to, for it profited us, and that was our motive in reducing to subjection what we called backward peoples. We had to, moreover, because it was the Occidental's convenient assumption that he was conferring the benefits of civilization in taking possession of other lands and because it was and is his quaint assumption that his is the only civilization—that is to say, that civilization inheres only in the kind of habits which he has acquired in the few generations since he has known the use of power machinery. Nevertheless, the ferment which the Occidental and his ideas had introduced, consciously and unconsciously, worked explosively. In the cataclysm of the World War all explosives were brought to the surface. In India, as in all lands like India, all lands which had been gathered in as the spoils of a hundred years of empire, the signs were unrest, disaffection, and nationalistic uprisings.

When India's restiveness became ominous, even before the end of the War, Edwin S. Montagu, British Secretary for India, was sent out to report on the situation there. He reported: "Attention (in India) is repeatedly being called to the fact that in Europe Britain is fighting on the side of liberty, and it is urged that Britain cannot deny to the people of India that for which she is herself fighting in Europe and in the fight for which she has been helped by Indian blood and treasure." In that sentence is summed up not only the motive force of all that has happened everywhere in the East since then but also the price now being paid for the recklessness of Allied war propaganda.

On Mr. Montagu's recommendation, the British government sought to placate Indian sentiment by what was known as the Montagu-Chelmsford plan, whereby the Indian people were given an increased share in government. They were allowed to exercise minor powers of administration in the provinces, while control of all important functions of government remained with the British raj. A revision was promised at the end of ten years. Nevertheless, there was an almost open revolt, led by Gandhi. Gandhi was arrested and the revolt put down. India then bided its time quiescently, awaiting the outcome of the ten-year trial period in 1929. The British government appointed a commission to make recommendations, no native of India being included on the commission. As 1929 wore on India again became restive, the more so as it was being clearly indicated that the commission meant to propose only trivial concessions. The Hindus on their part were indicating as clearly that there would be serious trouble unless they were given a wide extension of rights. They finally laid down a flat ultimatum demanding in effect home rule by January 1st or they would institute civil disobedience—non-recognition of the British government and its acts. Nothing was done, January 1st came, civil disobedience was proclaimed as a step toward independence, and India is drifting into a state of war.

In 1919 the British faced the situation in India and by concessions eased it. At least they robbed the nationalistic movement of its impetus. In 1929 they could very likely have accomplished the same with concessions, but by this time the movement had gone so deep and so far that only the most sweeping concessions would have served, so sweeping as to affect the status of British rule. This situation the British not only did not face but could not bring themselves to face. They did nothing. They discussed whether India was "fit" for a greater degree of self-government, an interesting question and not necessarily to be answered in India's favor, but also an irrelevant question. For the point is that Gandhi, as the agent of the spirit of the times and of a movement of history, had marshaled something which constituted a tremendous fact and not a matter for abstract speculation. The fact is that, justifiably or not, India is demanding the control of its own destiny. And it must be given what it demands or enough to appease it, or it must be suppressed.

## II

That England could not bring itself to face the situation in time and did nothing last year is of the essence of empire. What could Ramsay MacDonald have done? His government would have been overthrown had he made the kind of concessions that would have availed—that is to say, voluntary surrender of much which England had fought for, won, and clung to for more than a hundred years. For one thing, the price of democracy is politics. The Conservatives would have made political capital out of Labor's treason to the Empire, with fatal results for Labor. They would have done so also from disinterested motives and they would have had the support of the country, a moral backing deriving from decades of indoctrination.

Propaganda is the most effective weapon in the world. Its weakness is that it can become a boomerang. A public can be propagandized to any purpose. Unfortunately perhaps, it cannot be so easily unpropagandized when the purpose has changed. Momentum can be arrested, but the distance gained not so quickly wiped out. A generation of all that Kipling's writing represents cannot be undone in a year. To the English people India has become a psychological symbol, even if a synthetic one—a symbol of national self-esteem and self-sufficiency, of national pride and power. It has become a dedication to duty from which they cannot retire without loss of honor. Since for practical purposes in the external relations the truth is whatever enough men believe, it is irrelevant that the body of ideas articulated and popularized by Kipling—and by him sincerely felt—were meretricious and tawdry, vulgar and of the stuff of the mob-mind; and that the concept of the white man's burden was part rationalization and part unconscious hypocrisy concealing the activities of carpetbaggers on the make. For that sublime purpose to which we consecrated ourselves in the nineteenth century when we crushed the helpless peoples who would not let us uplift them yielded us profits at usurer's rates. And only where the profits were at those rates did we feel the urge to self-immolation. No land has been given the benefits of civilization which did not have desirable resources or strategic military uses. The white man's burden has been an enviable cross to bear, as may be gathered from the fact that every empire will fly to arms against any nation that seeks to deprive it of part of its burden. One of the stock arguments against America's freeing the Philippines is that Japan will seize them if we do, in which case we shall be forced into a war: from which it is arguable that possession of the Philippines does not particularly bow us down. All this may be historically true, but it is that which men believe to be true that cannot be crushed to earth. So the English official who would strike at England's position in India strikes at the foundation of English belief and does so at his peril, and probably in vain. Certainly Mr. MacDonald could not have done so and survived politically.

Even had Mr. MacDonald been sure of survival, he would have been restrained by another consideration beyond his control. Suppose that as a socialist, a historical realist, and a libertarian his instincts and convictions had impelled him to free India completely: he would not have dared to do so. A hundred years of commercial and economic development in India by English invested capital have forged economic bonds that cannot be suddenly severed. To do so would be to shake the foundation of the economic structure of England, already now so unstable that not much more is required to send it tumbling to the ground. And there is no doubt that to sever the political connection with India would be to sever the economic bonds. In other words, in a politically independent India British investments would be for a long time insecure. Certainly they would not have the preferential position they have had. Quite likely they would be lost. Dominion status would lessen the danger only by degree. And here is the essence of imperialism's tragedy, that wherever it plants itself it forces its roots so deeply into the soil that it can never extricate itself, and where it is held inextricably bound, it sprouts the seeds of its own destruction.

In any case, the British did not face the situation last year and did nothing. Now they are facing it, willy-nilly and when it is much more forbidding. Then they might have avoided a crisis by offering sufficient to placate all but the intransigents, which means the majority. They could have offered not Dominion status, but an approach to it, a compromise with it and a marked advance on the Montagu-Chelmsford plan. To-

day the chasm is widened. Concessions that would have bridged it a year or two years ago would be futile. Either far wider ones would have to be made or the nationalist movement must be crushed. Crushing it, effectively crushing it, can be achieved only by force on a large scale. Events may prove, even by the time this is printed, that the scale may be one of actual war. Even if not, even if the nationalists can be suppressed without war, the actual test will only have been postponed. It will have been brought nearer by the events of 1930 and made sharper when it does come. The choice for England becomes more inescapably restricted to fighting or losing by default. For that which was possible a few years ago—a graduated series of compromises in an atmosphere of good will, which would have left India without rancor and England without unnecessary risk—it is now too late. And this, too, is of the essence of imperialism. Empires are always too late. They may be moved in this by an instinct for self-preservation. An empire in 1930 scarcely dares to face its destiny. The exception is the United States, which, with the examples of others before it, is busily creating a destiny of the same kind.

## III

The question is broader than India or England. It is empire. It is the nineteenth century, and the twentieth as its consequence, or, in other words, history. The nineteenth made conquest possible through the power of machinery and industrialism. The twentieth made the challenge of the conquered inevitable through the spread of ideas of national independence and the distribution of the power of machinery, especially in the form of destructive weapons of warfare. The white man's burden, who never has found his position agreeable, has now discovered that it is more oppressive to himself than to the white man. The resulting struggle raises its alarums from one part of the world after another. To-day it is India. Yesterday it was China. Day before yesterday it was Egypt; it may be Egypt again by to-morrow. A few days ago it was Turkey and Morocco. Arabia it is almost chronically. The Philippines it threatens to be soon, and who shall say about the Caribbean, Mexico, and Latin America generally? Each differs from the others in detail, but all are of a type. They were formed in the same mold.

As India is now, so China was in 1927. There, too, clear notice was given to the Powers which shared the domination of China that there must be a retrocession of some of the rights of independence. Not much was asked; the first demands were modest. The Powers ignored the signs or contented themselves with discussions as to whether China was fit for independence and whether independence would be for its own good. The Chinese became more aggressive, struck in 1927, seized some of what they had demanded, and arbitrarily nullified treaties by which they were bound down. International intervention in force was threatened but, owing to American opposition, was reduced to a small expedition. Yet the tide of Chinese nationalism could not be stemmed. Nationalism, too, grows by what it feeds on, and their first successes emboldened the Chinese to seize more. The Powers then became complaisant, but it was too late for soft compromises. Had they in 1926 offered the Chinese half of what they could not help giving in 1928, China would have been grateful. But 1928 only whetted the appetite for what the Chinese grasped in 1929 with no effectual resistance on our part and what they are reaching out for in 1930. And of what is left of our control over China we still refuse to yield now half as much as we shall be glad to offer in 1932 or 1933 after another outbreak. Always we yield too late and do not even receive a return in the form of good will. In reality our dominance is already over. By acknowledging its passing gracefully we

might receive by way of gratitude the equivalent of what we used to exact by force. Instead we wait until the acknowledgment is wrung from us, after which the mood of China will be only to pay us back for past humiliations when it has or believes it has the power to do so. In the meantime there is always the danger that the mood for paying back will provoke an incident which our pride will not brook, and the intervention will come in a passion for retaliation. Punitive measures will be taken, but the logical end will not be evaded. China will regain independence.

In the same way Egypt, which was left by the World War a British protectorate, has by successive outbursts—but only after outbursts—forced the British to recede ever farther. But British troops still remain on Egyptian soil in order to protect the Suez Canal; Britain still has effective control over the Sudan, and Egypt's control of its foreign affairs and foreign residents on its own soil is still restricted. Meanwhile the Wafd or Nationalist party smolders and, going by precedent, there is every reason to expect that it will flame again.

The Philippines offer a slight variation from the type, one with nice ironic implications. From time to time the Philippines have been promised independence at some vague date when they will be "fit" for independence, though by what standards fitness will be determined is not laid down for their guidance. Year after year Filipino delegations have appeared in Washington, instructed by the Philippines Legislature to ask immediate redemption of the promise. And in the Islands is an almost unanimous sentiment for independence, expressing itself in ever-sharpening acerbity. But until a few months ago the answer has always been vague and meaningless and patronizing. They must wait until they are fit.

In the last few months a new note has entered. Now part of the American people are demanding Philippine independence. To redeem America's promise and establish its good faith in the eyes of the world? Unfortunately, those Americans who now suddenly renounce the moral obligation to the Philippine Islands of which we have so magniloquently spoken since 1900 are Americans financially interested in barring out Filipino sugar by a tariff wall. They are, in a word, the sugar interests. For the first time in the history of empire the dominant motive of conquest, which is economic gain, is working in favor of reduction of territory. American opponents of the various proposals for independence are now arguing—a variation of the argument based on the good of the Filipinos—that the Islands are not economically self-sufficient and cannot stand on their own feet without American support. That is probably true. But the argument must be examined.

Since a few years after their incorporation into the United States as a dependency the Philippines have come within the scope of American tariff provisions. As a result American products have entered the Philippines at an advantage over those of other nations, as may be seen from the fact that sixty per cent of Filipino imports are American. Since Filipino products enter the United States duty free, the United States is the natural outlet for products of the Philippines, and approximately three-quarters of their total exports do go to the United States. To declare the Philippines now a foreign land is, therefore, to destroy an economic equilibrium which we ourselves have established, which we established in our own interests (for that was our purpose in holding the Philippines) and which we now upset in our own interests. If, therefore, the Philippines are now unable to stand on their own feet without American support is that indicative of the capacities of the Filipinos or the irresistible workings of imperialism? America has forged economic bonds which tie them to us inescapably. To that extent we have made them helpless. There, incidentally, is a commentary on the orthodox

argument that advanced countries must take control of the backward—by which we mean economically undeveloped—until they are ready for independence.

## IV

As a matter of fact, such arguments are all immaterial. It is immaterial whether peoples now dominated by empires are capable of efficient self-government. Probably they are not; almost no nation is, including some of the strongest independent ones. It is more than likely that India would become a prey to inter-provincial and religious civil wars if suddenly emancipated. It is certain that the Philippines would not be so efficiently governed by Filipinos as now by Americans. It is obvious that Nicaragua has been spared countless revolutions by the American occupation, and that an international receivership in China such as has always been mooted would stop the intermittent civil wars now devastating the country. The same may be said for the argument drawn from genuine humanitarianism—the benefits which countries less highly developed do undoubtedly derive from sanitation, prevention of disease, roads, schools, and a greater production of wealth through machinery. Whether these benefits when obtained through the domination of an alien Power are counterbalanced by the losses through exploitation by the alien Power is another matter. So also is the question whether anything can compensate for the death of an indigenous culture. But that subject nations of great Powers have also obtained material benefits is not to be disputed. Nor is it to be disputed that many of these benefits would be lost if foreign control were to be suddenly withdrawn.

These arguments are interesting but immaterial. What bearing have they, for example, on India? The nationalistic movement exists nevertheless, widespread and deep-rooted, the expression of a race instinct, magnetized and directed by a great leader. It is unaffected by the merits of abstract arguments. So also is Great Britain's situation unaffected by them. It must confront India's revolt as a fact and deal with it as a fact, whether the revolt comes to a crisis this year or in 1935. China is as disorganized, as inefficiently and as dishonestly governed to-day as fifteen years ago; it still is decimated by plagues and disease. Yet it has made astonishing progress toward recovery of its sovereignty nevertheless. It appears to be instinctive in men to prefer sliding downward to the devil on their own power to being kicked upward to Paradise on the toe of another's boot. It may be a healthy instinct. As long as one is on one's own power, one at least retains the right of choice. In the other case one is helpless.

At any rate, what is involved is a pure matter of fact—the determination of the subject peoples of the earth, who are in a majority on earth, to be free. What will determine the issue is a pure matter of force. China is winning, not because it is stronger but because the Western Powers and Japan are not in a position to use their strength. If India wins it will be because England cannot or will not send an army big enough to put down the nationalists and police the country. If India loses it will be because England has sent a big enough expedition or used to exceptional effectiveness the army it already has there. Under those circumstances, if there is another incident like that at Amritsar—in which an officer of the British Army in India ordered the deliberate shooting down of two thousand demonstrating natives in the Punjab—there will be no occasion for outcry. In fact, protest will be illogical. Once the challenge is given to empire, the price of retention of empire is Amritsars—in India or any other subject land. Subject lands were originally subdued by Amritsars. They can be kept subjugated only by Amritsars. An English liberal who cannot bring himself to consent to the emanci-

pation of India and then flinches if several thousand natives are massacred is illogical. An American who thinks the United States should not get out of the Philippine Islands and also thinks that we shall not be compelled in time to shoot down thousands of Filipinos is deluding himself. We already have. We did so in the insurrection which followed on our original occupation.

The decision is not one determined by sensitiveness only. It is not between brutality and decency of instinct. It is between brutality and that which is the price of decency in international relations—the loss of power, vanity, glory, and riches. For the British Prime Minister the decision with regard to India is not a matter for doctrinaire speculations. It is a matter affecting the ability of British business to retain its balance and of the British workingman to hold a job. So is it in greater or smaller degree for every empire that has a disaffected dependency. For better or worse we have bound ourselves to our territorial possessions and our possessions to us. We depend on them for trade, for an outlet for our manufactured products; we depend on them for the raw materials for our factories; we have money invested in them which we cannot lose without inflicting on ourselves a serious blow, in some cases a fatal one.

On the other hand, there is the question whether we can help ourselves, and whether we can in any event retain our territorial possessions, and at what price. For the cost of expeditions must be balanced against the profits from the dependencies they are to solve.

It is the world's most tortuous public problem. The gorgeous romance of the nineteenth century, the white man's adventure in world conquest, has now become drab reality. Much of it was tinsel. The glitter is gone. What now remains is dross, but the price has yet to be paid. As India and China have proved, we shall not escape payment by sticking our heads in the sand. We shall not even reduce the price. To the contrary, it will only have to be paid with accumulations of interest that may prove ruinous. We shall come off best if we face at once the necessity of decision and then decide whether we shall settle at the best terms obtainable or cling to what we have and risk the consequences. An enterprise in history is to be liquidated.

# NIKOLAI LENIN

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

NIKOLAI LENIN lived and died with one paramount object, to overturn the world organization of society in such a way that wealth, leisure, and the means of happiness should not be confined to a small class, but should be fairly distributed among the vast masses who perform the useful labor of the world. Whether such an object is in any way attainable, and whether Lenin's methods could ever be really effective or justifiable for attaining it may well be questioned. But such question does not come with the best grace from one who has profound sympathy with Lenin's aims but who has himself always been a thoroughgoing parasite of the capitalist system which Lenin so energetically condemned and who feels that his sole claim to the benefits of such parasitism is the fact of possession, to which he clings with an obstinacy exactly proportioned to the frailty of its tenure. All that is attempted here is a thorough and searching analysis of the soul of Nikolai Lenin himself.

Lenin, whose real name was Vladimir Ilyitch Ulianov, was born in Simbirsk, southeastern Russia, in 1870, of a fairly well-to-do family, which had made its way into the minor nobility from the peasant class. His dreaming youth was concentrated and crystallized by the execution of his adored elder brother in 1887 for attempted assassination of the Tzar, and this is said to have been the origin of Ilyitch's relentless, lifelong effort to overthrow tyranny and give the lowly and downtrodden the dominion of the earth. His determined agitation with this view naturally made him obnoxious to the imperial government. He was watched, arrested, sent to Siberia for three years, and then kept in wandering exile all over Europe, during which he worked into connection and gradual leadership with many whose passions and tendencies were similar. He took an active, if not the most prominent part in the Russian Revolution of 1905, only to be exiled for another ten years of equal agitation. Finally the Great War brought his opportunity. Under the Kerensky regime he returned to Russia in 1917, and by skilful manipulation and fortunate circumstances he found himself at the head of the government with an authority over millions unsurpassed by that of any tzar or Mussolini or Napoleon. The sudden, tremendous, overwhelming contrast between past and present is nowhere better indicated than in his brief remark to Trotsky immediately after the acquisition of power: "The transition from the state of illegality, being driven in every direction, to power—is too rough: it makes one dizzy." And he made the sign of the Cross before his face.

A question at once arises as to the motives which were the driving force behind this forthright and overmastering life career, but their complexity is almost beyond disentanglement. Lenin's admirers insist that personal ambition was no motive with him at all. They say that he forgot himself altogether and lived simply in absolute devotion to a great cause, that he cared nothing for glory or display or the outside trappings of power. As if history had not proved

to us again and again that the most furious love of power shows itself in just the disdain of the outward manifestation of it! There is no madder or more engrossing ambition than that of making over the world.

The first forty years of Lenin's life were simply years of preparation for the marvelous six years, from 1918 until his death, when he was master of Russia. During those forty years he was scheming, dreaming—"one must have something to dream of," he wrote in the early days—reading, sometimes twelve to fifteen hours a day, laying vast plans for all possible contingencies. It was the entire concentration and supreme erection of a life upon one devouring purpose and hope.

And he came across the writings of Karl Marx. What he would have been without Marx it is impossible to say, but it is obvious that Marx made Lenin intellectually. He spent many hours in the assiduous perusal of Marx's works, in the ardent digestion of them, and in working them over, with apparently little modification, in far vaster writing of his own. The cardinal principle of Marx is of course the tireless, ceaseless, remorseless war between the proletariat and the capitalist bourgeoisie, war which must be carried on by ruthless means and which can end only in the complete victory and permanent domination of the working classes. It is true that the somewhat cloudy German metaphysics of Marx are susceptible of varied interpretations, and many of his followers see things differently from Lenin. But the Russian agitator liked simplicity, and the Marxian attitude, reduced to its simplest form, was quite adequate for him in the building of a life philosophy and a world administration. He taught Marx, he preached Marx, he lived Marx, and as soon as ever he got the chance, he acted Marx with a venomous realism which would have astonished his master and perhaps a little bewildered him.

For it cannot be denied that destruction—to overthrow, to tear down, to uproot—was a primitive instinct in Lenin's disposition. When he came to exercise command he was mercilessly arbitrary and authoritative; but, like many such people, he bitterly hated to be repressed and commanded himself. He seized upon "Revolution," the watchword of his master, Marx, and made it the guiding principle of his life. A hundred years earlier Thomas Paine joyously drank a toast to the ideal revolution of the world. Lenin strove to make the ideal a reality. After overturning Russia he schemed to overturn all Europe, America, and Asia; and it is possible that even yet his schemes may come to fruit.

After which, it must be admitted that the man thought of construction as well as destruction. When you had torn down the old, worn-out fabric of bourgeois statecraft something must be substituted; and he planned long and elaborately and wrote thousands of pages explaining how the dictatorship of the proletariat could be and would be established and what mighty wonders it would accomplish for the regeneration of the world. In all these pages, as in the speculations of the master, Marx himself, there is a terrible dry, musty savor of German doctrinaire metaphysics, a hard, logical theorizing, which somehow does not suggest any very immediate practical connection with fact. Take the statement: "But, striving for Socialism, we are convinced that it will develop further into Communism, and side by side with this there will vanish all need for force, for the subjection of one man to another, of one section of society to another, since people will grow accustomed to observing the elementary conditions of social existence without force and without *subjection*." Beside this sort of thing mere destruction had a convenient definiteness which was perfectly practical; and anyway, the destruction had to come first.

So it went on for the forty years of preparation. Then in 1918 the man leaped into absolute power, and a great

administrator was born. Some writers express amazement at the sudden change, at the difference between the dreaming Lenin of earlier years and the doer of later. But it is probable, is manifest, that the doer was the real man, and was simply waiting his chance. At any rate, when the door of opportunity was flung open the great executive swept through it with magnificent éclat. All the qualities of a statesman shone out in him. He loved to manipulate men's souls and sorted and sifted and shifted them till they all fitted together for his purposes.

It seems extraordinary that a man of fifty, who had never really managed great affairs, should develop such statesmanlike capacity; but it should be remembered that the experience of Cæsar and of Cromwell was the same. This man had the doer's magnificent self-confidence, which some of us find it almost as hard to imagine as to share. He liked to make difficult decisions. Supposing he did not always make them rightly—could others make them better? He liked the responsibility for the welfare and the ill-fare of others, which to more timid souls is simply intolerable. This superb doer realized perfectly well that he made mistakes, and he did not hesitate to confess them. He knew that he was big enough and strong enough to come before his followers and say, "He who finds himself in a blind alley must turn back; he who has done a thing wrongly must begin it over again. This business has to be learned and not until then shall we endure the test or win out in the race." So arguing, he reversed his course and adopted the New Economic Policy, which recognized the necessity of combining the abhorred methods of Capitalism with working Communism to some extent and temporarily. And his frankness, his energy and, above all, his winning persuasiveness were sufficient to carry his followers with him anywhere.

Perhaps the supreme test of greatness is growth, adaptability, the power of fitting soul to circumstance, and certainly this power was Lenin's in a high degree. "The art of government cannot be got out of books," he cried. "Try, make mistakes, learn how to govern." He is constantly reiterating the imperative necessity of keeping close to *life:* "Such questions are answered *only* by life itself." In this respect he might perhaps be called an opportunist, but it would be cruel to call him so, since some of the harshest epithets in his rich vocabulary of abuse are attached to this very word, opportunist, in the sense of the man who always keeps his ear to the ground, who is trying to curry popular favor and to catch the slightest veering wind of temporary prejudice so that he may trim his sails to it. In contrast to this cheap and shallow opportunism, I would rather call Lenin's disposition "vitalism"—the profound vitalism of a Cæsar, a Napoleon, or a Lincoln, which moves with far-reaching insight and dominating, prevailing purpose, yet constantly adapts and adjusts that purpose to the living, vital movement of human circumstance, always with the fixed determination of arriving at a long predestined goal.

How much of that goal Lenin would have reached it is impossible to say. His premature death left a chaos of which no man can yet foresee the end. But judging from his manifest abilities and from what he did accomplish in the face of superhuman difficulty, it is fair to assume the chance of his arriving at supreme achievement—as well as of grotesque failure.

## II

Whatever might have been the possibilities of success or failure, it is evident that the man's whole existence was possessed, obsessed by the notion of making over life in an ideal mold. In this unyielding, unceasing fight for the Ideal, Lenin of course had to have instruments, men and women; and not the least curious element in the study of him is

his attitude towards these instruments. Naturally he had a vast acquaintance with them. His nomad existence had taken him into all sorts of society, had accustomed him to the habits and the manners of all classes of men. At the same time, all this human investigation was for a purpose. It was not a dispassionate scientific quest into the workings of the human heart, but a persistent classifying of all men according to their utility for the one great object. All these flitting, fleeting, shadowy, manifold creatures were just simply incarnate bourgeois or the embodied proletariat: they were labeled, treated, employed, and to be disposed of merely as such.

The result seems to have been a considerable contempt for mankind as a whole. "I got the impression that he despises a great many people and is an intellectual aristocrat," says so acute an observer as Bertrand Russell. And if he had not a high opinion of mankind in general, he was no more enthusiastic about the large mass of his own countrymen. There may be some exaggeration in his reported saying, that "for every honest Bolshevik there are thirty-nine scoundrels and sixty fools," but it probably represents the fruits of bitter experience in many respects.

The curious, the interesting thing is the patent contradiction between this general contempt for mankind as a whole and Russian mankind in particular and the fact that Lenin's whole theory of government, his complete political idea rested on the intelligence and competence and utility of the masses for political ends. The working class, the common people, were to govern, were to show the despised and selfish bourgeoisie that they could govern with intelligence, with honesty, with efficiency. Give them training, give them education, give them persistent, enlightened self-discipline, and they would work out the problem for themselves. If they could not, no one could.

In the meantime somebody must work it out for them. It is fascinating to watch the delicate and subtle process by which this *somebody* was gently insinuated into the working of the huge political machine which Lenin attempted to establish. First of all, it was to be the dictatorship of the proletariat. If you listened to his words and read his writings you would suppose that the vast mass of the people in the factories and the fields were just taking over the machinery of government in their neatly graded soviets, or popular assemblies, and running it themselves for their own benefit. Then, if you looked more closely, you would discover that the guiding force was the comparatively small Communist Party, perhaps half a million or so out of the whole hundred millions. But all the force and inspiration of the said Communist Party originated in a small circle of controlling spirits, and at the center of these spirits, with his watchful eye on every movement and his guiding finger on every motive sat the one supreme authority, Nikolai Lenin, and the dictatorship of the Proletariat was just simply he and no one else.

But masses are made up of men, and must be treated individually, and no one knew this better than Lenin. From the time when he first went out into the world he studied men and women, their motives, their passions, their capacities, and always, persistently, with a view to what they could do for the great object that controlled his life. Innumerable brief observations and comments show how quick and how acute were his perceptions of human nature and human character.

Lenin not only judged men, he managed them, and in his intensely practical mind the judgment was merely preliminary to the management. With different agents his methods were different. Some must be handled by a gentle and persuasive suavity, by a hand laid on the shoulder, a finger on the arm. Others required strict and systematic logical treatment: you must convince them be-

fore you could lead them. With others again it was necessary to be purely commanding. They must be told what to do without too much explanation, and they would do it. And in the accomplishment of his great purpose no human means was to be despised or scorned. The Germans were the enemies of Russia, but if he could use their money or their support to save Russia, he would do it. Even the despised instruments of the old Tzarist police might be utilized if they could be paid to work for him. But undoubtedly the climax of his human triumph was the making elements so antagonistic as Stalin and Trotsky work together in harmony, so long as he led them, though they split and severed as soon as his control was taken away.

Even more significant for Lenin than his friends are his enemies, and heaven knows he had enough of them; for he hated right and left, with a most magnificent heartiness. The word *tolerance* did not exist for him. If you were not with him you were against him, and he was against you with all his soul. The Marxian antithesis between the bourgeoisie and the proletariat took hold of him early and never left him. The world was sharply divided into the two classes, and on the detested bourgeoisie he could not pour out enough of his anger and contempt. Yet even so it seems as if he had still more indignation and scorn for those who had been his friends than for his lifelong enemies. They had betrayed the Cause, they disagreed with Nikolai Lenin: how could there be any good in them?

He not only hated, but he vilified. If one may trust translation, his language of abuse was as richly varied as it was offensive. Those who differed from him were not only traitors, they were little better than scoundrels. Nor did he stop at words. When power came into his hands, he used it mercilessly, as is well known. The gentle methods of persuading and convincing were not, in his opinion, the instruments by which Revolution should triumph. He had read Sorel on Violence, not without profit. "There are 'revolutionaries,'" he cried, "who imagine we should complete the Revolution in love and kindness. Yes? Where did they go to school? What do they understand by dictatorship? What will become of a dictatorship if one is a weakling?" He did not propose to be a weakling, in that sense at any rate. And he shot and hanged and tortured and terrorized in the name of the Ideal.

It may be that this world must be made over from top to bottom. God knows in many respects it needs it. But is it necessary that the making over should be built on wrath, on hatred, and on revenge? Such was not the method of Jesus. But perhaps Jesus was thinking of a better world than this.

## III

So we have considered Lenin's attitude towards the various human instruments who could help him in his purposes. Now let us turn to their attitude towards him. No aphorism is more surely established by the course of history than that hate breeds hate. Impress upon large masses of mankind that you loathe them, despise them, and contemn them, and they will reciprocate the feelings with abuse as bitter and savage as your own. Lenin literature, therefore, is quite as highly colored with animosity against him as any that he poured out against his foes.

As they branded his cruelty, so they emphasized his utter unscrupulousness. The undeniable Oriental strain, the suggestion of Tartar origin, was supposed to give him an incurable underhandedness, a complete indifference to means so long as the end could be attained. Such critics would apply to Lenin's disposition the words which he himself uses as to the Russian character in general: "What is peculiar to Russia is the tremendously rapid transition from savage violence to most subtle deception."

On the other hand, if you listen to

Lenin's friends and admirers, you wonder if they can be discussing the same person; and you have to delve deep down into the roots of the human heart to search for the hidden compatibilities. He was simple, they say, straightforward; his earnest, genuine bearing and manner elicited confidence and at once rewarded it. Those who knew him, those who loved him—and many did—insist that he looked at things, looked at his great projects and ideals, always from the human angle. When he was in far Siberia he entered most intimately into the life of the people, studied their needs, studied their inarticulate desires, and when he became ruler over millions he had all these needs and desires written in his heart.

His enemies declared that he viewed life only in mathematical formulas, that human passion and suffering were discounted. Yet there appear to be innumerable instances of his thoughtfulness for individuals. It is said that among Lenin's papers there are many documents which show this personal interest: "One directs that a certain worker is to be supplied with food, in another Lenin asks for new clothes for one workman or tries to provide a house for another, or medical treatment for a third." No doubt the overmastering Ideal came first, but it left room for a lot of human consideration behind it.

On one point friends and enemies are agreed, that is as to Lenin's vast, compelling influence over other men; though some regard the influence as beneficent and others as baleful. He could persuade, induce, allure. Even those who were hostile were somehow led to do what he wanted of them, almost before they knew what they were doing: "Nobody who has not seen Lenin or read his books can possibly imagine the force of that man's will and his intellectual authority. . . . Lenin took the whole responsibility for revolutionizing the Russian Empire, and the others faithfully and intelligently helped him as children help their father."

Again, he could put a compelling, commanding power into this treatment, could crush down opposing wills by sheer magnetic force. There is the story of the somewhat rebellious comrade who kept alleging the glorious part he had taken in the Revolution of 1905. "But Lenin took a step forward, not letting go my eyes, and said again, 'Yes, comrade, but what are you doing for *this* revolution?' It was like an X-ray—as if he saw all my deeds of the last ten years. I couldn't stand it. I had to look down like a guilty child. I tried to talk, but it was no use. I had to come away." Needless to say that this man's will became Lenin's.

As he could deal with men individually, so he had perhaps an even greater hold on them in the mass, could sway great bodies who heard or read his words in whatsoever direction he might desire. The accounts of his oratory are very curious. He certainly was not a magnetic speaker in the ordinary sense, had no flowing, golden periods, none of those overmastering effects which carry an audience off its feet for the moment, but afterwards evoke doubt as to their sincerity and their meaning. He was often heavy and awkward, especially at beginning. His short, stumpy figure, his shiny bald head, his somewhat stolid features were anything but impressive. But as he went on speaking and warmed to his work, his simplicity, his earnestness, his intense direct appeal to the passions of his auditors began to take hold, and having taken hold once, they never let go.

So there can be no doubt that this man was loved as ardently as he was hated, and he certainly impressed the shadow of his spirit upon the whole vast empire of Russia, for good or for evil who shall say? How great the impress was is evidenced in the adoration which surrounds his embalmed body, as it is preserved and exhibited to-day, making his canonized memory, his patriotic achievements, and his mythical figure almost the center of a new religion, to replace

the old one which he so vehemently demolished. Perhaps the most concrete expression of this developing worship is the tremendous eulogy registered in the declaration of the Soviet Congress at the time of Lenin's death: "His vision was colossal, his intelligence in organizing the masses was beyond belief. He was the greatest leader of all countries, of all times, and of all peoples. He was the lord of the new humanity, the savior of the world." After which one can but remember the thousands who were and are yearly being executed because they did not believe in Lenin or his ideas at all.

## IV

So far we have studied Lenin in his public relations. Now let us turn to the consideration of his private and personal character and life, though he himself gives us little help in this, since he was always too busy and preoccupied for much self-analysis, at least in any records that I have discovered.

And first as to his personal dealings with humanity. In his family he seems to have been not only exemplary but attractive. As a child he was quiet and self-contained, an excellent, assiduous student, standing high in his classes in school and college, attentive to his duties, and not criticized in deportment except that his political tendencies made him an object of jealous watchfulness on the part of the government. He adored the dreaming, idealistic elder brother, who was executed. He was devoted to his mother as long as she lived, and he and his sister cherished a profound mutual affection.

I find extraordinarily little reference to Lenin's relation to women. There is no vestige whatever of early love affairs or any indication that women as such interested him in any way whatever. No doubt there were marked exceptions to this—there are in most men's lives—but they have left no traces here. Lenin married at a mature age, but it seems to have been rather a matter of comradely friendship than of romantic passion. His wife was an ardent Socialist, like himself, and they were brought together by a common enthusiasm. She with her mother followed him to Siberia, when they were engaged, and her account of their life is full of interest. In their further erratic, nomadic career she did her best to make him comfortable and since his death she has born loyal witness to his greatness and to his achievements. The most humanly characteristic anecdote that I have met with in regard to Lenin's matrimonial affairs is the story of the expiring mother-in-law. Madame Lenin's mother was very ill and at the point of death. The exhausted daughter retired for a little while to get absolutely needed sleep, enjoining upon her husband to call her if there was any occasion. He assented, and worked away busily at his writing. The old lady passed away, and still Lenin wrote. When his wife came back, she reproached him bitterly: "I told you to call me if she needed me." "So I would have; but she did not need you: she was dead."

Lenin had no children of his own but was devoted to the children of others, loved to chat and play with them and devise sports for them. He had a singular tenderness for animals, also, especially cats, liked to pet them and fondle them. Madame Lenin tells us that, though he was a keen sportsman, he once spared a splendid fox when he had it right under his gun, and when she asked him why he didn't shoot, he answered, "I couldn't; it was too handsome."

Sometimes stories were circulated, especially abroad, that Lenin made money out of his political advancement, or at least that he indulged himself in luxurious, extravagant, dissipated living. There seems no question but that this was utterly unjust. The man was too immensely absorbed by the one great interest of life to care for minor indulgences of any kind; indeed, it seems as if he had little personal taste for such indulgences. Carrying out literally his

political theory, that the highest officials should be paid just like ordinary workingmen, he accepted only the most moderate salary, and his living expenses were far within the limits of the salary he had. His household arrangements, his food and drink were of the simplest and most primitive character, and his dress was often careless to the point of slovenliness.

It does not appear that Lenin had special attraction in ordinary social intercourse. Again, he was too preoccupied with larger things. He was absolutely simple and unpretentious, never gave himself the smallest air of greatness. Everyone insists upon this. But he had a constitutional propensity to argue, which does not contribute to the charm of social life. Also, he gave his interlocutor an uncomfortable sense of being penetrated to the very bottom. The idea seemed to be always to discover whether you were someone who might be useful to the Cause. If you were not you would be civilly dismissed as soon as possible.

I look in vain for any record of intimate, self-abandoning friendships at any time. Lenin had any number of so-called "comrades," but they were comrades for the Cause, not for merely personal reasons. This spiritual isolation is well, if perhaps somewhat over-indicated, in one account of his early life: "Ulianov never prompted his neighbors, never permitted any of his classmates to copy his lessons, never helped any of them by any explanation of a difficult lesson. He was not liked, yet no one ever dared to tease him. So he passed through all the eight years of the gymnasium, always alone, awkward in his motions, a wolfish light gleaming under his eyebrows." The last touch shows the animus of hostility, but the general drift is sufficiently significant of a nature at least remote from its fellows, if not estranged from them.

As it was with the more serious aspects of human fellowship, so it was also with the lighter forms of relaxation and amusement. Lenin had in some ways a natural taste for these things. His substantial health and his physical courage —which has been questioned but seems hardly questionable—also his passion for excelling in everything, inclined him to out-of-door sports. He was extremely fond of hunting, and both as a boy and as a man in Siberia skating was a delight to him. He was a great chess player at one time, worked out the printed problems with absorbed attention and developed the art till he could beat not only the members of his family but others much more experienced. But even as a boy, when he found that skating at night made him sleepy and dull over his lessons in the morning, he dropped the exercise at once. And as soon as he perceived that the contests of chess were distracting his thoughts from the mightier contests of the actual world the allurements of the game were discarded forever. He had greater bishops and castles and pawns to handle than the puppet-figures of the chess-board.

But what interests and puzzles me most in Lenin's contact with his human surroundings is the question of his laughter. One meets it everywhere, in every quality of observer, both those who enjoyed it and those who were perplexed by it. "He appreciated funny stories," says Gorky, "and laughed with his whole body, was really inundated with laughter, sometimes even to tears." He laughed with his intimates, he laughed with strangers, he laughed when he was idle, and he laughed in great crises also.

What I want to get at is the significance of the laughter. His simpler admirers say that it was pure good-nature and joyousness. He was cheerful, whatever came. "You see, nothing really worries him." Again, there is the possibility that the laughter was a convenient mask. He had a curious trick of putting his hand over his eyes and scanning an interlocutor through it. Perhaps the laughter served the same purpose. Or, in some natures, it might suggest an underlying detachment, the

sense that even the great cause of world revolution was a trifle and a jest in the light of infinity and eternity. But this seems quite out of the question in view of the mad intensity of Lenin's customary political attitude. Another element of Lenin's laughter which impressed some keen observers was the suggestion of cruelty in it. This stands out in the account of Mrs. Philip Snowden, a by no means unsympathetic witness: "It was the persistent, unnatural merriment of those amused eyes which gradually increased my distaste to the point of horror. What was there to laugh at in the whole wide realm of suffering Russia? . . . Here was a man who according to the Bolsheviki's own printed statement had sent ten thousand persons to their death for the love of a political creed. When one of our number elicited his plan for dealing with obstinate rich peasants, he shook with horrid laughter as he spoke of their hanging." And Bertrand Russell emphasizes the same thing: "He laughed over the exchange the peasant is compelled to make, of food for paper; the worthlessness of Russian paper struck him as comic."

This phase, of laughter, suggests a comparison with another Russian ruler, Catherine the Great. But Catherine had naturally a sweet, sunny, joyous temperament such as I cannot trace in Lenin at all. And again, the laughter suggests our own American Lincoln. Yet Lenin had none of Lincoln's tenderness, none of his distrust of himself, none of his profound, subtle, haunting melancholy; and it is precisely these elements that give the laughter of Lincoln its human warmth and richness. But if one attempts the comparison of Lenin with Lincoln, one strays off into an endless field of conjecture as bewildering as it is delightful.

## V

If Lenin subdued and eliminated the personal life in all external human connections, he did so even more in the inner intellectual and spiritual world. Art and æsthetic experience were never of much account to him. It is true that he was eager to see a proletarian painting, a proletarian theater, and above all to take advantage of the new, mighty instrument of the moving pictures for proletarian propaganda purposes. But these things meant little in his own life, toys, trifles, gewgaws, beside the manipulation of real men. Music did, indeed, sometimes take hold of him, did work on his nerves and unfit him for the terrible affairs he had on hand. Therefore, music must be put out of his life.

Though Lenin lived so much out of doors and came into contact with external nature at every possible point, I find almost no trace of sensibility to natural beauty, very rarely any reference to it whatever. The same is true of the Great Catherine except that one aspect of nature, the driving Russian winds, seems to have obsessed her. And also with Lenin there is the exception in favor of the sea: "Soon after this Lenin went for a month to Brittany, where his mother was living, because he wanted to see the sea. He had an extraordinary love of the sea, and could watch the play of the waves for hours: the sound of the sea soothed his nerves."

Literature, regarded merely as an art, made little more appeal than other forms of the æsthetic. It is true, Madame Lenin repels the charge that her husband never read novels or poetry, and she gives a considerable list of authors to whom he turned in Siberia, Russian and others. But his interest in them seems to have been largely in their bearing on the problems of life and politics which mainly appealed to him, and from the artistic or emotional point of view they probably touched him very little. If the germs of such things were born in him, he had crushed them and subdued them for so long that they were stunted and withered away, precisely as they gradually disappeared in Darwin.

Science in the abstract had little more interest for Lenin than art, though its logical processes were naturally somewhat akin to his intellectual activity. But applied science meant a great deal to him from its bearing on practical production and the welfare of the workers, and it is one of his notable elements of originality that, while he attacked capitalistic society on the side of its economic organization, he recognized that its technical methods might well be of the utmost importance for a Communistic State. He wanted to combine the practical energy and infinitely varied scientific ingenuity of America with the idealism of Russia, and he is said to have even gone so far as to remark: "A single technical expert is worth ten Communists."

Lenin's attitude towards philosophy was much the same as towards science. There were a few years when he busied himself enormously with abstract speculation and in the introduction to his book on *Materialism and Empirio-Criticism* he characterized himself as "a seeker." But the tone of the seeker, the essential scientific spirit, was not in him in any respect, the long, patient, curious, tolerant research, wholly regardless of results. If he went into philosophy it was as he went into everything else, with his mind made up and a furious determination to find what he already carried with him. The economic theory of Marx, which was the breath of life to Lenin, was built on philosophic materialism. Therefore, philosophic materialism must be true, and a few years must be spent in proving that it was true, and especially and above all, in proving that all those who opposed it on any ground whatever were liars and cheats. They differed from Marx, they differed from Lenin, therefore, they obviously were wrong, and the rich vocabulary of abuse must be exhausted in making this evident to them and to the world.

But by far the most significant, the most characteristic of all the elements of Lenin's inner life is his attitude toward religion, because this, like the others, but far more than the others, is interwoven with his whole political, social, and moral thinking. He regarded art and science with indifference. He regarded God with positive, furious animosity. God was the contemptible creation of the abject bourgeois, the last pitiful device of the sordid capitalist for keeping the unhappy proletarian in slavish subjection. "God is primarily a complex of ideas which result from the overwhelming oppression of men through external nature and class slavery; of ideas which *fasten* this slavery to him, and which try to neutralize the class struggle." Again, even more vehemently: "And God-creation, is not this the worst form of self-reviling? Every man who occupies himself with the construction of a God, or merely even agrees to it, prostitutes himself in the worst way, for he occupies himself not with activity, but with self-contemplation and self-reflection, and tries to deify his most unclean, most stupid, and most servile features or pettinesses."

The moral sanctions and supports of religion were of course swept away with the supernatural foundation, and the possible hopes, consolations, and compensations of a future life were easily disposed of in the same fashion. Everywhere there is an aggressive, furious, if you like, joyous and even laughing assertion that our souls are snuffed out, flung to the winds with our bodies, and that heaven must be found or made right here on this earth, through the dictatorship of the proletariat, or it can never be found or made anywhere at all.

With many people who flaunt these bitter anti-religious affirmations it is possible to find some flaw, some crevice, some cranny of personal weakness or childhood memory where a shuddering suspicion or at least a lingering regret creeps in. As Saint-Evremond puts it: "The most ardent believer cannot always believe, nor the most confirmed denier always deny." But I have not

come across the faintest evidence of any weakening in Lenin. God was his enemy from start to finish, and he hated him as if he were a capitalist and a bourgeois, as indeed he believed he was. Not from Lenin would ever have come a touch of sympathy with the whimsical last stanza of "Exit God":

I sometimes wish that God were back
In this dark world and wide,
For though some virtues he might lack,
He had his pleasant side.

Thus, it seems as if Lenin had crushed, uprooted, got rid of the personal side of life altogether, had subordinated all the common hopes and desires of men in a supreme devotion to one ideal Cause which consumed and engrossed him entirely. Yet all the time you cannot help feeling that just that very devotion involved the most tremendous emphasis on the ego that is possible to man, in the acquisition, the assertion, the enjoyment of power and arbitrary dominion over other men. The whole study of Lenin is made fascinating by this bewildering and complicated tangle. And then through it all there is interwoven that strain of sardonic laughter, which I cannot quite explain or understand. So, as often with these great doers of the world, we are forced to end with a question. For doing, and life, and death are merely a vast question, after all.

## REPLY TO A SUMMER BOARDER

BY EDNA KINGSLEY WALLACE

*WHAT do we do when season's done, you say?*
*Well, I dunno—there seems enough to do*
*A-livin' our own lives an' wonderin' who*
*Has made the most this year. Ain't nothin' jay*
*About us any more. We're pretty gay,*
*With radio, an' the movies—'lection, too,*
*An' jaunts to town to git us somethin' new—*
*For winters we folks take some time to play.*
*You don't take life away, ma'am, when you go,*
*For everywhar we humans air thar's bound*
*To be a sight o' livin'. Seems real funny*
*Anyone likes cities. Want to know*
*Our fav'rite sport? It's jest to set around*
*An' talk about you folks—an' count our money.*

# *The Lion's Mouth*

## THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOSEPH GISH

BY PHILIP CURTISS

I HAVE always had a secret ambition. I have wanted to be a historian. More than that, I have wanted to be a great historian. It is not that I have ever done any direct work along that line. I am not even sure that I have ever been greatly interested in history as such, but I have always been fascinated, enthralled by the style in which history is written. What jazz is to some people and oratory to others, the sonorous phraseology of history has always been to me. Instead of singing "O Sole Mio" in the cathedral solitudes of the bathroom, I am continually finding myself muttering such lines as, "While Claudius was immersed in the luxuries of the capital, a hostile cloud was already gathering on the banks of the Tagus," or "This move on the part of the Whigs in central New York was quickly followed by a counter move on the part of the Federalists in Georgia."

If I had lived in the time of Herodotus or Plutarch, or even Macaulay or Green, I see no reason why my ambition might not have been realized. Writing history at that time was a comparatively simple matter. It consisted merely of finding out all the events that concerned a given man or a given period and putting them together in a straight line, beginning at the beginning and ending at the end. When I emerged from college, however, I discovered a strange phenomenon, one that appalled me at the time and one that has puzzled and disheartened me ever since. I have found that nowadays everyone except myself seems to know everything already, and furthermore they seem to have learned it not from any dull reading or course of study. They seem to have acquired it at birth or by instinct. Apparently, in some strange manner, they have been able to pick it out of the air.

Take, for instance, the case of Madame de Staël. I had, as I believed at the time, a good average education, and since leaving college I have done more daily reading than most men, yet I could never, somehow, really learn the identity of Madame de Staël. To be frank, for a long time I supposed that, with Madame de Maintenon and Madame du Barry, she was a part of the harem of Louis XIV or Louis XV or possibly Robespierre, and it is only recently that the cloud has lifted sufficiently for me to offer apologies all around.

Yet everybody else in the world seems always to have known all about Madame de Staël. I have not read a book in twenty years, or a critical review, that has not made some casual reference to Madame de Staël, but none of them ever told me who she actually was. Of course I might have looked her up in an encyclopedia, but for a budding historian that did not quite seem like playing poker. It was too much like turning over the next card in the pack. It has been the same with hundreds of other names such as Guizot, Gambetta, Potemkin, and Lord Holland. Try as I will, I can never seem to become Gambetta-conscious, yet every book that I read tosses out airy references that seem to assume

that any literate man must have been familiar with him from the cradle. Even worse—in the modern practice—are the endless Louis's and the interminable Ducs d'Orleans. When I was a lad, if a historical writer mentioned the name "Louis" he did at least let you know whether he meant Louis XV or Louis Sherry; but in modern writing the bland fashion is to spread three Louis's on a page and expect you to know by the context that the first one means Louis the Pious, who lived in 1293, that the second is Louis of Naples (half cousin of Anne of Thuringia) and that the third is some left-handed little Louis who never really did come to a head. And when a book suddenly pops on you the name "Duc d'Orleans" it may mean a lot to some people but to me it is about as definite as "the Mayor of Jacksonville."

All in all, my future as a historian looked pretty black until a day or two ago. As nearly as I could figure, if I studied twelve hours a day for seventy years I should know as much as the average reader or writer seems to know now, and in that case what would there be left that I could tell them? Then suddenly came the light. If *they* knew all about it, why should *I* have to know? All that I should have to do would be to jog their memories.

And so from this vision has grown my great historical work, which I expect to be off the presses before the close of the year. It will be the Life and Letters of that fascinating character Joseph Gish. And who, you may ask, was Joseph Gish? Well, that's just the point. If you don't know now, you're never going to know—at least not from *my* book. Joseph Gish, in short, is to be my revenge for Guizot, Lord Holland, Potemkin, and Madame de Staël.

"'I have just received,' writes Madame de Staël, in the closing days of her correspondence with Carlmetz, 'a letter from that world's enigma, Joseph Gish—*le petit Jo*.' In these words, one of the cleverest women that ever lived characterizes one of the cleverest men. More poet than statesman, more statesman than poet, half soldier, half pacifist, half gutter urchin, and half country squire, a bit of a saint, a bit of a brigand, with a dash of the scholar and a grain of the charlatan—such was Joseph Gish."

There! Won't that be a crackerjack way to open my book and can't you just *see* the man? And how much better than the stupid, old-fashioned way of beginning, "Joseph Marie Jean Constantin Gish was born on May 22, 1832, in the village of Neicy, province of Haute Savoie, France." Also how much easier when it comes to a question of looking up the facts!

So, having bounced Joseph Gish into your consciousness as a full-grown man, what shall I do next? That's very simple. I shall give you a picture of Paris in 1832. And what do I know of Paris? Well, listen.

"'Paris in 1832,' writes Madame de Staël, 'was a mess.'"

But, really, you are entitled to *some* facts about Joseph Gish and, although no proper modern historian will ever give you any of the facts that you actually want to know, such as where he went to school, whether he made the track team, or how, although apparently without a cent in the world, he managed to live in style and mingle with the best society all over Europe, yet it will be my honest endeavor to lay bare the true soul of the man Gish. How better can I do this than through his own letters, and what letters give a truer picture of a man than those that he writes home to his own family?

"'My dearest Chu-Chu,' writes Gish, while he was still living in the Rue Racine—Chu-Chu being a pet name that he had given to his youngest sister, then aged six—'you do not know how my heart aches for you and for dear Maman and Papa. How is Fritzie (a pet rabbit)? And how are The Cardinal and Belisarius (a guinea pig and a goat)?'"

Nevertheless, we see signs that already Gish was beginning to find himself, to feel his true powers stirring into growth,

for it is during this same week that we find him writing to Guizot. Copies of the same letter were also discovered in the posthumous papers of Potemkin, Lord Holland, Count Cavour, and Ruskin, and three more copies have since turned up in the British Museum.

"'Weariness, weariness, that is all I feel,' writes the young man—now from the Rue Crossman. 'I saw Gambetta yesterday, and all the talk was of the events of the twenty-ninth. Apparently this poor, mad nation has at last decided to sell its own soul. Kashofski stopped in to tell me what the Russians are doing, but I didn't believe him. Franz Schubert, Liszt, and Ferdinand de Lesseps were also among my callers and, later, Wagner, looking cross as a bear. Sometimes I ask myself whether anything amounts to anything. My headaches are steadily growing worse."

Well, so are mine, to tell the truth, but we must not assume that all life was sad and depressing for Joseph Gish. Indeed, it is quite another picture that is given by Lord Holland who saw him for the first time in Baden.

"'It was while I was walking in the Braennerstrasse,' writes Lord Holland (*My Life, by George, Lord Holland*, London, Murdoch & Stoanes), 'that I first became conscious of a very remarkable looking young man. Indeed, so impressed was I by my first view that I turned hurriedly and walked back down the street in order that I might meet him again, and for several seconds I stared fixedly at his face. "Here," I said to myself, "is somebody."

"'Gish at this time was between thirty-two and thirty-three years of age. He was of the middle height, neither tall nor short. His hair was brown, his brow noble, but not exaggerated, the nose aquiline, the eyes an indeterminate color but firmly set in the face. The chin was neither bold nor receding—altogether a remarkable figure. He was wearing, I remember, a redingote of moderate length with a muslin neckband that was at once both careless and modish.

"'That afternoon, in company with Gladstone, I called at his modest lodgings in the Hämmerkrugge. Although Gish was still half dressed from his nap, about twenty or thirty people were there, including the Princess Nikke, Count Cavour, and Murphy, the American weight lifter. At our entrance all were laughing heartily at something that had occurred, and we were told that just before our arrival the landlord had appeared with a bill for five marks. Quick as a flash, Gish had replied with that well-known quotation from Thucydides, Θὶs ἶs *νόθινγ* ἄτ ἄλλ, at which the fellow had retired in complete confusion. It afterwards transpired that the man did not understand Greek.

"'Never, in fact, have I seen Gish in better spirits for, immediately after the wine and biscuits were brought, some inner fire seemed to light within him and he talked steadily until two o'clock in the morning. I remember that at one point Cavour asked him whether he thought that women were more important than men. Without a moment's hesitation Gish turned to Princess Nikke and said, "To whom?" It was a scene that I have never forgotten.'"

And so, step by step, my book will trace Gish through all the phases of his strange, baffling career. Of course he was mixed up in the Romantic Movement—with Froissant, de Cuivres, Saint-Bailly, and all that bunch—you know whom I mean; but really he will only get into his stride, emerge in all his majesty, when we reach the Crisis of '54. Do you know what the Crisis of '54 was? Why, my dear gentle reader, I'm ashamed of you! Then read, I pray you, my Chapter XVIII, which is going to begin, "The Crisis of '54 found Gish in Vienna, anxiously waiting for news." But I am sorry to say that, whether or not Gish ever got the news, *you're* not going to get it. All you are going to learn is that "The Crisis of '54 left Gish a broken man." To be sure, for a half dozen years afterwards he "wandered over the face of Europe, his cough steadily grow-

ing worse." Nevertheless, the end will be already in sight, and Guizot, Gambetta, Potemkin, Lord Holland, and Murphy the weight lifter may just as well prepare to gather around his last couch. Three or four more chapters, in which each of them describes the final moments, and then *The Life and Letters of Joseph Gish* will be ready for the printer.

And do I really think that the public will take to this fascinating, enigmatic character, that by writing this work I shall at once leap into the ranks of the popular historians? Yes, frankly, I do, for there is one feature that I have not yet mentioned, one bit of news for which I slyly suspect that thousands of people are waiting. In the back of each volume there will be a sealed page which one can open only by paying the full purchase price of five dollars. And on this sealed page will be these remarkable words:

"Staël, Madame de, French writer, 1766–1817."

## A BALLADE OF A MONUMENT

BY CAROLYN WELLS

Stairs always have a charm for me;
  The Spanish Steps, with flowers ablaze;
The serried streets of Napoli,
  The Scala Sancta, where one prays.
My pen a wilful muse obeys,
Defying tastes, denying carpers;
  I want to crown with memory's bays
That spiral staircase down at Harper's.

Around that twisting iron tree
  We climbed, bearing our books or plays,
Hearts beating high with hope or glee,
  Remembering our careful phrase;
  Long ere the assonantial craze,
Long before tales of crooks and sharpers,
  We climbed with romances and lays
That spiral staircase down at Harper's.

Perhaps I may not clearly see,
  As through the long years memory strays,
A golden mist there seems to be
  Like unto Jordan's gentle haze;
  In rush and whirl the modern maze
Quaff of their Abanas and Pharpars,
  Forgotten in these latter days,
That spiral staircase down at Harper's.

L'Envoi:

  Fame, blazon it where all may gaze,
Get skilful gravers, master scarpers,
  Carve it where Time may never raze—
That spiral staircase down at Harper's.

## FRESHMAN ADVISER

BY GEORGE BOAS

WE ARE sitting pencil in hand, surrounded by college catalogues, rules and regulations, directories, handbooks, mimeographed slips with last-minute changes of courses on them, folders with big cards for the students' records, pads with two carbons on which to write out schedules. We are all washed and clean, fresh from a summer in which we were supposed to rest and which we spent making enough money to fill out the gap between our salaries and a living wage. We are all resigned to the winter that is before us, teaching, coal bills, committee meetings, those tonsils of Susie's, academic free-

dom, subscription to the Symphony, student activities, what price a decent pair of shoes . . . We smile at each other and sigh at the mass of paper. We have never learned all the rules. How can anyone learn them? Different ones for students in the college of arts and sciences, pre-meds, engineers. But what are rules anyway?

Here they come. . . .

His name is Rosburgh van Stiew. One can see he is one of the Van Stiews—and if one can't, he'll let one know soon enough. That suit of fuzzy tweed, that regimental cravat, that custom-made shirt. Right out of *Vanity Fair*. Already he has the Phi Pho Phum pledge button in his buttonhole.

He speaks with a drawl. It is the voice of his mother's *face-à-main*. He has slightly wavy blond hair—his mother still has a crinkly white pompadour, like Queen Mary's. He has weary eyes.

No use to smile.

"Very well, Mr. Van Stiew. Have you any idea of the courses you'd like to take?"

"No . . . aren't there some things you sort of have to take?"

"Freshman English and Gym."

"Well, I may as well take them."

"History?"

"Do you have to?"

"No. You can take Philosophy, Political Science, or Economics instead."

Mr. Van Stiew tightens his cravat.

"Guess I'll take History."

"Ancient or modern?"

"Well—when do they come?"

"Modern at 8:30, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays; Ancient at 9:30, Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays."

"Oh, Ancient."

Mr. Van Stiew looks shocked that one should have asked.

One shouldn't have.

"Very well, Ancient History."

That leaves three more courses.

"One of the fellows said to take Art Appreciation."

"Yes, you could do that. But sooner or later you are required to take French and German and a laboratory science."

"Couldn't I put them off until next year?"

"You can until you're a senior."

"I think I'll put them off then. I don't want too heavy a schedule."

"Mathematics?"

"Do I have to?"

"It all depends. What are you going to major in?"

"Do I have to major?"

"More or less."

"When do I have to decide?"

"Next year."

So it goes with Mr. Van Stiew. He is using his right of election, his free will. His personality must not be crushed. He will have a Liberal Education, be a member of the Tennis Team, the Dramatic Club, and manager of the Glee Club. And as a prominent alumnus, he will see to it that the Football Team is never oppressed by a fastidious faculty.

Enter Mr. William Hogarth.

Hogarth is from the city Technical High School. Engineer. Red hair, freckles. Ready-made blue serge.

"Math, Physics, Philosophy, German—why can't I take Chemistry too? I'll make up my French this summer. . . . No, can't take any Saturday classes, working at the Universal Clothing Outlet Saturdays."

"English Literature?"

"Do I have to? . . . All right, Professor, put it down. Where do I get my text books? Don't they have any second-hand ones? . . . Classes begin to-morrow? All right. . . . Yes, I know about the Physical Exam. Had it already. . . . No, I guess I know everything now."

"If you need any information, Mr. Hogarth, I'm in my—"

"Thanks, don't believe I will."

He's gone.

Woof! One lights a cigarette.

A presence is before one, grinning. Lots of yellow hair parted in the middle, rising on each side of the part and falling like too ripe wheat. Head slightly to one side. Very red face.

Timidly shoves forward receipted bill from the Treasurer's Office.

Fred Wilkinson.

Mr. Wilkinson doesn't know what he's going to major in as yet—"you see, I may not stay here four years." A glance at his high-school record makes that more than probable.

"English and Physical Training, that is, Gym."

"Can't I be excused from that?"

"Have you a physical disability?"

"I'm not sure . . ."

"Well, we'll put it down anyway and you can talk it over with the doctor."

"French? German?"

"I'm not very good on languages."

"Mathematics?"

"Heavens, no!"

"Philosophy?"

"What's that?"

"It's—it's part of the business of philosophy to find out, Mr. Wilkinson."

One stops in time.

"I don't believe you'd like Philosophy. Physics? You have to take one science."

"Isn't there one where you take a trip in the spring?"

"Geology?"

"Is that where you study rocks and things?"

"Yes." God forgive me.

"I guess I'll take that."

"History?"

Quick response. The eyes actually grow bright.

"Oh, yes, History. My brother said to take History."

"Good, that's that anyway. . . . Ancient or Modern?"

"A—what?"

"Ancient or Modern?"

Mr. Wilkinson looks as if he were going to cry. His lower lip seems to swell. His eyes blink. But he is only thinking.

"Which do you study Keats and Shelley in?"

"Which History course?"

"Yes. My brother studied Keats and Shelley. That's the course I want. Don't they come in History?"

"They are undoubtedly a part of history" (one grows pontifical) "but I don't believe they usually are discussed in the History courses."

"I'm sure my brother studied them here."

"Maybe it was the History of English Literature."

"Would that have Keats and Shelley?"

"I imagine so."

Mr. Wilkinson is dubious.

"Well, I tell you, Professor. Couldn't you put it down, and then if it isn't all right maybe I could change it afterwards. I could change it, couldn't I, you know, if I didn't like it, if they didn't teach Keats and Shelley in it? I could change it, couldn't I?"

Why not? Mr. Wilkinson will flunk out at mid-term anyway.

So we go.

The pad of the three carbons grows thinner and thinner. The atmosphere grows thicker and thicker. The advisers grow stupider and stupider. The day grows shorter and shorter. By night all schedules are made. To-morrow classes will begin. And after to-morrow Mr. Van Stiew, Mr. Hogarth, Mr. Wilkinson, and the rest will begin dropping courses, adding courses, shifting courses about until they have left of their original schedules only English Literature and Gym which are required in the Freshman year.

## *Editor's Easy Chair*

# REMARKS ON THE DEPARTED

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

THE *Harvard Graduates Magazine*, a quarterly, now in its thirty-eighth volume (which means that it began life in 1892) threatens to suspend publication with its June number. It is not that it is tired of life. It does not complain that the times have changed, or that it cannot conform itself to the habits so rapidly developing. It merely discloses that its support is insufficient for its maintenance.

But for our part we hope it will retrick its financial beams and go on, the more so because its most valuable service—though by no means the only one—has been to publish obituaries of Harvard graduates, and especially of such as were notable and distinguished; and these notices have usually been well done and good reading.

If one takes the large view of obituaries, the whole of history is little else than a succession of obituary notices—narratives, that is, of people who have been alive, and of what they have found grace and strength to do about it. The appetite for facts about human life and performance has never been livelier than now. The illustrious dead are all being rewritten or have been rewritten, the forgotten have been recalled, the slums rummaged for picturesque delinquents, and fiction itself is not a livelier industry than this one of putting out new pictures of people who actually lived.

It may be that all the magazines would be improved by more copious obituary departments, but it is quite vain to expect increase in them. They have too many other things to think about which look to them more important and show a greater prospect of profitable advertisements. One does not stimulate production, consumption, salesmanship, or distribution by talking about the recently departed who are out of the market for clothes, food, shelter, and money, and can be discussed only on the basis of merit. So from a business point of view the motive for talking about the dead is rather weak except that if one is in the periodical or literary line there is value to a good story; and any obituary can be a good story if it is not hampered by too many restrictions and the writer of it has due talent.

Moreover, we are constantly reminded that for a really interesting character it is never too late to rewrite an obituary. All the more notable of our Civil War soldiers have been rewritten lately or are now in process of it. If they are of enough consequence to interest the rising generation, out they come again before the footlights. We know a great deal more about the Civil War men, both sides, than we did sixty years ago, being compelled to knowledge by writers, a good many of them British, who got interested in war in France and Flanders and had their minds concentrated upon that subject.

These late-born obituaries have the advantage of appearing after everybody concerned is dead, so that if you tell the truth there won't be much objection,

and if you fib or make mistakes, correction can be made without endangering life or limb.

The newspapers have obituaries and of course will keep at it. There is some information in the jobs they do but usually not much art. Compiled from editorial morgues, they tell some of the facts about people who seem worth having their facts recorded—when and where they were born and who their parents were, whom they married, what offices they held, how much money they made and all that. It is all useful to a biographer but it does not tell the story. It only makes a frame for it. For newspapers life is short, but death much shorter. They can seldom afford to have the departed person on their hands more than three days at the outside. As far as information goes, the newspapers attend to that fairly well, but in real consideration of life, of character and of the factors that made character, of performance and achievement, they are not so good just now as they were in the time when Dana edited the *Sun*. In those days obituaries often engaged the best editorial writing minds in the office, or even out of it if the case was one for which outside help was needed. Of course the population has increased, circulations have increased, obituary columns in newspapers in which publication of departure is popular have lengthened very much, but real obituaries belong to the high art department of journalism and they are not often accomplished.

PERHAPS it was partly M. Clemenceau's perception of this fact that led him, after he had composed a full and adequate obituary of himself in a book of memoirs, to break out with another giving his positively last words on all people and subjects. Clemenceau's book had come out, Foch had died, and Recouly had published his conversations. Clemenceau, dissenting, jumped for a pen and proceeded to do himself an obituary in which there should be no nonsense. He did it; everybody smiled, for Clemenceau being dead, it was safe to smile again. He really showed himself a champion obituarian of his time, at least for fervency and comprehensiveness, and not only made a notice of himself but of everybody else that he had been intimately concerned with in politics for the last fifteen years of his life.

Whether he expected to meet any of his late colleagues or accomplices on the farther shore of Styx does not appear, but he showed not the least concern to secure himself an affectionate welcome from any of them. Everyone, and especially every Frenchman, concerned with the War or the Peace of Versailles who he thought deserved to be smitten in the eye was so smitten with all the emphasis of a character practiced all his life in smiting adversaries. He was more kind to Colonel House than to anyone else, but also gave Mr. Wilson much more credit than one would expect, and recognized the merits and services of Lord Balfour, Lord Robert Cecil and Mr. Bonar Law, of General Bliss, of Dr. Beneš and others, reserving his more caustic benedictions for the Frenchmen who, he thought, had earned them.

The marvel about Clemenceau was the persistent energy of his resentments. In most people resentment, if it exists at all, becomes enfeebled as the end of life approaches and other things seem more important. Not so with Clemenceau, who went down firing broadsides. He said very kind things of Mr. Wilson but blamed him for being so slow in getting into the War. As to that he might have been interested in remarks credited to Melville Stone of the Associated Press, who allowed it to be known some years after the War that in 1915 and 1916 Mr. Wilson had repeatedly asked him if he thought Congress would declare war under all the conditions then existing, and that he had had to say that it would not. In 1921, looking back at the complex political situation of the neutral years, when his own hand had been on the pulse of Western public opinion, Mr. Stone was "sure that it would not

have done so." Such is the report of Mr. Alexander Dana Noyes in obituary remarks about Mr. Stone in January, 1930.

Of all the recent obituary jobs none outranks in remarkable qualities Mr. Dakin's copious exhibition of Mrs. Eddy. Somebody has just been writing again about Mohammed and doubtless shed some new light on that remarkable man. It is the hundredth year of the Mormons, and maybe Mr. Smoot or some of the faithful, or even some of the unfaithful, will put out pictures of Brigham Young and Joseph Smith; but their work must be cut out for them if they undertake to beat Mr. Dakin, who seems really to have added to our knowledge of the qualities in human creatures that make possible the organization and establishment of a new religious sect.

Not the least of the honorable services of Mr. Charles Scribner as a publisher, extended as they had been over forty odd years, was his resolute complicity in the closing months of his life in the publication of Mr. Dakin's book. Which being said, it may be added that no such book as Mr. Dakin's should be held to be final. Mr. Dakin has saved a lot of facts from disappearance but, of course, another generation may see Mrs. Eddy differently. That goes on constantly. Every new biographer has the point of view and the knowledge of his generation.

THE three hundred and eighteen convicts burned alive in the state penitentiary fire in Columbus, Ohio, on April 21, called with urgency for obituary treatment in the newspapers, but were discussed mainly as news. Mr. Hearst, however, rose to the event on the front pages of his morning papers in two columns, large type, in which he discussed the causes behind the overcrowding of prisons and the frightful situations we are coming into as a consequence of law-making by people too lacking in knowledge and experience of life to know what they are about. The death of those men in Columbus was a terrific consequence of laws still operative and still defended. But in such matters we seem to be rapidly becoming shock proof. We read of these men being cruelly destroyed under our laws and turn a page of the newspaper to see what the stock market says.

Mr. Hearst heads his remarks with a question in black type: "Where are cruel selfishness and cold-blooded indifference leading the people of this nation?" He reviews the state laws, the powers of legislators and judges. "Everything is done to punish crimes, misdemeanors, and even innocent errors, but nothing is done to prevent them." It is time, he thinks, for the real heart and the real brains of the nation to take control of matters social and political, "otherwise our fat and fatuous ruling classes who apparently don't care what happens so long as it does not happen to them, will go the way of the Russian autocracy and wake up one fine morning to find that something *can* happen to *them*."

So, Mr. Hearst! But has he not said true? Is it not true that if we read such an obituary story as that about the penitentiary fire in Columbus and merely turn the page we invite terrific retribution?

After all it is the living that the obituarian aims at, not the dead. He paints his picture for the survivors. So Mr. Hearst has done, and an awful picture it is.

About the prisons it is very much as it is about war. The Dry laws are given the credit of overcrowding them—the immediate cause of their troubles—but apart from that, there is something approaching general agreement that the prisons are not managed as they should be, that their populations are ill selected, and not well handled after they get there.

When war is discussed and the ways and means of getting it nicely done, the conclusion usually reached is that war is not nice and cannot be nicely done; that it is, on any large scale, a shocking performance, and that it almost always leaves things worse than it found them.

So it is, very much, about prisons. People who wish to make them better and are most concerned and mortified that they are what they are, realize presently that prisons are not much nicer than war, and that the great aim is not so much to improve them as to keep people out of them, and if possible devise other means of doing the work which they do so ill. If war is out of date, as we try to think, so are prisons, and it may be we are all coming to think so.

Another matter about which opinion is moving and spreading is whether the people really in charge of this country at this time understand the job, or come as near understanding it as is necessary. Probably no set of political managers ever did understand the job of running the country they had charge of, but just muddled along with it for better or worse the best they could. That is all well enough when the mass of the people are living near the ground and have not far to fall if a smash comes, but nowadays we in these States are not living near the ground at all, but are perched on a scaffolding that is highly artificial, and not so substantial as one could wish. Our standard of living is very high, and the higher it is the harder we shall hit the ground if it buckles under us. Seeing the prisons so full and so disorderly makes us wonder whether our lawmakers are wise enough for their employment or should be swept out with a large broom and replaced by persons of deeper understanding.

Well, we shall have to wait and see. The obituaries of the 19th century are on file, and those of the first quarter of the 20th century are rapidly accumulating. Persons who are still here to read the obituaries of the second quarter will doubtless have a better notion of where the world is tending than we have, or possibly will pause from considering where it is going to write up where it has gone.

WHAT is a Humanist?

Apparently, some sort of a religious animal.

One finds a good deal written about it in current periodicals, but the writing is apt to be of a sort that one may read a good deal of and not feel any wiser.

What one would like to know about the Humanists is such things as whether they say their prayers; whether they think there is any Hell; whether they are Drys or otherwise; whether they play golf Sunday mornings, or only in the afternoons. One can read pages about them and not get answers to practical questions like these, nor even get their views upon divorce.

If a little group of Humanists, or even a single one, could be kept on exhibition in Bronx Park it would make greatly for elucidation of ideas on this subject. Even a stuffed group in the Natural History Museum would be better than nothing. It would not show us how they function, but at least we would know what they look like.

As it is, the Humanists are up in the air. One does not know off-hand whether Doctor Fosdick is one, or Doctor Cadman, or Doctor Bernard Iddings Bell, or Cardinal Hayes, or Rabbi Wise. It helps visibility of them to have a newspaper report Mr. Theodore Dreiser as calling up from Texas to say that he is not a Humanist and does not expect to join. Mr. Paul Elmer Moore writes about them, but one easily forgets whether he is for or against them, and one turns, if he must know more, to Professor Irving Babbitt, who seems to be the leading expositor of the cult. Of course it takes time to connect the name of a new sect with the principles it stands for. Does it mean anything to you to have someone say that John Wesley was an Arminian, or that somebody else was an antinomian? It is not really remarkable that we should be a little in the dark about Humanists, but nothing yet known about them equals expectation based on the space given them in the weekly periodicals. Driver ants are more interesting so far and it is easier to get on to their wiles.

# *Personal and Otherwise*

BY THE time this issue of the Magazine appears, the worst of the unemployment crisis may be over. Nevertheless the insistent question will remain: shall we let it happen again? How grave, far-reaching, and difficult of solution the problem is, ***Stuart Chase*** makes clear in the opening article of the month. (Incidentally, the anonymous article entitled "Man Out of Work" makes equally clear what acute distress unemployment brings even to many a member of what we ordinarily consider the prosperous classes.) Mr. Chase is qualified for his assignment by his training as an accountant, by his presidency of the Labor Bureau, Inc. (which gives him an opportunity to study labor problems at close range), and by the special study of our present-day economic system which he made in connection with the writing of his latest book, *Prosperity: Fact or Myth?* He is also the author of *Your Money's Worth* and of many HARPER articles, including "Laid Off at Forty" and "The Mad Hatter's Dirty Teacup."

***H. R. Wakefield*** is a young English writer who made his bow to the HARPER audience last March with "Corporal Humpit of the 4th Musketeers."

Whatever ***Charles A. Beard*** says about contemporary politics takes on added importance from the fact that he knows American political and social history as do few men of our day: witness *The Rise of American Civilization*, which he wrote in collaboration with his wife, Mary R. Beard. Dr. Beard was formerly professor of politics at Columbia. Among his recent HARPER articles have been "Whom Does Congress Represent?" and "The Dear Old Constitution."

Since the War, during which he proved that an aviator could also be an excellent writer, ***James Norman Hall*** has lived in Tahiti. His stories and essays on life in the South Seas are familiar to readers of this Magazine. But even at the other end of the world he recalls the Iowa village where he was brought up, and the transcontinental trains that thundered through it.

***Dorothy Dunbar Bromley,*** whose discussion of "The Crisis in Nursing" will interest not only nurses and physicians but patients, has written before this on medical subjects: her "What Risk Motherhood?" (June, 1929) won high praise for its medical accuracy. Mrs. Bromley is a New York writer who for several years has been a frequent contributor to HARPER'S. In preparing her present article she has had valuable assistance from several leaders of the nursing and medical professions, and has been given access to the findings of the Committee for the Grading of Nursing Schools. The article has been read and approved by Dr. William Darrach, Dean of the College of Physicians and Surgeons and chairman of the above-mentioned Committee, by Mrs. May Ayres Burgess, research director of the Committee, and by Miss Mary Roberts, editor of the *American Journal of Nursing.*

***Gordon Arthur Smith's*** stories have appeared from time to time in the Magazine since before it put on its orange dress. This month Mr. Smith gives us, not an adventure of the nefarious Monsieur Georges, but another sort of tale with a Parisian setting.

Those who recall such previous articles by ***Floyd H. Allport*** as "Seeing Women as They Are" and "The Religion of a Scientist" will not be surprised that his reflections on the status of the modern family contain food for thought. Doctor Allport is professor of social and political psychology at Syracuse University and the author of a standard volume on *Social Psychology.*

The facts set forth in "Man Out of Work"

have been altered only enough to disguise the identity of the author, whose name we are of course not at liberty to divulge.

As correspondent for the Chicago *Daily News* in Europe and the Near East, ***John Gunther*** is able to set forth without partiality the facts concerning the situation in Palestine. Mr. Gunther has twice visited Palestine—during the summer of 1926 and during the riots of 1929. Each time he visited also the surrounding countries, Egypt, Transjordan, and Syria. He has written for us previously on "The High Cost of Hoodlums" (in Chicago) and on "Funneling the European News." His novels include *Eden for One*, *The Red Pavilion*, and *The Golden Fleece*.

It was ***Leslie Roberts,*** Canadian novelist and newspaper man, who contributed "Step-Uncle Sam" to our June issue. Now he writes in more genial mood about the travelers from the United States who venture north across the border.

"Saphead" is ***M. C. Blackman's*** second HARPER story; the first, "Hot Copy" (December, 1927), a tale of a reporter's cruelty (as told naïvely by himself), made its way into more than one anthology. Mr. Blackman, a native of Louisiana and later a member of the Detroit *Times* staff, has recently been living abroad.

***Nathaniel Peffer's*** conclusions with regard to the plight of imperialism are based on an intimate knowledge of the Orient. He lived for six years in China as editor and correspondent, visited China again in 1928–29 on a Guggenheim Fellowship, is the author of *The White Man's Dilemma* and of a recent HARPER article on "The Death of Chinese Civilization," and has been giving during the past year a course at Columbia, on the Far East.

Those who have enjoyed ***Gamaliel Bradford's*** historical portraits—collected in *Damaged Souls*, *Bare Souls*, and a long row of other volumes—will be interested to find him applying his gift of portraiture to a group of men of our own time. Nikolai Lenin is his first subject in the series; a study of Mussolini, another man of vast contemporary influence, will follow. Mr. Bradford's other subjects, we understand, are to be American.

There is only one poet represented in this issue: ***Edna Kingsley Wallace,*** a New York writer who has not contributed to HARPER'S for several years.

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In the Lion's Mouth appear ***Philip Curtiss,*** whose incomparable dog story, "The Honorable Charley," will appear shortly in book form; ***Carolyn Wells,*** parodist, nonsense anthologist, and detective-story writer, who commemorates the spiral staircase in the old Harper Building at Franklin Square, New York (forsaken seven years ago when the firm moved uptown); and ***George Boas,*** associate professor of philosophy at Johns Hopkins, author of *The Adventures of Human Thought* and *Never Go Back*, and translator of Michaud's new book, *Emerson, The Enraptured Yankee*.

❦ ❦ ❦

***Cadwallader Washburn,*** whose dry-point of a French fisherman is reproduced as the frontispiece of this issue, was born in Minneapolis (his father was for many years United States Senator from Minnesota), graduated in 1890 from Gallaudet College, Washington, studied architecture at M. I. T., turned to the study of painting at the Art Students' League in New York, and after studying in France with Besnard, later found his appropriate medium in etching. During the past twenty-five years Mr. Washburn has traveled widely and produced a fine variety of landscapes and portrait heads, which have given him a distinguished place among American etchers.

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The Magazine suffered a great loss in the death, on May 1, of Professor Charles A. Bennett, chairman of the department of philosophy at Yale University. At the age of forty-four Professor Bennett was already one of the most brilliant members of the Yale faculty. Thousands of HARPER readers have enjoyed both his serious articles (such as "The Cult of the Seamy Side") and his numerous and engaging Lion's Mouth essays. The latest of these, entitled "Weighed and Found Wanting," was in press at the time of Professor Bennett's death and appeared only last month.

The anonymous article entitled "The Barren Twig Protests" has brought forth an extraordinary variety of replies: in addition to all the letters written to us about it, more than thirty articles prompted by it were submitted to us for publication. Innumerable "fruitful branches" have pointed out that Mrs. Barren Twig is deliberately missing one of the solidest satisfactions of life, or have insisted that in her refusal to bear children she is unrepresentative of American women as a whole, or have denounced her for her selfishness. ("This poor man says his wife loves him. Well, she doesn't. She loves nobody but herself.") Here is a passage from a characteristic indictment of Mrs. Barren Twig:

It seems to me that there is a distinct gap in the thinking processes of such women, a place where, convinced that they are free of inhibitions, they are guilty of the greatest inhibition of all: denial of life as it is. They have thrown off such conventionalities in regard to sex as hinder them from its obvious pleasures, only to plunge themselves into deeper conventionalities that restrict them in the full enjoyment of their emotional life as women. Through fear, and no doubt through a view of family life biased during adolescence, they reject the rich fruitfulness that is the normal outgrowth of sexual enjoyment. Marriage, pregnancy, birth, and motherhood should be a sequence so wholly natural and desirable that the woman who is robbed of any part of it would feel as cheated as the woman often does who is denied the first consummation.

How or by what means such an attitude can be fostered I do not pretend to know or what can possibly be the solution for the man who, after fourteen years of marriage, sees himself as a lonely and barren twig. His protest—as he himself admits—comes too late to do him any good. But surely it is never too late to voice a plea to the group of intellectual women against whom he makes it: a plea that asks them, for their own ultimate content, to free themselves of yet another inhibition and embrace maternity as eagerly as they have welcomed sex.

On the other hand the Barren Twig himself comes in for his share of criticism from another group of readers. He is called "a jellyfish" and his "wail" is described as a "puerile exhibition" in a syndicated column in the Columbus *Citizen*, which continues:

Half the childless wives in this land are miserable because they are married to exactly such spineless men as this one. They are permitted to have their own way and because they are not wise enough when they are first married to realize what they do when they postpone having a family, they are doomed to go wanting all their days.

The man who longs for children and has a mate strong enough to bear them need not curse fate. He has the right to demand them. And only a weak one would put up with a Susan.

A bachelor rushes chivalrously to the defense of Mrs. Barren Twig:

It strikes me that the writer of the article is a very common type of childless husband, no better and no worse than the average, but short-sighted, inconsiderate, presumptuous, selfish and tyrannical, without in the least meaning to be any of these things. He has nursed his own desires and baffled hopes until he is blind to his wife's rights.

Who is it that risks life and bears the terrible agony of birth pains? Who is it that suffers the torture of suspense and dread for months beforehand? And who is it, after this ordeal is over, that devotes her life to the petty annoyances, the dirty and nerve-racking details of child-rearing? The woman. The husband's share of all these things is comparatively slight. He may and does worry about providing for the children. But so does the wife, even more so.

It seems to me perfectly obvious that the entire question of having children should be left solely and absolutely to the decision and wishes of the wife, and that no husband has the slightest right to demand that she make the sacrifice. As a trained nurse said recently, "If the husbands had to endure the tortures of childbearing, there wouldn't be any children."

Usually, women are more desirous of children than men are. If they can curb their craving for parenthood, surely men can. If Mr. "Anonymous" is pining to death for parenthood, then it is too bad that he was not born a woman, so that he could bear the agony as well as the felicity. If he loves his wife as he should (instead of merely pitying her) he will have a greater regard for her happiness and well-being than for his own selfish desires.

I suspect that he is one of those old-fashioned men who still cling to the obsolete notion that woman's only sphere or excuse for being is to shut herself up in the home and become a mere breeding machine. Fogyism does die hard.

An original comment is that of a hard-boiled realist who read both "The Barren Twig Protests" and Mary Borden's article in the same issue, and suggests prescribing to the Barren Twig "a dose of French morals."

In the May issue we gave space to the protest of a clerical gentleman who called us a cancer. A young subscriber from Chicago is one of many who rally vigorously to our defense:

According to the letter from the reverend of Minneapolis in the May issue of the Magazine, HARPER'S is a cancer. Please let me draw out the analogy and state that in that case the reverend is undoubtedly not even a pimple.

Perhaps you would be interested in the paganistic influence your Magazine has upon one of your younger readers. I am twenty years old, and have subscribed to HARPER'S since I turned seventeen, when my voice took a definite downward trend and I borrowed Dad's razor for what I considered a noble experiment. I have read every article in every issue since the first. Oh, I suppose I did skip a few arid dissertations upon economics and such, but whatever religion I have, and whatever kind of modern attitude I take in regard to government and morals and women and sex and football and money, I owe to HARPER'S.

I wish I could rattle off a few articles and authors of a few years back to impress you with the intensity with which I read HARPER'S. But I can't. Lord, I don't even know where most of the issues are. I have saved perhaps ten numbers, those that contain Huxley's "One God or Many" and Owen Wister's "Safe in the Arms of Crœsus" and "The Crisis in Morals" and so on. Articles like that have supplied me with the clay with which to mold the rather unstable philosophy of my adolescence. Unstable, because I have argued with men twice my age about so many things which I consider important (and which you do, too) only to have them say, "Well, of course you're too young to understand or read a Magazine like HARPER'S intelligently. Wait until you have lived and have a family and get to be on the board of trustees with real responsibilities." I don't want a family, and, being twenty and a college student, I have had experiences.

You and the reverend from Minneapolis may rest assured that HARPER'S is not corrupting me. I believe in it too implicitly. That perhaps is a fault with me. I have yet to disagree with any article or criticize any short story, for the same reason, I guess, that the reverend would not dare question the veracity and authenticity of the Bible.

I feel so *alive* when I read HARPER'S. You are so keenly and intelligently progressive and modern.

And in 1970 I shall write again to say that I wonder if any other HARPER reader has read the Magazine as long as I have. Why, I started way back in '26. . . .

# New Orleans — Seaport of the Valley

## *Dominant Industrial and Economic Influences at Work Where The Americas Meet*

BY DON E. MOWRY

IN 1924, I said: "The last vestige of the old French in the United States is found in New Orleans where the new ambitions of a world port are taking deep root in the minds of the people."

Since that time, sixteen hundred New Orleans concerns have subscribed to the New Orleans National Advertising Fund in order that there might be placed before the eyes of the outstanding industrial and financial leaders of the nation this community's advantages and assets.

Seventy per cent of the industrial plants of the country have previously been located about the Great Lakes states, and in the East along the Atlantic seaboard. Today the percentage is diminishing in these areas and growing in the outer-rim markets. New industries are being won by aggressive cities. Atlanta, Jacksonville, Richmond, Houston, Dallas, Louisville, El Paso, Tulsa, Kansas City, St. Louis—all are taking advantage of the situation through the coöperative effort of their citizens. New Orleans decided not to stand apart in this contest of her progressive rivals.

This decision to plan ahead was emphasized in the statement made by President Hoover when the flood was threatening. Even in those dark days he said: "New Orleans is a city of destiny which will almost certainly double its population in the next quarter of a century. The removal of the flood menace from the Mississippi Valley, which is now certain, and the development of the Mississippi and its tributaries as a great system of water ways transportation are two powerful factors which will contribute to the rapid growth of your great Port. Dominant industrial and economic influences which I have seen at work through the Mississippi Valley in favor of New Orleans must be taken into account nationally."

Among the more than one hundred and fifty city advertisers, New Orleans claims to be using a national campaign based upon a new and workable sales and advertising program. This campaign follows the sales method used by the largest and most successful marketers of industrial equipment. The campaign provides its final, powerful, irresistible drive where some other cities cease firing—that is, at the point of sale.

Let us consider some of the striking phrases of the advertising copy itself. "If you are interested in new markets study this map." By looking at the map, you see that New Orleans is truly the meeting place of the Americas, and offers regular sailings to one hundred Latin American ports. It is becoming generally known that waterways are the arteries of trade and foretell progress. Here, again, New Orleans points out that her port is a factor. The industrial executive is informed that economical transportation, excellent port facilities, and the union of rail, river and ocean lines, are vital factors in business.

The advertising material on New Orleans has been effective. "A survey of the New Orleans Industrial Zone" is an analytic study of the basic economic factors of the city and 40,000 copies have been distributed to selected manufacturers of national standing. Special studies have been made with reference to rubber tires, furniture, chemicals, textiles, and woodworking. Mailing pieces show the city's true character. While these are decidedly varied in form and subject matter, each piece of direct mail has been planned and executed with a single purpose—the presentation to influential executives of the advantages of industrial New Orleans.

Facts about a city emphasize its possibilities. The presentation of facts requires preliminary study and research. New Orleans is awake to her possibilities and does not hesitate to advertise them judiciously.

# An investor in Railroad Securities

IN 1929 there were transported by the railroads of the United States 2,427,000,000 tons of revenue freight and 780,000,000 passengers. A total of over $25,000,000,000 has been invested in the properties of these carriers. They employ some 1,700,000 persons who receive yearly wages of nearly three billion dollars.

Since 1916 American railroads have increased their gross earnings 75%, their capital only 13% and their outstanding common stocks only 4%. They have expended billions of dollars from earnings and capital to increase property accounts and operating efficiency.

United Founders Corporation and subsidiaries own diversified railroad securities, representing substantial investments but no control of properties. At present these investments are in railways of leading American systems operating over 60% of the Class I mileage in the United States.

With its railroad holdings, United Founders combines investments in other basic fields. It has important investments in leading systems in the electric power and light industry in addition to its interests in investment companies, banks and insurance companies.

Through control of American Founders Corporation, United Founders is interested in a group of investment companies which have operated successfully over a number of years. This interest provides United Founders also with extensive economic, analytical and research service.

The operations of United Founders Corporation are directed to obtain the cumulative and substantial results which accrue from long-pull, managed investing.

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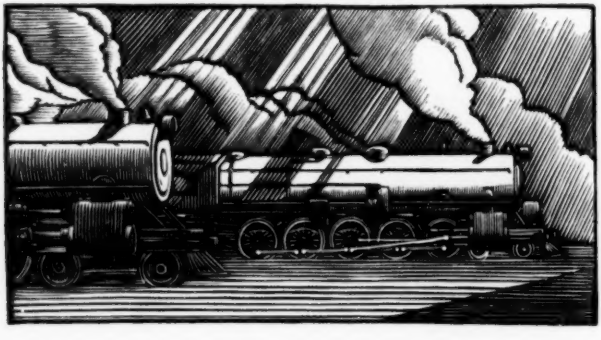

## UNITED FOUNDERS CORPORATION

*This advertisement is the third of a series outlining the investment activities of United Founders Corporation*

# IN THE FINANCIAL WORLD

## Risk, Yield, and Profit

By PAUL TOMLINSON

THERE is, as everyone knows, a definite relationship between the yield on an investment, and the risk involved in owning that investment. There is also a relationship, not so generally appreciated, between the yield on an investment and the possibilities of profit it offers.

WHEN an investment pays interest or dividends its yield is determined by its selling price. If, for example, a stock paying four dollars a year in dividends sells at eighty dollars a share the yield is exactly five per cent. If another stock, also paying dividends of four dollars a share, sells at sixty dollars a share the yield is six and two-thirds per cent. Now it is a definitely established rule of investing that the higher the yield the greater the risk, so that from the standpoint of safety the eighty dollar stock is preferable to the one selling at sixty. On the other hand, one might say that if profit is being considered the lower priced issue is the stock to buy, that selling twenty points below the other and paying the same dividend it should tend toward equality with the other and advance in price. As a matter of fact, experience shows that not only is the low yield stock safer than the one yielding a high return, but that low yield issues are the ones which are likely to produce the profits.

AT FIRST glance it might seem that such a situation is contrary to all reason, and impossible on its face. Undoubtedly many investors are prejudiced against stocks which yield a return lower than they seem to think ought to be the case. Low yields, in the opinion of many people, constituted one of the prime reasons for the stock market collapse last autumn, which is, of course, only another way of saying that prices were considered too high. Facts, however, do not seem to support this line of reasoning. Even at the bottom prices of November, yields on the best grade stocks were very low. The highest yield on one of five issues of this character at its lowest selling price during the depression was 4.4%, and the lowest, 3.5%—not very high returns on common stocks at any time. The fact remains, however, that five months later the

yields on these same issues had fallen to a high of 3.31% and to a low of 2.04%; they had advanced in price from 50% to 89.5% from their lowest panic prices.

FIVE low-priced, high yield issues, all popular stocks, had a yield, at the bottom prices of November, of from 7.1% to 22.2%. Doubtless they seemed like bargains to many people, and undoubtedly many people who bought them congratulated themselves on having picked up something good at fire sale quotations. Five months later two of these issues were paying no dividends at all; the price of one of them had remained unchanged, one had advanced 0.8%, one 8.6%, and the other two had declined 14.3% and 19.7%, respectively.

THESE figures tell a most interesting story. The ten stocks which furnished these examples are all well known and representative of two outstanding groups dealt in on the New York Stock Exchange, the high-priced "blue chip" issues, and the low-priced issues which many purchasers mistakenly look upon as bargains. Whatever anyone may think, there is a definite relation between price and value; if a stock is low there is a reason for it, and if a stock is high there is a reason for that too. And stocks which have once been high and now are low are not necessarily going to be high soon again, and should not be purchased in the expectation that such a thing will happen automatically. The "public," however, or at least a good part of it, too often bases its opinion of a stock's attractiveness upon high yield. If a stock does not yield a good income return they will have none of it, or will buy it only with reluctance. Take the case of American Telephone and Telegraph, for example: at 270 and paying $9 a share in dividends the income return was only 3.3%, and many investors passed it by because they could secure a higher return from something else. This particular corporation, however, has made a practice of giving its stockholders rights to subscribe to new stock every other year; when the announcement was made in April of this year that stockholders would be given rights to subscribe to one new share for every six then held, these rights were dealt in at approximately $25 a right. In other words, in addition to a dividend of $9 a share, stockholders received rights worth $25 a share. Suppose a man had bought this stock two years ago at 270; he would have received in that time $18 a share in dividends and rights worth $25 a share, or a total of $43 a share in two years, a yield at a price of 270 of almost 8%. As a matter of fact, a man who bought two years ago would not have had to pay 270 a share, so that the yield would be considerably higher than 8%, with an excellent profit in addition.

THERE are many other corporations which have treated their stockholders handsomely too, in spite of the apparent low yield on their shares. Bank stocks are an outstanding example of this. Few bank stocks have offered much of an income return in recent years and yet they have probably made as large profits for their owners as any class of securities that one could mention. Moreover, the ones with the lowest yields have pretty consistently paid the biggest profits. Issues on the New York Stock Exchange which are being boosted as potential profit makers at the present time are in almost every instance issues with only negligible income returns. As one large stock exchange house puts it, stocks "almost automatically arrange themselves in the order of desirability if consideration is given to the yield basis on which they sell. Stocks yielding the least will almost in-

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CITIES SERVICE has been growing for 19 years—many of its constituent companies have been growing still longer—some for half a century. The consolidated gross earnings of the organization are now in excess of $185,000,000, and steadily rising.

CITIES SERVICE earnings are shared by more than 362,000 investors who are holders of CITIES SERVICE COMPANY Common stock—one of the most popular and widely distributed common stocks in the world's investment markets.

At the current market price, CITIES SERVICE Common stock yields, annually, over 6½% in stock and cash, dividends being paid monthly.

When you invest in CITIES SERVICE Common stock you become a partner in this highly successful enterprise, with a record of nineteen years of growth—and an assured future of greater usefulness.

Mail the coupon below and we will send you, without obligation on your part, an interesting booklet describing CITIES SERVICE and its investment securities.

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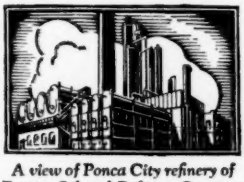

*A view of Ponca City refinery of Empire Oil and Refining Company*

DIRECTLY or through affiliated companies this Cities Service subsidiary is engaged in producing, transporting, refining and marketing of petroleum products.

The principal producing properties are located in the Mid Continent field and the four refineries, with a daily refining capacity of 20,500 barrels of crude oil, are connected with the various producing wells of the system and wells of other companies through 900 miles of oil pipe line.

Refined petroleum products are distributed through more than 540 tank and service stations located in twelve states.

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HENRY L. DOHERTY & COMPANY
60 Wall Street, New York City

Send copy of booklet describing the Cities Service organization and the investment possibilities of its securities.

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variably prove the most attractive, and those with the highest yield undesirable. It could undoubtedly be shown that dividend increases and market appreciation occur with greatest frequency in the low yield stocks, while decreased payments and unsatisfactory market action usually occur where yields are generous."

STOCKS do not go up because yields are low, but yields are low because stocks have gone up. In spite of the fact that too many investors buy with insufficient knowledge of what they are buying, it is nevertheless true that the largest and most important purchasers of stocks know very well indeed what they are about. These purchasers concentrate on the best issues, and the demand they create puts the prices of these issues up, and their yields down. Investors of this sort pay slight attention to current yields; they are more interested in equities and future possibilities.

OF COURSE there are many people who count on the income they receive from investments in their living budgets, and low yield stocks may seem to them to be out of the question, even if they do hold out the hope of greatest profit. Some of these people, however, have adopted the policy of buying these low yield stocks, and compensating themselves for their low income return by selling enough of their holdings each year to provide cash, which, added to dividends received, will provide an amount equal to perhaps six per cent on their investments. Their theory is that the appreciation in price of these stocks will more than offset the capital so sacrificed, and that actually they will make money on this basis. As a matter of fact, a five-year analysis of the stocks of American Can, Consolidated Gas, General Electric, International Harvester, and Union Carbide shows that in order to provide a yield of 6% it would have


# A DECADE OF GROWTH

SIGNIFICANT of the productivity and progressiveness of the area served by the Associated Gas and Electric System is the 109% increase in gross earnings, the 248% increase in net earnings and the 99% increase in the number of customers for the period 1920–1929 as shown below.

| Dec. 31 | Annual Earnings Gross | *Net | Sales K.W.H. | Number of Customers Electric | Gas, Water, etc. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1920 | $ 49,410,687 | $14,449,787 | 1,020,912,328 | 342,373 | 344,651 |
| 1921 | 53,301,038 | 17,195,389 | 985,365,167 | 381,238 | 353,871 |
| 1922 | 56,828,970 | 20,663,844 | 1,143,467,323 | 444,233 | 369,660 |
| 1923 | 63,638,228 | 24,325,142 | 1,348,986,857 | 513,007 | 381,288 |
| 1924 | 67,417,018 | 26,733,159 | 1,400,942,454 | 590,692 | 398,527 |
| 1925 | 73,977,348 | 31,531,123 | 1,579,150,849 | 665,366 | 416,896 |
| 1926 | 81,646,959 | 35,652,028 | 1,854,708,852 | 736,451 | 437,490 |
| 1927 | 88,113,621 | 40,148,195 | 1,921,527,571 | 782,887 | 454,228 |
| 1928 | 93,624,445 | 43,196,594 | 2,110,949,196 | 845,551 | 465,487 |
| 1929 | 103,556,864 | 50,282,036 | 2,372,274,311 | 896,630 | 472,231 |

*Before depreciation.

*To make an Associated System investment write for Circular G-2.*

## Associated Gas and Electric Company

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been necessary to sell an average of about 3% of one's holdings of these issues, while the average annual price appreciation of these five stocks has been 44%. There are other stocks like these which would show similar results.

WHAT suits one investor may not please another. There can be no doubt, however, about the desirability of each investor's proceeding only with full knowledge of what he is attempting to do, and naturally he should make up his mind in advance as to what that is. In the stock market, for instance, there are hundreds of individual issues to select from; but the problem of selection can be simplified by a realization that all of these issues can be separated into certain broad classes.

FIRST of all, there are the "blue chip" stocks, the high-priced, low yield issues. These stocks represent the leading industries in the most promising lines of business. Experience seems to indicate that these stocks offer the best opportunities for profits—not profits to be made overnight, but in the long run, as the country grows and prospers and these leading industries grow and prosper with it. On the basis of current yields these stocks are not attractive; on the basis of profits and future yields they are probably the best of all. And they involve little risk, if bought outright and held regardless of inevitable price fluctuations.

IN THE second class, at the present time at least, are those stocks representing businesses which have been depressed, but are sound and in a position to strengthen their positions as conditions improve. They are not the outstanding leaders, not as strongly intrenched in their respective fields as stocks in the first class, nor with possi-


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# INVESTMENT INFORMATION

**A list of informative booklets issued by reputable investment houses is given below and may be obtained upon request from them or from Harper's Magazine.**

CHOOSING YOUR INVESTMENT BANKER: A worthwhile booklet for investors. Offered by Halsey, Stuart & Co., 209 So. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

THE HUSDON RIVER BRIDGE OF TOMORROW: An economic study of the new Hudson River Bridge in its relation to the communities served. The National City Company, 55 Wall Street, New York.

SYSTEMATIC INVESTMENT PLANS: A definite program of systematic investing is offered by the First National Old Colony Corp., Boston, Mass.

GUARANTY SERVICE: A booklet that describes briefly the work of the various departments of the Company and, at the same time, outlines the facilities available to customers through these departments. Guaranty Trust Company of New York, 140 Broadway, New York City.

WHY A NATIONAL UNION FOR SAFETY: A booklet describing National Union Mortgage Bonds and showing how securities are safeguarded through insurance of principal and interest by outside surety companies. Offered by the National Union Mortgage Company, 111 E. Redwood Street, Baltimore, Md.

"OUR INSTITUTION," an illustrated booklet describing the various types of securities and the varied services available to investors, is offered by Peabody and Company, 10 S. La Salle St., Chicago, Illinois.

PUBLIC UTILITY SECURITIES AS INVESTMENTS: A booklet containing information on Public Utilities Securities of special interest to all investors is offered by A. C. Allyn & Company, 67 West Monroe Street, Chicago, Illinois.

WATER, THE INDISPENSABLE UTILITY: An interesting booklet, giving a detailed description of a water company's plant and operations, with special reference to the investment qualities of securities of water companies. Offered by G. L. Ohrstrom & Co., 44 Wall St., New York City.

UTILITY SECURITIES COMPANY, 230 So. La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill., will gladly furnish complete information of the various securities offered by the great public utility interests which the Utility Securities Company serves. Detailed circulars regarding various issues will be mailed upon request.

THE SEAL THAT CERTIFIES SAFETY is the title of a booklet that gives complete information of guaranteed investments; it may be obtained by addressing General Surety Company, 340 Madison Avenue, New York.

THE ANNUAL REPORT of the American Founders Corporation for the fiscal year ended November 29th, 1929, may be had by addressing Founders General Corporation, 50 Pine Street, New York City.

THE GROWTH OF AMERICAN BUSINESS, 1904–1929. A brief, conclusive survey of recent business history is offered by Hornblower & Weeks.

SAFETY AND STEADY INCOME is the title of an informative Booklet on Investments offered by R. H. Arnold & Co., 1009 Graybar Bldg., New York City.

CITIES SERVICE COMMON AS A PERMANENT INVESTMENT. This booklet describes the activities of Cities Service Company and its subsidiaries. It also discusses common stock for investment, with special reference to the past history and future possibilities of Cities Service Common stock. Offered by Henry Doherty & Co., 60 Wall St., New York, N. Y.

UNITED BONDS: A name given to the real estate bonds secured by high-grade properties in Detroit, and issued by the United States Mortgage Bond Company, Detroit, Mich. Interesting booklets on request.

NEW YEAR BOOK: Offered by Commonwealth Edison Co., Chicago, Ill.

WATER SERVICE—THE ARISTOCRAT OF UTILITIES is an interesting booklet describing water bonds as a sound form of investment offered by P. W. Chapman & Company, Inc., 170 West Monroe Street, Chicago, or 42 Cedar Street, New York City.

SECURITY BONDS: Secured by real estate first mortgages that bear a $40,000,000 guarantee, are described in a circular which J. A. W. Iglehart & Company, 102 St. Paul Street, Baltimore, Md., will be pleased to send to you upon request.

HOW TO INVEST MONEY is the title of a new booklet published by S. W. Straus & Co. It describes various types of securities and is a valuable guide to every investor. A copy will be sent free on request by S. W. Straus & Co., 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

STOCK AND BOND REGISTER: A record showing the important features of each security which is held by investors. Offered by Otis & Company, 216 Superior St., N. E., Cleveland, Ohio.

EXPERT COUNSEL both to industry requiring new capital and to those seeking sound investments in securities of the Middle West is offered by Keane, Higbie & Company, 535 Griswold St., Detroit, Michigan.

WHAT IS THE CLASS A STOCK?: This booklet gives specific facts regarding the Class A Stock and a brief analysis of the company. For copy address Associated Gas & Electric Securities Co., 61 Broadway, New York City.

A STATEMENT OF CAPITALIZATION, EARNINGS AND DIVIDENDS of the American Water Works and Electric Company, Inc., will be mailed upon request. Offered by American Water Works and Electric Co., 50 Broad Street, New York, N. Y.

CANADIAN INVESTMENT OPPORTUNITIES: Definite investment recommendations offered by Cochran, Hay & Co., Ltd., Dominion Bank Bldg., Toronto, Canada.

bilities for the future as certain; at the same time they are—most of them—probably safe investments, and of course their yields are relatively high.

IN THE third class are the stocks of companies which are themselves weak, or in some line of business which is not doing well. These stocks are selling at low prices, and the yield on those which are paying dividends is high. Probably they will remain high; in many cases, however, they may yield nothing at all before long. These are the stocks that many investors mistakenly regard as bargains. Looked at in cold blood, however, they would seem, in the majority of cases, to be the most speculative of all. If it were certain that dividends would not be cut, or eliminated, they would merit attention, but the very fact that their yields are so high is indicative of the possibility of one of these two eventualities. They may appeal to radical speculators, or to extremely patient and discerning investors, but they should not be classed as bargains.

MOST stocks, like most commodities, sell for just about what they are worth. On the New York Stock Exchange value is fixed by demand, and a more exact determiner of market worth has yet to be discovered. If a stock paying two dollars in dividends sells at 80 there must be some reason for it, and one satisfactory to those who are willing to pay that much a share. Another two dollar stock selling at 50 is probably accurately appraised also. Other two dollar issues selling to yield ten per cent are selling at 20 because investors consider them worth only that much.

NOW out of all this it is possible to make certain observations which have usually been found worthy of con-

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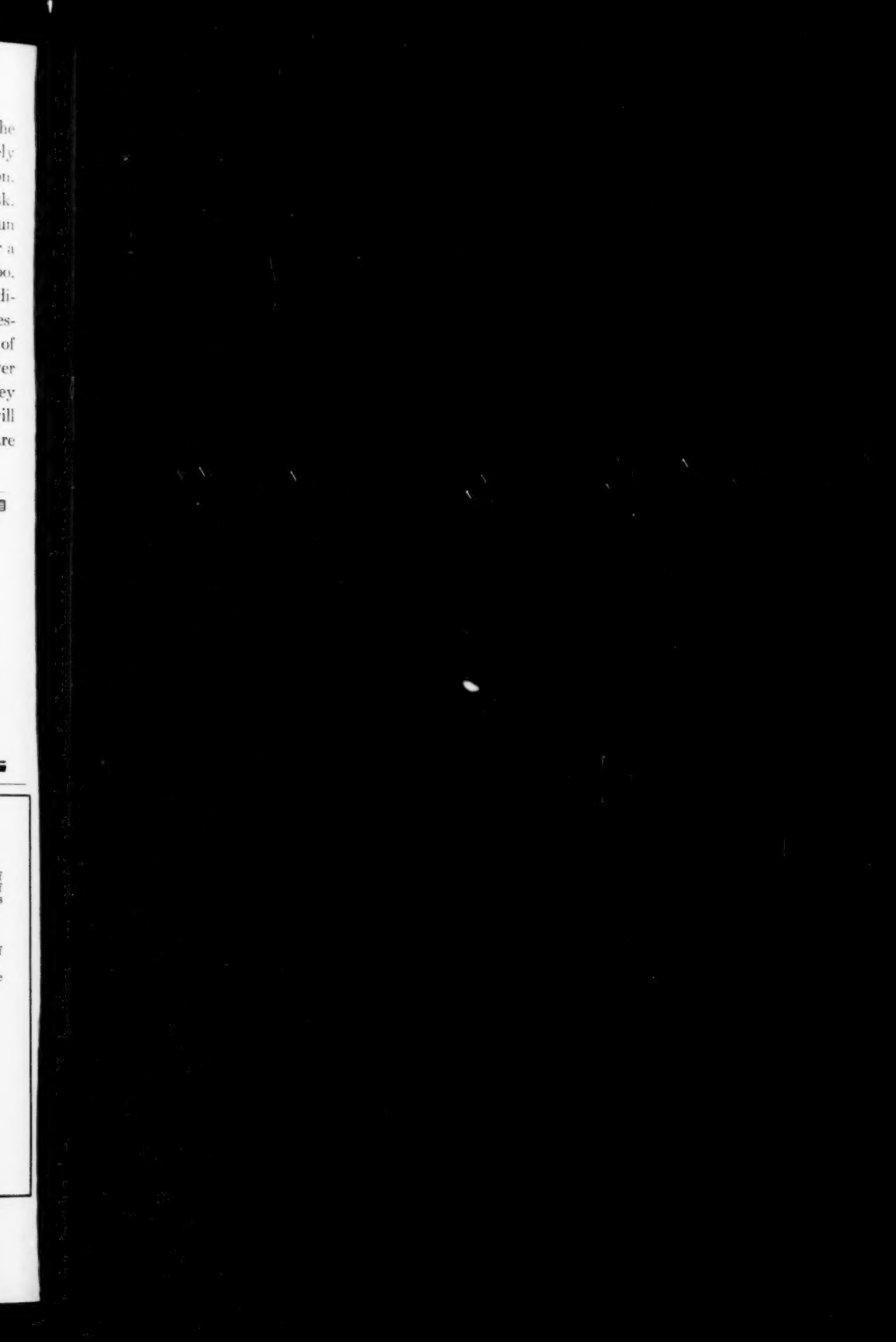
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